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THE UNITED STATES AND THE WAR.

By S. PARKES CADMAN.

When the greatest catastrophe that has befallen the world since wandering hordes overran the Roman Empire was needlessly precipitated by the Teutonic powers, the United States imagined itself beyond the sphere of conflict. For two years and more we held to an artificial neutrality which made us apologists for unprecedented outrages that shocked the universal sense of fairness and humanity. At each repeated and more monstrous offense men said: "This is archaic and uncivilized war; all rules have been thrown away, all chivalry discarded. We cannot justify such diabolical conduct, but it is not our war and we will not intervene." The familiar principle of American diplomacy bequeathed by President Washington that we should steer clear of European imbroglios was emphasized by pacifists, pro-Germans and disaffected Irishmen, who, thoroughly aware of the rising tides of our indignation, were the more anxious to bind us to its strict observance. They took advantage of the plea that for nearly three hundred years we had been slowly striving, as had other nations, toward a better justice, more mercy for the unfortunate and oppressed, keener sympathy with the suffering, and a fuller respect for the right of men and women to be treated as ends in themselves, and not as pawns in the great game of civilization. But they

ignored the equally great and now more imperative plea that no nation can withhold itself from the battle against enthroned wrong and obtain peace out of such abject acquiescence. Upon being reminded that there had been epochs in her history when the United States was compelled to resort to the crude instruments of bloodshed in order to vindicate spiritual conceptions and preserve her soul alive, they were either silent or revealed a humiliating subjection to Kaiserdom which defeated itself.

Presently the issue became paramount whether we should continue an inglorious policy that threatened us with eventual dismemberment by consenting to the doctrine that the earth belongs to the strong, who may conquer and keep it by any means within their power, or take up arms to overcome the greed and selfishness in our own hearts, and also against a formidably organized military autocracy abroad intent on the destruction of Christian society. The conviction that the reptilian proposals and shameless deeds of Germany made her a standing menace to mankind was scouted by those of her own kind, but eloquently expressed by patriotic and far-sighted publicists. At first it was hard for many to believe that she was as vile as she has shown herself to be, or that she could defy all restraints of inter-

national law, deliberately nullify every provision which mitigates the horrors war inflicts, and plan campaigns with malice aforethought to set up her dominion by the assassination of justice and freedom. Consequently those thus sceptically inclined hesitated before plunging the nation into an ocean of blood.

Their reluctance was fortified by the recently elected Democratic administration, which assumed office without the knowledge of governmental arts which experience affords, and certainly with no thought of impending hostilities. Its prominent members assured us that this people had no national ambitions to gratify, no lust for aggrandizement to be fed. On the contrary, it was the mission of the United States to win lasting distinction by showing corrupted Europe a more excellent way. The President's chief aim was to convene the plenipotentiaries of the world in conference, and there arrange the terms of a lasting and universal peace. Emissaries of Germany canvassed the country in behalf of this attractive dream, and extolled the unfortunate but misinterpreted phrase about being "too proud to fight." Unwary sentimentalists and enthusiasts who fell into the Teutonic trap endeavored to persuade educators, clergymen, members of Congress, labor leaders, reformers of every stripe, and the nation as a whole that we had everything to gain and nothing to lose by posing as the friends of all and the foes of none in an irrepressible strife betwixt right and wrong. From these fundamental misjudgments of the question came the foolish venture of Mr. Ford and his associates to "get the boys out of the trenches" by the Christmas of 1915, and also the wave of pharisaism which demoralized not a few pulpites who have forfeited public confidence by their inability to apprehend the moralities of the situation.

But Prussianism could be depended upon to demolish the pacifist and awake the slothful. It was the self-revelation of Germany that turned the scale against her and caused us to abandon the policy which she construed as cowardice. Mexico was offered several States of the Union if she would invade us. We were told that we could not traverse the highways of the world without permission from the Kaiser: that our vessels might not sail without wearing the insignia of subservience to him. The treaty torn to pieces at Liège was but the symbol of a perfidy that made agreements worthless against a purpose which recognized nothing but success. And when the history of the complicated events preceding April 6, 1917, is fully written it will furnish surprising details of chicanery and fraud which have permanently degraded Germany and disgusted Americans. We are not the "idiotic Yankees" Von Papen deemed us, neither are we visionaries after the manner of Mr. Ford, and we venture to hope the sequel will show that we are not the knaves pro-Germans would have had us become. Our Secret Service officers detected Zimmerman in the act of making proposals against our safety which were as grotesque in their stupidity as they were malevolent in their motive. Von Bernstorff, the German Ambassador at Washington, strutted before the American people for three years as their avowed defender, professing the character of a gentleman and those standards of conduct which the representative of one friendly nation ordinarily observes while he is the official guest of another. During the whole of that period he was a loathsome conspirator, plotting against public order and security; the personal center of an organization for the perpetrating of crimes of sabotage, incendiarism and espionage.

All this and more was well known to

the President when he accepted the challenge of those who willed to win by force, and would not leave us out of their reckoning. Religionists who believe that a moral governance rules in the affairs of men can point to the fact that Germany's cruelties and lies have wrought her impending collapse. If she had not invaded, enslaved and impoverished Belgium, it might have been difficult to array the prowess of the British commonwealths against her. If there had been no wolfish desecration of France, a million of whose heroic sons have died to save our sister Republic; no dropping of bombs on the defenseless cities and towns of Great Britain, from whence came the laws, the letters, the traditions, the love of liberty which we enjoy, we could scarcely have kept alive the agitation which will yet regenerate us. The sinking of merchant ships, the murder of non-combatants on the high seas, the machinations that outvie those of the Mafia, completed our disillusionment and thrust us into the war. We cannot forget Antwerp, Louvain and Cardinal Mercier. Translated into terms of American history, these names stand for Bunker Hill, Lexington and Patrick Henry. We cannot forget your immortal expeditionary force at Mons, the Anzacs at Gallipoli, the Canadians at Ypres. They are the inspiring hosts crowding the background of this grim drama in which we now figure. We entered it to preserve self-respect, to justify our claim to live as we have always lived, not as the Hohenzollerns insist we shall live. In the cause of righteousness we protest with means, men and an undaunted temper against that word "*Verboten*," which Germany has branded on the face of Christendom in lines of fire and massacre. For after all, America is not a title for merely material affluence and boundless resources. It is indicative of a living spirit, born in travail, developed

in the rough school of hardship: a spirit which has proper pride, great resolution, passionate and lofty attachments, a deep underlying ethic; and it is vastly more important that these should live than that we should live. This conclusion has become apparent to the majority of our citizens and is leavening the rest. We are in arms against the Central Powers not only to make the world safe for democracy, but also to make democracy safe in the world. Their triumph would obliterate the ideals we cherish, more sacred to us than individual existence itself, and end in our downfall, setting these tyrants free to exploit mankind for their own interests. Even a stalemate which left Germany wedded to her idols would perpetuate the crushing armaments which are the despair of social progress. Therefore, we are now a world-power engaged in a world-war, nor shall we evade, by shrinking within ourselves, whatever may be the cost of a position we were tardy in taking, but propose tenaciously to defend to "the last man and the last dollar."

If I may be allowed a personal word, as a son of Britain and a citizen of the Republic, it is to me, and to multitudes who feel as I feel, a source of profound relief and gratitude that the one English-speaking nation which but yesterday was beyond the orbit of a common destiny now moves within its radius, and further, that in doing this it ratifies the vital necessities which induced the Motherland to stand in the breach against ruthless, iniquitous barbarism. The late John Fiske presaged this ratification in an address which he was to have delivered in 1901 at Winchester, England, upon the celebration of the millennial of King Alfred. The theme he selected for that occasion dealt with "*The Beginnings of Federalism in New England as Related to the Expansion of Alfred's World*"; and an outline of his argument is found in

his biography by John Spencer Clarke. Tracing the nature and functions of the two factors of integration and differentiation in the political evolution of the British people, and broadening his survey to include the great groups that inherited and developed English speech and English political methods and institutions, he found two world-questions which, at the opening of the twentieth century, were engaging the attention of the students of politico-economic history. These questions, he tells us, were of peculiar import to the British people and their place in the modern world. The one was the awakening of China, in which is involved the balance of political power in Asia; the other was the flaming forth of militant Germany, in which is involved the balance of political power in Europe. Great Britain had vital interests to maintain in Europe and Asia, and it was not at all improbable that in the near future she would be forced into a war in defense of these in one or both continents. If waged with a strong naval power the conflict would extend to all her provinces; in fact, throughout the world, and the people of the United States could not remain disinterested spectators of such an Armageddon. It was also Mr. Fiske's belief that the early years of the twentieth century would see all English-speaking peoples of the world moving toward a much stronger political integration than had hitherto existed, not only for their own protection against tyrannical aggression, but also as a major factor in furtherance of international comity and universal peace. No other American, whether statesman, publicist or philosopher, has uttered a more sure word of prophecy concerning the world-cataclysm. Equally sure was his visioning of that closer partnership between the divisions of the British Empire and that better understanding between it and the United

States which are now at hand. Had Mr. Fiske lived even a few weeks longer and developed fully the ideas he had in mind for this address, it would probably have been welcomed among English-speaking peoples as a bright signal pointing the way to their closer articulation, and it might have had a marked influence upon their history.

II.

It will naturally be asked what has been done to make our place in that union effective. One of the commonest complaints is that if our country had been prepared for war the Allies might already be able to dictate terms of peace. I do not hesitate to say that the complaint is born of sheer ignorance. Two million trained and disciplined troops equipped on April 6, 1917, to the last button, would still have been compelled to wait for shipping facilities. There has not been a day since the declaration of war when our soldier power has not far exceeded our transport power. Another frequent assertion is that if we had been prepared there would have been no war. To credit this statement is hopelessly to misconceive the mind and purpose of the German Government. From the standpoint of the Kaiser's general staff it made no difference whether the United States had ten thousand or ten million men at her disposal. Berlin was confident that the submarine depredations would starve the Allies into submission within a few months, and that in the meantime American troops and supplies could not be sent to their rescue. The fate of the German Empire was staked upon this theory, which has been smashed in practice. To bring about the breakdown we have had to subordinate our policies to the exigencies of the entire situation and order our affairs accordingly. Nor can the extent of our military develop-

ments be measured by the number of American troops in France, although they are there and are constantly arriving there, and will remain there until the work we have given them to do is finished.

It may not seem heroic to lend money to the Allies, or to expedite the transit of their food and supplies, or to refrain from interfering with their munition arrangements here, or to build lumbering tankers and cargo boats, or to hold back eager brigades of first-rate quality while we forward coal and steel billets. But as Mr. Balfour and other statesmen have advised us, such prosaic service happens to be the best we can render at this juncture. Again, too many Americans supposed that, once war was declared by us, nothing remained to be done except decree the conditions under which the German Empire would be permitted to exist. Time has shown that the task we have in hand is not quite so simple, and that the exalted privilege of prolonged sacrifice for the principles that gave our nation birth and happiness requires patience, knowledge and wisdom. Nine months ago the American army and navy were little more than a nucleus for their present dimensions. The mobilization in the summer of 1916 of a defensive force of one hundred and five thousand men on the Texan border revealed the chronic incapacity of a non-military, democratic people for undertaking the minor operation of guarding the northern bank of the Rio Grande against the lawlessness Germany's agents had excited in feeble and divided Mexico. I accompanied the New York division as chaplain, and observed that the ammunition for the few machine gun units had been procured from the Canadian Government, the boxes containing it still bearing the British crown and cipher. Doubtless the spies who were there, as they are everywhere, and who reported ad-

versely upon our military prowess to their masters, discerned these and other tokens of our lack of fighting equipment.

Yet while the War Department was at its wits' end to furnish belated supplies, the pacifist propaganda previously mentioned was rampant throughout the Republic. Not only Teutons, but Russian Jews, college professors, rabbis, preachers and a former English Nonconformist clergyman ran to wild extremes, the pace being set by them and an ex-Secretary of State who stoutly maintained that war was an essential evil and peace an absolute and not a derivative good. It would be superfluous to discuss this theory at length, since it has ceased to count, nor is it necessary that the peculiar circumstances which accentuated it should be further related here. The truth is, the inexorable logic of events moved far more rapidly than the logic of propagandists, and what they advanced in confident discourse to applauding coteries was invariably confuted by renewed instances of German bestiality.

Americans are rationally pacifist to a man, but evidently the enemy would have none of it, and the large majority of my countrymen resolved that from now on our combined armies should represent a holy alliance to enforce peace with justice. At this point we encountered the further difficulty that our extensive industries were unorganized for war purposes. Those who managed them did so on the normal competitive basis, and were loth to surrender their commercial independence. Artisans, tradesfolk, farmers who form the staple of our population, were engrossed in their daily vocations. The lure of fabulous profits and high prices debauched some of the baser sort. The President had been returned to the White House in the autumn of 1916 by the deciding vote of those who raised the slogan that he had kept us

out of war. Rock-ribbed Republican States such as Kansas and Colorado contributed to the defeat of his opponent, Mr. Justice Hughes, which, though deeply regretted at the time by warm sympathizers with the Allied cause, is now seen to have been a blessing in disguise. For had he succeeded Mr. Wilson and commenced hostilities against Germany, as in all likelihood he must have done, narrow recalcitrants would have divided the nation for partisan ends by contrasting his foreign policy with that of his predecessor. It was fortunate that the Chief Executive who held us in leash for two weary years of "watchful waiting" at last felt that he could take the momentous step without hazarding a national schism, and fearlessly devote the American people to the prosecution of the war. They knew how unusually forbearing and generous his attitude toward Germany was, and how despicably it had been treated. Hence when he told them in unforgettable language that Prussianism could be vanquished by nothing but the sword, they bared it at his word.

Here as everywhere in American statesmanship the President and what he is and does is all-important. His critics give him credit for an acute sense of the filiation of ideas, of their scope and purport; but complain, or rather were wont to complain, that he had a dull or uninterested eye for the play of material forces, and for the rude methods that sometimes go to the attainment of wise political ends. They asserted that, like another academic celebrity, Mark Pattison, Mr. Wilson was a scholar, an historian, and to a given degree, a political philosopher of a speculative complexion, but with no fight or mastery in him. In the world, they averred, a great minister of State must be either anvil or hammer, and it was indisputable that Mr. Wilson had chosen to be anvil. He was baffled

in his efforts to settle vexed affairs because he had formed no acquaintance with the lower yet requisite elements that make history. While these things were being discussed he noted with meticulous care the registrations of public opinion, and secretly gathered overwhelming proofs of the faithlessness of the enemy. He also showed himself an astute manager of the wayward tides of popular sentiment, and succeeded in the weighty undertaking of intensifying the social and political coherence of a confused democracy, and in reducing its discordant factions to a negligible quantity. When the opportune moment came, "the recluse of Princeton" emerged true to the blood of his Scotch ancestors, a Puritan statesman, sternly intent on victory. Since his decision was made it has been generally admitted that on the dialectical side he has proved his right to the regnancy he now exercises. Right or wrong, he has always possessed processes of thought and a felicity of phrasing which make him a force to be reckoned with in letters and diplomacy. No American, and it would seem from all I can gather, no Briton, can fail to realize that he has enriched and dignified the manifold reasons for the Allied cause.

Yet even his enthusiastic admirers are conscious, as he must be, that the demands of his office go beyond intellectual or moral guidance. He should have that capacity for appraising men, for the choice of subordinates, and for the supervision of their several departments, which can insure the triumph of his principles, or he will fall short as an executive who can drive officials and policies to their appointed goal. Perhaps this is asking too much of any President, however gifted, since it is well known that Mr. Lincoln's selection of generals was not always a happy one, and that in financial expedients he confessed himself a tyro.

On the other hand, the positive traits of leadership Mr. Wilson has exhibited are invaluable, and he grows daily in the esteem and affection of the nation. But its best brains are not, as yet, found in his Cabinet. Should the war linger unduly, or those to whom he has delegated its serious responsibilities fail therein, political considerations will be set aside, and the people will insist upon administrators who are equal to their duties. There is a marked sentiment that it would be something more than seemly, something more than just, indeed a proceeding of the highest wisdom in summoning individuals to the service of the State, either for advice or co-operation, to disregard even more than has been done the differences which separate them upon political questions. The ablest, the most courageous and previsionsed men we have should be enlisted, and with a view only to these qualifications.

The loyal support of Republicans in Congress and at large has prevented what otherwise would have been a grave disability and a fertile source of embarrassment once divided counsels had prevented concerted action. Mr. Taft and Mr. Roosevelt, our two living ex-Presidents of that political faith; Mr. Root, also a Republican, who has the most subtle and lucid mind in public life on this side of the Atlantic; Mr. Hughes, the rival of Mr. Wilson in the last Presidential contest; Senator Lodge, who maintains the fine traditions of Massachusetts as our most intelligent commonwealth, and other nearly as well known Opposition statesmen, had pledged their allegiance to war measures, while Mr. Bryan, Speaker Clark, Senator Stone and Congressman Kitchin were lukewarm, and Senator La Follette was openly rebellious. The Cave of Adullam would now be empty of notables except for La Follette, its permanent tenant, who has been accused of treasonable utter-

ances, and is under an investigation conducted by his Senatorial colleagues. Mr. Bryan is speaking in behalf of the war; Speaker Clark's only son is in the ranks; Senator Stone and Congressman Kitchin replied to the recent papal overtures for peace by voting to declare war on Austria, and that knight errant, Mr. Ford, has transferred his huge automobile factories to the Government for war purposes. Thus the retrograde movements of Southern and Western politicians, some of whom represent numerous voters of Teutonic origin, have been checked by the unanimity of the Opposition party, which is more prolific of talented men than that of the Democrats.

III.

The admirable axiom that the war cannot end "until Germany is either powerless or free" is widely accepted here, but its endorsement has necessitated a revolution in sentiment and methods, to insure which every kind of agency has been busily engaged. Even now contented provincials in remoter regions are slow to realize the crisis which is upon us. But the majority of these follow the President from habit because for them he embodies the integrity of the nation. An abundance of printed matter containing the speeches of President Lowell and Dr. Eliot of Harvard, Professor Hazen, Mr. James M. Beck, the British Premier, Mr. Asquith, and gentlemen I have already named, has been circulated broadcast. The press, headed by *The New York Times*, *New York Tribune*, *The Philadelphia Ledger*, *The Louisville Journal*, *The Springfield Republican* and *The Boston Transcript*, has done yeoman service. Books like those of Lieutenant Hankey and Lieutenant Dawson, the son of Dr. W. J. Dawson, sell by the thousand. Magazine articles written by well-known correspondents who have visited

France and Belgium are reprinted in pamphlet form. Mr. Gerard's volume, reciting his illuminating experiences as Ambassador to Germany, is bought up as fast as new editions can be issued. The report of the Bryce Commission is the substance of countless homilies and appeals in Roman Catholic and Protestant churches. Authorities like Toynbee, Bland, Chambry, Morgan, Struyken, and others to the number of at least fifty, including proofs found in German papers, have been set out to speak for themselves without coloring or rhetoric. Associations for national defense and the succor of the Allies have shot up on every side. The Chautauquas of 1916 and 1917 were monopolized by orators who urged the rural communities in which they were held to a wholehearted support of the Government. Bill boards and wall spaces blaze with colored lithographs and arresting advertisements of a patriotic kind. Signs of loyalty to the President, and of appreciation for Great Britain, for France, for Italy, are posted in halls and business houses, at the crossroads, and on the thoroughfares. Every rank and condition has been reached by the American predilection for pitiless publicity. And when the casualty lists appear they will but bring nearer the day of reckoning for the Hun.

This crusade has been stimulated by the example of the British Empire. Its homogeneity under fire has kindled our warmest sympathy and a desire to emulate its processes. The gravitation which draws together the men of the Homeland, Ireland, Canada, South Africa, the Antipodes, India and the Islands of the Sea impresses Americans as one of the most significant and inspiring phenomena in the history of nations. We have felt a similar compulsion, and are convinced that if we would escape the doom which has fallen upon Russia, we must still fur-

ther weld into a compacted whole the polyglot crowds which flock to our shores and enjoy our institutions, too often ignorant of their real meaning, or inimical to their reasonable requirements. We have needed the pressure of war for the formation of a new sense of nationality. We knew we had opened the doors very widely, indeed, had practically taken them off their hinges, and invited immigrants of every sort and description to enter and make themselves at home, and without waiting until they had become acquainted with the elemental principles of democracy, permitted them to have a hand in determining what should be our municipal and national policies. When these aliens appeared before the courts for naturalization papers, and upon being asked what was the capital of the United States, replied "Hoboken," we solaced ourselves with the reflection that Rome attributed its ultimate strength to the mixed character of its population, and that we had vitality enough to fuse into oneness the contributions from all parts of the earth which were being flung into the melting pot. This pot we still have, but it is not so full of unassimilated specimens of humanity as it was at the beginning of 1915.

The Sixty-fifth Congress reassembled in extraordinary session to register the revolution at which I have hinted, and evinced the thoroughness of its conversion to vigorous measures by squelching a few obstreperous gentlemen of German or Irish proclivities, and promptly voting four thousand million pounds for the war. This sum exceeds by six and one-half times the total cost of the Civil War from 1861 to 1865. Enabling Acts of a special character placed all industries and transportation systems at the disposal of the Government. The output of factories and farms, of the coal and steel trades, of manufactures and pro-

visions of every kind, were submitted to State control. We have our meatless, wheatless, sugarless days, and we relish them. Mr. Hoover, favorably known in Great Britain as the successful Chairman of the Belgian Relief Commission, was appointed by the President the custodian of the nation's food. When one remembers that Kansas alone grows enough wheat to feed the United States, the magnitude of Mr. Hoover's charge is palpable. In a hundred ways which space forbids us to mention the life and energy of the nation have been diverted by Congress into its dominant enterprise. The President's executive functions, always far more extensive than those of a constitutional monarchy, were augmented by specific legislation which constitutes him virtually a Dictator. He commandeers all ships and shipbuilding yards and railroads and waterways of the Great Lakes, regulates exports, determines prices and marginal profits, and is the Commander-in-Chief of the armed forces of the nation. Moreover, there is a general willingness to comply with any further requisitions or powers of dispensation for which he may see fit to ask, however drastic they may be.

It goes without saying that these extensive changes among a people who detest centralization have not been wrought without irritating mistakes and needless delays. But only when the entire scope of the President's plan to consolidate the nation for war is plainly perceived, can it be adequately estimated. Nor could Napoleon himself have reorganized us on such gigantic terms, and for a war like this in the time which has elapsed since we began it. Of course we have blundered, and the wonder is that in the effort to make over a democracy like ours into a moving and aggressive military machine so few blunders have occurred and such progress has been

made. No one scans it at close range without the growing conviction that America, while slow to anger, is an incalculable force when aroused, and that the aggregate of her resources, whether spiritual or material, will soon be felt in that balance of power where the freedom of the world is at stake. That the nation is aroused is obvious; what is not so obvious is the remarkable way in which the Government is carrying out a tremendous scheme. Having put his hand to the plough, the President will not turn back; behind him is the momentum of an accumulating purpose which will push that plough to the end of the furrow. We recognize our shortcomings, and the disagreeable national conceit which is the product of isolation and ignorance has already subsided in view of what our Allies have achieved and the nature of the joint tasks we have assumed. We shall have need of poise to escape the subversive pessimism which attends the road we have to travel, and the capacious fault-finding to which that pessimism gives rise. Nor are we reluctant to copy the methods of those who have gone this troubled way before us, or to profit by their trying experiences. The formation of a War Council is a step in the right direction. This reconstruction at the top is designed to oversee all matters concerning our field armies and the relations between them and the War Department. On suitable occasions members of the Council will be sent to the front to confer with the generals in command and thus keep the Administration in constant touch with actual developments. The system manipulated by Sir William Robertson in London may well serve as a model for us. Nothing, so we are told, occurs on any line of battle that is not at once communicated to him. There is no working in the dark, no mere conjecture of what is needed. Greater distance will make the operation of a

similar system more difficult here, but it is indispensable.

IV.

The subjoined information was obtained from the Secretaries of the various Departments and members of the Cabinet, who courteously complied with my request for the facts, and said that other measures were under consideration, and some already adopted, which would give additional comfort to the British public could they have passed the censor. What can be transmitted is sufficient to contradict the insincere animadversions of the enemy upon the value of our participation in the war. If Russia is definitely out of it, and Trotzky, after parleying with the Germans, assures us with pious presumption that he craves a general and not a separate peace, the United States can and will make good the lamentable lapse of Russia. That this may be done, Congress, after placing unprecedentedly large sums of money in the war chest, passed the Selective Draft Law, which supplanted voluntary enlistment, and provided a reserve of ten million men between the ages of twenty-one and thirty. A million and a half have been called to the Colors; another million and a half are soon to be called, after which successive drafts will furnish the requisite numbers. The corps of officers has increased from twenty thousand to eighty thousand, and those not in active service are in schools provided for their instruction. The Ordnance Bureau and Quartermaster's Corps are spending six hundred million pounds for the manufacture of rifles, machine guns and heavy artillery. The Government has determined to secure twenty-five thousand of the latter of a sufficient calibre to make possible an opening for and protect any advance our infantry may attempt. Other weapons and furnishings are being turned out

upon a commensurate scale. Locomotives for war service are built at the rate of thirty a day, and this speed is an indication of the rapidity of production in various industrial branches.

The outstanding success of the Air Craft Production Board is the invention of the "Liberty" motor, pronounced by the Secretary of War to be the greatest single achievement of his department. Its secret is jealously guarded, but what has been reported of its merits by those who should know gives ground for believing that it guarantees the permanent supremacy of the air to the Allies. The Army Medical Department has an enlistment of seventy thousand physicians and surgeons, a Dental Reserve Corps comprising two thousand six hundred commissioned officers, a Regular Nurse Corps with a proposed enrolment of thirty thousand women and a Sanitary Corps of two hundred and fifty experts on hygiene. Plans have been completed for twenty base hospitals, one of which, located on Long Island, will accommodate fifty thousand men. Ways and means are also being devised for returning the wounded to civil life fitted to earn a livelihood in pursuits adapted to their condition.

On December 20, 1917, Secretary Daniels informed the Committee on Naval Affairs that in January, 1916, we had only three hundred ships in commission; now we have one thousand, with four hundred and twenty-eight capital or important ships and three hundred and fifty submarine chasers in the building, making a grand total of one thousand seven hundred and seventy-eight vessels of war either actually afloat or in course of construction. The sum of three hundred and seventy-five million pounds is being spent upon additions to the navy, in the making of which new records have been established. Vessels which formerly took twenty-two months to build

are now scheduled for completion within half that time. Arsenalns have been doubled and trebled in capacity; foundries, machine shops, warehouses, dry-docks, piers, have been altogether or in part erected, and on these land structures alone twenty million pounds are being spent. Hundreds of vessels of various types and tonnage have been taken over by the Government for transport service, patrol duty, mine sweeping, coast defense and submarine chasing. Among these are one hundred and fourteen Austrian and German ships, including the giant liner, the *Vaterland*, and representing three-quarters of a million tonnage. There are one hundred and seventy-five thousand officers and men in the naval service, as compared with seventy thousand nine months ago. The Marine Corps has grown from ten thousand to thirty-five thousand officers and men, some of whom were the first American soldiers to sail for France. There is a further force of fifty thousand men in the Naval Reserve from which to draw upon when necessary. Every commissioned battleship and cruiser is fully manned, and since the early part of May, 1917, our destroyers have been operating with the Allied naval forces in European waters.

The United States Shipping Board, which exists for the purpose of increasing the merchant marine tonnage, was asked to build a fleet of one thousand and thirty-nine vessels with the utmost dispatch, after which a second appropriation was authorized adding five million tons more to the original amount, and thus providing for a merchant fleet of eleven million tons, and costing three hundred and sixty million pounds. By the close of 1918 at least five million tons of shipping will be afloat, representing the dead weight of sixteen hundred ocean-going vessels. Negotiations have recently been concluded with European neutral nations,

and are in process with Japan, whereby the United States will have the immediate use of four hundred thousand tons of their shipping. The Board has taken over four hundred and three ships from the private yards of America, and unless some unforeseen obstacles prevent, this entire scheme, which has just been placed under new management, will be completed in the allotted time.

V.

Two loans totaling one thousand million pounds have been floated by the Treasury in the last few months; both being over-subscribed, the second by more than fifty per cent. A financial authority of New York City assured me recently that if a loan ten times this amount had been offered at four per cent with an allowance of one year to cover the subscription the nation would have taken it up. We have engaged ourselves thus far to spend approximately three billion six hundred million pounds, or eighteen billion dollars, on the war, not counting ordinary expenses. It is interesting to compare this statement with the expense account of Great Britain during the war. Official records show that for the three years and two months to September 30, 1917, the British National Debt has increased three billion pounds, or less than we propose to spend this year. We have loaned one billion four hundred million pounds to our Allies, which is almost exactly the sum which Great Britain has loaned to her Allies and Dominions. But the impressive fact is that out of the total she has so far spent on the war the Motherland has raised one billion six hundred million pounds by taxation, or at a greater rate than is provided by our war tax. As a matter of fact, Great Britain's taxation is several times as heavy as ours, yet the people have cheerfully sustained it, and also purchased bonds

out of their savings. Eleven million persons have bought our bonds, which shows that they were an attractive proposition, but twenty millions more capable of investing in them have not yet followed their example. It is evident that we have done little more than scratch the crust of our financial ability. Capital has always found more profitable returns for investments in an undeveloped country than bonds of any sort afford. But as the war debts pile up credits will be absorbed to discharge them, and the absorption must be met by the issue of national securities.

Yet we should be cautious about deceiving ourselves or our Allies regarding the performance of impossibilities by this nation any more than by other nations. The redemption of assurances that we shall send millions of men to the trenches requires from us almost more than has been done by any people because of the ocean expanse which rolls between the men and the trenches. Primarily it is not a question of whether the necessary funds shall be found by taxation or by loans. It is not a question of funds at all. There are untouched billions of credit in existence, but they might all be absorbed with the only effect of raising the scale of prices and making the problem more difficult. We are spending two hundred million pounds a month, and are discussing raising four billion pounds annually. That would be one hundred and eighty pounds for each family in the United States. If war depended on finance alone, instead of work and human resources, the end would be in sight. You will ask, if we are willing to work, to bury smaller issues, and each of us account for one of the enemy, soldier against soldier, artisan against artisan, and so on through every age, sex and condition? It is idle to say that we have fully girded our loins for the fray, or that

all are in a fighting frame of mind, while waste and luxury are visible in every public resort, and workers carry on their class feuds as though there were no crying need to consolidate capital and labor against the common foe. The waste of resources is flagrant, but the deterioration of spirit which it signifies is worse. I am glad to say, however, that although there is large room for improvement, there is no cause for doubt regarding the response of the country any more than that of Congress. Our labor leaders of whom Mr. Samuel Gompers is easily first, have shown a commendable sense of responsibility and the wage-earners have seconded their patriotic and unselfish efforts. The exceptions which prove the rule get so much attention that there is danger of the general good conduct being overlooked. Merchant princes, traction magnates and bankers have freely volunteered their services to the Government, quite a number of millionaires being engaged on the Council for National Defense, and elsewhere in a public capacity, at the nominal salary of one dollar a year. The owners of the telegraph and telephone services have handed them over to the naval and military authorities. As I write the news comes that the railroads have followed suit. An inventory of all industries has been made, and a purchasing plan adopted which will effect great economies. Our surplus stock of wheat has been shipped to Europe, and we shall forward what Europe will still need by going without ourselves.

Here let me inquire through your pages what the British people propose to do about the infamous drink traffic which consumes so much food material, and makes such insignificant returns in nourishment, to say nothing of the vice, crime and misery it inflicts upon the nation. This question is more frequently put to our Food

Conservation Board than any other relative to the United Kingdom; why in these times of shortage its brewers should be allowed to continue their trade? Are we expected in this country, which has just received from Congress an amendment absolutely prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors—and one which, when ratified by two-thirds of the States, as it probably will be, must then become constitutional law—to deny ourselves the normal amount of food in order that British and Irish distilleries and breweries should be maintained? I am aware of the numerous difficulties which beset this matter, but I am enforcing it on its economic side, and because we find it hard to convince American audiences that there can be a serious shortage of food in Great Britain so long as the obstinate fact confronts them that thousands of tons of grain and sugar are devoted weekly to "the trade." Arthur Mee's arraignments, *The Fiddlers and Defeat or Victory*, and the articles of the London *Spectator*, are widely read and commented upon here. I cannot verify all the assertions and statistics they contain, but I know they have enough of truth in them to dismay every lover of the United Kingdom. Drink still goes hand-in-hand with Germany to subdue the Motherland, and what repressive measures have been enacted against it do not deal with the depraved instincts which foster its hold on a great people. These must be exterminated by the discipline which has found an entrance to your royal palaces, but is still repudiated not only by many of the workers of the nation, but by men and women of station and intelligence from whom, under these extraordinary circumstances, we feel we have the right to demand an accounting.

We turn, in closing, to more agreeable topics. The Red Cross Society

has raised its membership to thirteen millions and its funds to twenty million pounds. The Young Men's Christian Association asked for six million pounds as a war fund and received ten millions. These organizations will relieve the destitution in France, Italy, Serbia and Armenia, and provide hostels and recreation centers at home and abroad for the army and navy. Other religious and philanthropic agencies clamor for mention, and if nothing has been said about the churches it is because they have been the dynamic of every spiritual and moral work undertaken here at this time. There is no sanctuary of God in the United States which does not have its Service Flag, with a star embroidered upon it for every man who has joined the army or the navy from the ranks of its membership. The women have turned their church parlors into workshops for the Red Cross and places of entertainment for the troops. Ministers, priests and congregations committed to their charge devoutly feel that the entrance of the United States into war is a solemn and transcendent event, which marks the abandonment of our continental seclusiveness, and the inception of a governing ideal of international fraternity, in which the peoples of the world are one society, with each individual pledged to the general welfare, order and security, and the institution of a league of peace and good will. The sectarianism which in many instances no longer has a rationale for its claims, has been temporarily reduced to zero, if not by virtue, yet by necessity. That the Evangel of the New Testament will find fresh fields and opportunities for its redemptive energies in the chastened race to which the church must presently make her appeal is our firm belief, and one, as we think, founded upon both reason and revelation. That she may prove herself to be a sufficient vehicle for the conveyance of the sav-

ing grace of the Everlasting Father, through Jesus Christ, our Blessed Lord, is our fervent prayer. These sentiments are entirely consistent with those authoritatively declared by President Wilson in his answer to the Pope's recent overtures, when he said: "The object of this war is to deliver the free peoples of the world from the menace and the actual power of a vast military establishment, controlled by an irresponsible Government, which, having secretly planned to dominate the world, proceeded to carry the plan out without regard either to the sacred obligations

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of treaty or the long-established practices and long-cherished principles of international action and honor." Until that deliverance has been wrought, not by the means we would have chosen, but by those the enemy has thrust upon us, Christendom cannot possess the justice and liberty which are requisite for the growth of the Church and the Kingdom of God. In the faith and purpose that it can be wrought, the moral tragedy retrieved, and the Christian ideal restored, the people of the United States are one with the Motherland.

JOHN REDMOND.

BY HAROLD SPENDER.

(An Impression.)

"That only shows that even you don't understand Ireland!" cried Mr. John Redmond to me once when I was trying to put before him some mild compromise pleasing to the English mind. The utterance revealed in a flash how utterly untrue it is to say that Mr. John Redmond ever weakened in his service to Ireland. He, at any rate, understood Ireland. He was Irish from head to foot in every thought and feeling, in every affection and pursuit. Every Englishman who ever dealt with him soon found out that.

Being Irish he was not in the least degree a revolutionary. On the contrary, he was in general politics a Conservative. It is only stupid people who imagine that because the Irish Nationalists want Home Rule they are therefore in any sense revolutionary or even Radical. No race in the past has shown less sympathy with the democratic revolutionary movements of Europe. I can never remember that in any of the many talks I had with Red-

mond he showed any real enthusiasm for the far-reaching schemes of social reform which filled our minds before the war. It was solely a matter of high politics that he should work and vote with the British Liberal Party. He did it because he had made up his mind that it was the only way to get Home Rule for Ireland. Having once made up his mind he never changed it. He pursued his course with that extraordinary persistence which shows how falsely we judge the Celt when we say that he is flighty and frivolous. It is, indeed, the outstanding fact of our recent politics that the Celtic races of the United Kingdom—whether Scotch, Welsh, or Irish—have been far more steady and persistent in their political aims than the purely English race.

In most ways, then, John Redmond was just a Tory of the Center. He was not even a Tory Democrat. He was, indeed, a conventional Catholic in regard to all matters of education, and voted steadily under Mr. Balfour for

Church schools. He was a small squire and he was all against land nationalization. His ideas of land reform stopped, like those of most Irishmen, at the point of desiring peasant proprietorship. There his feeling for his race was reinforced by a strong belief that peasant proprietorship would give ballast and weight to the new Irish social fabric whenever Home Rule was once established. For his idea of the future Irish Home Rule society was by no means that of a restless, eager, progressive community. He rather looked to it as a stable makeweight to the revolutionary tendencies of Western Europe.

I can remember discussing with him in 1914 the possible taxes that might be imposed by an Irish Parliament. I tried to urge upon him the wisdom of reviving O'Connell's idea of a tax on absentee landlords. He pondered it, and did not declare himself absolutely against it; but it awoke none of that flashing sympathy which it would have drawn from Michael Davitt. Like all landlords, he could not entirely put aside the clan feeling for his class. There he was a true follower of Parnell. Right through the heart of his Nationalist fight Parnell was always held back by a strain of sympathy with landlords—which led him, for instance, to condemn the Plan of Campaign at one of the most critical moments of that conflict.

Redmond's whole heart, in fact, went out to Nationalism of that old-fashioned type which now in this country is tending to fade before the new class warfare. I am not sure that history may not say that the reactionary classes of Europe have brought this class warfare on themselves by breaking the spirit of that old Nationalism. An enlightened Conservatism would probably have stood for Home Rule in all countries; for in that case within each nationality the Conserva-

tive forces would have been free to fight the rising revolution. But in the result fever has fed fever, and the unslaked desire for national freedom has led to the new and far more terrible portent of social revolution. In other words, the Unionists of England have really, in the long run, committed the same blunder in dealing with Ireland as the Russian Court committed in dealing with the races subject to their rule. We see the results written in blood and fire in the east of Europe. Pray God that we do not witness another answering blaze in the extreme west!

John Redmond broke his heart because he tried to stand between the two forces. His passion for the war against Germany was absolutely sincere. It was partly the passion of a Catholic who saw a Catholic country being ravaged and Catholics being slaughtered by a great Protestant Power. It was partly the sympathy of a chivalric man for a little nation. In any case, no one who knew him could doubt that it was fiercely honest and passionate—so passionate that for the moment he was carried off his feet and taken out of that calm, cautious mood which had hitherto made him infinitely calculating in all his dealings with Englishmen. For once he let himself go. He trusted England. He showed what all his friends knew, that at heart he was a simple-minded man. But complete as his confidence was in British sympathy at that high moment, absolute as was his trust, just so deep and so wrathful was his passion of resentment when England failed to respond. In October, 1916, some time after the Irish Rebellion, I spent a long morning with him at his flat, and heard from his mouth, in the form of a criticism of the War Office in its dealings with Ireland since 1914, one of the most scathing indictments of our rule in Ireland that, I suppose, he has ever

uttered. He repeated this indictment in the House of Commons some little time after, but in a far more moderate form. In private he gave full rein to his vehement and passionate anger. As I listened to his full and detailed narrative of the follies of the War Office in dealing with that great Irish offer to help us in the German war I wondered whether in the history of great Empires so great an opportunity had ever been so foolishly thrown away. It was all very well for British Ministers in the House of Commons afterwards to condemn the blunders that had been perpetrated. But the pity of it was that it was Mr. John Redmond who had to bear the whole penalty. For he, at that moment, stood between England and Ireland as the one statesman who took on his shoulders all the crimes and follies of both.

Personally, John Redmond was one of the simplest of men. In Ireland he lived, in a shooting box that once belonged to Parnell, the life of the Irish squireen—hunting, riding and fishing—always with the keenest enjoyment of that happy, open-air life of his own land. In London he resided in a small, very simply furnished flat in Wynnstay Gardens, Kensington. He went little into London society. There were a few intimate friends he dined with, and there it was a delight to meet him, for no man could be a more genial, free-hearted, social companion, with his great store of reminiscence, his hearty laugh, his true humanity.

During the Session he was a most diligent and faithful Parliamentarian. In times of storm he rarely left the House of Commons during the evening. He generally dined with his wife in the Harcourt Room. Of her I will only say that no politician could have wished for a more devoted partner of his labors. She stood and worked by his side through all the hardest

and most critical years of his stormy career.

I often used to ride by his side in the park on mornings after stressful evenings in the House. Then he was gay and cheerful, with a certain care-free boyishness. He was fond of a gossip over prominent persons in the House; but though he ranged freely over British statesmen he would never discuss any member of his own party with an Englishman.

Family affection was with him, as with most Irishmen, a very profound passion. The devotion he showed to his wife was reflected in all his other family relationships. The fact that his brother Willie and he had married sisters doubtless drew them together by closer ties. But "Willie" always held his heart. In the House of Commons it was in the days of old a pretty play of dramatic comedy to watch the brothers. There was John, stern, Roman, responsible, resolved—the very type of the Senator—a certain choice for the British Premiership if he had not been an Irishman. Then not far from him was "Willie," bubbling over with wit and jollity—irresponsible and irrepressible—interrupting, denouncing, going "all out" with his broad brogue and beating a hail of fiery superlatives. At every sally and jest of the brother, John would lean back and give himself over to hearty laughter. It was as if he kept shouting to the House, "Did ye ever see such a broth of a boy?"

When his brother was killed on the field of battle John Redmond was a stricken man. "It went to my heart—indeed it did," wrote Cromwell when his son was killed on another field of war. Willie's death went to the heart of John Redmond, and from that moment he was not the same man. It so happened that shortly before he had lost a daughter in America. Owing to the war he had been unable to go to her. Of that distant death in exile he

spoke to me with breaking voice and tears in his eyes.

He was one of the world's few great orators. I have heard him countless times in the House of Commons—I have listened to him on public platforms—above all, in Ireland, among his own people. Everywhere he struck the same high note. He was never small. He was among those speakers who lift you instantly from the valleys to the splendid heights. There he walked with ease, dignity and a certain majesty which awed his listeners. He used few notes, often none. He was always studiously temperate, and with this end in view he prepared his speeches with great care. He was in his later years a most obedient Parliamentarian and most popular with Speakers. But he was always ready to come to the help of a follower in trouble, and in his early salad days no one could give the Chair a more cool or deliberate defiance, or break the rules of the House with calmer calculation. But those Parnellite revolts were not acts of passion, they were deeply-laid moves in a great national game.

Like Parnell, he was not a great reader, except of newspapers. He knew the use and value of the Press, and in this delicate relationship he was always easy of access and frank of view. But it took some time to gain his confidence, and until you had gained it you received little from him except commonplaces. I remember once greatly daring to break the seal of his confidence on his own behalf. An accusation was made against him in regard to his relations with the United States during his absence in Canada. I happened to be able to contradict it on the best evidence—a statement of his own which he had made to me in confidence. After much hesitation I decided to dare to reveal this statement. When he returned from

Canada he warmly thanked me for defending him in absence and told me that I had acted quite rightly. That showed how free he was from small pedantry.

He felt very deeply the breakdown of the Home Rule negotiations in 1916. He laid the blame on British statesmanship. He always held that pledges had been given to him which made it a necessity of honor that the British Coalition of the moment—Mr. Asquith's Coalition—ought to have resigned unless they carried the settlement through. He had nothing but praise for Sir Edward Carson's share in those transactions. There were others whom he deeply blamed. But I think that before the end he took a saner view of those matters, and rather leaned to the view which I laid strongly before him in a vain and thankless attempt at conciliation—that British statesmen were not to be judged at that moment by ordinary standards but by the light of the fierce world stress through which they were passing. Even Ireland seemed at that moment a side issue. But that was just the view he would never admit. Ireland could never be a side issue to him. It was the center of his stage—the apple of his heart's desire. To him—and may he not possibly have been right?—it was the test issue of the war. By her treatment of Ireland all England's high professions were to be judged. "It is vain to talk morality to Germany," he would say, "as long as Ireland is ruled as she is. It is vain to hope for the best efforts from America—it is also vain to hope for the best from the Dominions. It is vital—it is a world issue!" He would always argue that Australia would have voted for conscription if Ireland had had Home Rule in action. He would never agree to contemplate Mr. Garvin's idea of a deal with Ireland, exchanging Home Rule for conscription. But he some-

times more than hinted that if Home Rule had been set going conscription might have followed as a voluntary national act. "But what can you expect," he would say, "when I offered to raise 150,000 men and the War Office refused to allow me?" What, indeed?

It has been asked whether John Redmond was a great leader, and the rise of Sinn Fein has been quoted against him. Since Parnell, Ireland has definitely decided never to have again a leader of that autocratic type. Redmond was selected as a leader of a constitutional type, subject to the advice of the Irish Party and the Irish Convention. Every act of policy was discussed by the Irish party. Every speaker was chosen by the party. That party could by its decision even impose a collective vow of silence on the whole body. It was the best disciplined party in the House, and the leader was disciplined also.

Like most Irishmen, Redmond was inclined to be an Imperialist. It is partly that they like the pomp of Empire; partly because they are very closely associated with the Dominions. The Australian wives of the Redmonds linked the brothers closely with the *The Contemporary Review*.

Empire. But in that they were only typical of many Irish families. I have often found in the society of the Western Irish towns a far keener Imperialist feeling than in the provinces of England. Ireland is as proud of the Empire as we; even more closely bound up with it by human ties.

Redmond's life work cannot be summed up yet. It will not be wasted. Perhaps, even now, at this tragic hour, the sentiment of his untimely end may bring good from evil and peace out of the voices of the Convention. The intensity of that need is increased by the peril of the alternative outcome. It is for England, once and for all, to decide that the better way shall be found. At Quebec, in Canada, there is a stately monument over the grave where Wolfe and Montcalm, the English and French generals who both perished on the Heights of Abraham by the St. Lawrence, rest together, united in death. The monument marks the union of the British and French Canadians. It is so that we should honor our dead—by union and not by strife. Now, at this hour, after all this strife, when so many lie quiet in death, let us erect the monument of a new Irish reconciliation over the grave of John Redmond.

A MAID O' DORSET.

BY M. E. FRANCIS (MRS. FRANCIS BLUNDELL).

CHAPTER III.

"There, my dear, it do seem a shame, but I'm afeard ye'll have to go an' fetch in another pailful o' water from the river, Rosie. Ye must have been a bit extravagant wi' the water when ye were washin' up, love."

It was the following morning; the breakfast things had been put away, and Mrs. Bond and her granddaughter had planned a really enjoyable cleaning of the premises, the elder woman

intending to devote herself to washing down shelves and tables, while Rosie scrubbed the floor. The girl, who was looking much brighter than on the previous day, and was apparently full of energy, laughed as she answered.

"Well, river water's cheap enough. I don't mind fetchin' of it, Granma. It do make rather a nice change. I can straighten my back a bit before I do have to croopy down again. I mid jist so well fetch two lots while I be

about it. Have ye another pail, Granma?"

"Only thic little one what do stand under sink for potato peelin's and bits. I do generally save 'em for Mrs. Fripp's chicken, but us'll want 'em ourselves soon, if Farmer Blanchard can let us have the eggs. There, his housekeeper must have been terrible wasteful to be selling pure-bred buff orps at a penny apiece in the market."

"Well, these few scraps 'ull not hurt if I tip them out on a plate," rejoined Rosie. "And I can wash the bucket in the river."

Off she went, a pail in either hand, her ruffled dark head bronze in the strong sunshine, her arms milk-white under the rolled-up sleeves which she had not taken the trouble to pull into place, her gait free and springing, denoting the perfect balance of healthy youth.

The intentness with which her grandmother stood looking after her, coupled with a slight hardness of hearing, prevented her for the second time within a few days from noting the advent of a stranger, and she started when Solomon Blanchard, leaning forward in his saddle, poked her shoulder gently with his whip.

"I'm sure I beg your pardon, ma'am," he cried. "But you was sayin' perhaps one o' your neighbors 'ud be willin' to oblige me. Mrs. Hunt hasn't come back—not so much as to fetch her things. She sent for 'em last night. There must have been summat very strange amiss with the woman, Mrs. Bond, for she knowed there was nobody but me to pack 'em. I shouldn't fancy her fal-lals was any the better for it. I shouldn't, indeed. I've never been used to handlin' a woman's things, an' I didn't half like the job."

Mrs. Bond laughed, but absently.

"I do assure 'ee, I did sweat over it," continued he. "Look, I did pull out her box what was under the bed, an' there it was half full o' things; an'

then I opened her cupboard, and that was half full o' things; an' I pulled out the drawers, and blowed if there weren't more things there."

"What did ye do?" asked Mrs. Bond, still absently, for her eyes had strayed past the farmer's perplexed face towards that spot among the sedges of the river where a splash of pink denoted Rosie's stooping print-clad figure.

"Well, 'twas but a bwoy-chap what she did send, so I did holler to en, and between us we tilted box o' one side so as to get things as was in it plum into one carner; and then us did take out the drawers, one by one, an' tip them in, ye know; an' then us did shake box again, an' us did empty the cupboard last. I didn't know how to fold 'em, and the boy, *he* didn't know 'hold to fold 'em, an' the box was pretty full by that time, so us did fist cram 'em in so well as we could, an' shut en up. I did sit on lid an' the boy he did lock it. But you'll agree, Mrs. Bond, 'twas a strange thing for her to trust the packin' to I."

"Very strange," said Mrs. Bond. "An' I'm sorry to say as nobody as I've axed do seem so very well able to help ye, Farmer."

"I'm sure I don't know whatever I'm to do," sighed Solomon, sitting back in his saddle. "I d' 'low—no, of course that 'ud be impossible—I would insult ye by axin' of it. I'll have to put a notice on paper, but 'tis too late for this week's *Western*. I don't know whatever I'm to do," he repeated despondently.

"Was ye goin' to ask if I could oblige ye, Mr. Blanchard?" said Mrs. Bond.

"Well, just for the minute I was near forgettin'. The way ye did toss up them collops yesterday did turn my head, I mid say. But o' course I know very well ye'd never think o' comin' as a help where ye did use to be missus *even* for a shart time."

"Well, I don't know as I'd mind,"

said Mrs. Bond slowly. "There, I did seem to kind o' enj'y a-cookin' at my own range and a-pullin' the handle o' my own pump. An' what's more," she continued with increasing animation, "jist at the present time, Farmer, it 'ud be so much o' a convenience to myself as to you. My well's gone dry, ye see, and 'tis a terr'ble bother to be carr'in' water up from the river. Thic poor maid is a-trantin' of it all day." Here she cleared her throat. "Of course, the only objection to me obligin' of ye, Mr. Blanchard, is my gran'-darter. I'd have to bring her with me."

"There, there'd be no objections to that, I'm sure," cried Solomon delightedly. "Our house be big enough, an' one more or less wouldn't matter. Do 'ee bring the maid, Mrs. Bond, ma'am. It won't matter at all about her coming."

"Ye see, 'tis this way," went on the old woman. "As I did tell 'ee yesterday, Farmer, my son be lookin' to I to keep her a bit, until yon gipsy chap is out o' the road. So if I do go to Glebe Farm she'll *have* to come with me. But she'll make herself useful, I'se warrant."

"Well, we mustn't work her too hard, ye know," said Solomon indifferently.

The sound of Rosie's approaching steps made him turn and look at her, noting with a kind of impersonal satisfaction the bright, flushed face, the curly hair lifted by the breeze, the perfect ease with which she carried the brimming pails, the glancing water splashing over at every step.

A sudden thought seemed to strike him.

"Perhaps you'd best make sure as *she've* got no objections," he suggested. "I don't want her to be put upon more than she be put upon a'ready."

Mrs. Bond disclaimed the idea. Put upon? 'Twas to be hoped there was no talk of puttin' upon a young maid what was come to pay a little

visit to her Granma. Rosie was a willing maid and always ready to oblige. Let Mr. Blanchard tell her himself how bad he was sarved and he'd soon see that Mrs. Bond was only speaking the truth.

When Rosie was within earshot, therefore, the old lady disappeared into the house, and the farmer, stroking his pony's neck with the end of his whip, turned in his saddle.

"Miss Bond, I'd like a word with 'ee."

Rosie quickened her pace, and having come alongside the pony, deposited her pails, looking with astonishment in the rider's face.

"'Tis this way," he began diffidently. "Ye must have seed for yourself the mess I was in yesterday, wi' my house-keeper gone and bread not baked and everything of a nonnywuch like."

"Oh, not so bad," rejoined Rosie politely. "I'm sure it was a wonder ye wasn't more upset, Mr. Blanchard, after being left like that so 'suddent."

"E-es, 'twas suddent, I d' 'low," agreed Solomon. "And look, I have no more notion than the babe unbarn what made Mrs. Hunt carry on like that. But there 'tis, ye see, an' I don't know what way to turn."

"I be pure sorry for ye, I'm sure," murmured Rosie.

"Thank ye, my dear," said Solomon. "I was axin' o' your Granma if she knowed anybody as 'ud help me out."

He was gazing very hard at Rosie, who stooped for her pails again and began to back towards the house.

"Oh, and was ye?" she said faintly.

"E-es," rejoined he. "And Mrs. Bond she did say as she couldn't find anyone about here as 'ud oblige, that's to say in a manner of speakin'—well, there, she did advise me to tell 'ee how I was fixed an' see what *you'd* think about it."

"Me, Mr. Blanchard?" cried Rosie, aghast.

"E-es," asserted the farmer. "It do

all depend on the maid,' your Granma did say."

"Well, I don't know whatever Granma meant by that," cried the girl. Tears of vexation came to her eyes, and she stamped her foot. "I don't want to do nothing like that," she cried.

And with that, whisking round so sharply that the water soused over the buckets' edge, she took refuge in the house.

"Well, what a spitfire!" ejaculated the farmer. "These women, wold and young, they be all alike. You do never know where to have 'em. Well, come, Sparkler, us'll go home-along. I don't want to force anybody, I'm sure."

But as he whistled to his dog Mrs. Bond's form appeared on the threshold, dragging Rosie after her.

"Bide a bit, Farmer, bide a bit," she cried. "I'm fit to kill myself wi' laughin'. Bide till I can speak, Farmer. Thic silly maid——"

But the farmer sat erect and slightly gloomy.

"Don't trouble yourself no more about it, ma'am," he said. "I've no wish to put upon nobody, as I did tell 'ee. No offense, Miss Rosie; 'tis quite nautral, I'm sure——"

"Nay, but bide a bit, Mr. Blanchard," cried Mrs. Bond, laying a hand upon the pony's rein. "The maid here was altogether mistook. There, what do y^e think? She reckoned we were settlin' for *her* to go an' be your housekeeper!"

The farmer's white teeth flashed out in a broad smile. He looked at Rosie as he might have looked at a two-year-old baby.

"Well," he cried, "what a notion! No, Miss Rosie, we won't be lookin' out for a housekeeper o' your age; but if ye hadn't any objection to your Granma obligin', I am sure ye'd be most welcome to come along wi' her. I reckon," he went on, eyeing her with

benevolent interest, "I reckon ye mid find it nice to be runnin' about the wold place where ye did use to come so often when your Granfer was alive. Why, there's the swing hanging in the archard what he did put up for ye! And 'tis more cheerful-like than here. Ye can see all the carts and cars a-goin' along the top o' the road, and the sheep and cows bein' druv past. 'Twill remind ye of your own place. Ye wouldn't be so dull as ye be here, maybe."

Rosie had tossed her head and listened to the opening part of this speech with evident irritation, but now her face drooped again, and she said in a melancholy way that all places were alike to her, but that, as far as she was concerned, she was glad her Granma could oblige a neighbor.

"An' there's the well, ye know, my dear," put in Mrs. Bond hastily. "'Tis a great convenience to we, I'm sure, to be away till our well's put right."

"I don't mind fetchin' water," said Rosie with gloomy indifference. "I don't mind what I do."

"We'll find her some little jobs to keep her busy at the Glebe Farm, won't us, Mr. Blanchard?" said Granma, who was in high good humor.

"E-es, to be sure," agreed Solomon. "Any little job she fancies, but I don't want the young lady put upon, ma'am."

"We'll come by carrier's cart tomorrow," said Mrs. Bond.

"Thank you kindly. Good day to ye, ma'am. Good day, Miss Rosie."

"Good day," responded Rosie distantly, and she turned to go into the house without waiting to see the white pony disappear round the corner of the lane.

Mrs. Bond, however, stood on the doorstep till horse and rider had vanished, and then re-entered the house.

"He's a very considerate man, Farmer Blanchard is," she remarked, as she took up her discarded scrubbing brush. "There, he do take so much

thought for ye, Rosie, as if ye was——" She paused, and then added inconclusively, "anybody."

"He do seem to think me a child, though," said Rosie indignantly. "He do look at me an' he do talk to me as if I was a little bit of a child."

The old lady peeped at her out of the corner of her eye, not ill-pleased at her annoyance.

"Nay, that is but your fancy, love," she said, with so little enthusiasm, however, that Rosie's irritation deepened, as she inferred her grandmother's agreement with her own views.

The memory of the elder pair's good-humored mockery rankled. Solomon had mooted what had seemed to her an extraordinary proposal with so much hesitation that she had almost fancied he was inviting her to the Glebe Farm in the capacity of its mistress. Her cheeks burned now at the recollection and she devoutly hoped that Granma had not guessed at what was in her thoughts. The old lady apparently only imagined that Rosie had refused to be Farmer Blanchard's housekeeper. Even if she had made the mistake that they supposed, it would not be so very ridiculous. Many men in Mr. Blanchard's position *did* have young housekeepers. They needn't have laughed so much.

She was rather silent as she went about her work, and for the moment the longing for Rufe which had haunted her all the morning was replaced by the vengeful determination to prove to Farmer Blanchard at the earliest possible opportunity that she was by no means a child, and was, in fact, worthy of all respect and deference.

She had not been twenty-four hours at the Glebe Farm before her resolution was put to the test.

All the morning had been spent in tidying Mrs. Bond's house and packing their own possessions. Then had come the long joggling journey in the car-

rier's cart, and immediately on their arrival the strenuous effort to "straighten up" Mr. Blanchard's precincts before he should return for tea. For it was market day, and he was absent when they were set down at his gate.

Mrs. Bond bustled about with wonderful energy, uttering scandalized comments the while on the slatternly ways and general inefficiency of the farmer's late housekeeper. Rosie made up the beds and tidied the room which she and her grandmother were to occupy, chiming in with an occasional criticism of her own to Mrs. Bond's oburgations, such as—

"I d' 'low there's never been a broom under any of these beds since you left, Granma," or—

"The rooms is that musty-smellin' I should judge she never opened a single window."

When the labors of both were ended Mrs. Bond seated herself by the window with a pile of Mr. Blanchard's socks, which were badly in need of mending, while Rosie strolled out into the fresh air. By and by she bent her steps towards the orchard, where she stood looking about her pensively. It was not yet two years since her last visit there, when poor old Granfer had been alive and hearty; the yellow hens with their broods of downy chicks wandering through the grass might have been the very same as those which she had fed with such regularity. There was the swing yonder—how she had enjoyed flying backwards and forwards over the tops of the apple trees!

"I wonder if it would bear me now?" she said, and stepped up on the moss-grown board. Holding fast to the rope on either side she tested them with all her weight, and then, by alternately bending her knees and springing upright, tilting the board the while, set the swing going. She was jubilantly descending from the highest flight of

which the creaking ropes were capable when she was hailed somewhat roughly by the farmer himself.

"Look-see, 'tisin't safe what you'm doin' there. Thic rope itself is half rotten."

"It's quite safe, Mr. Blanchard," responded Rosie, still energetically bending and straightening her knees.

"'Tisin't, I tell you!" roared Solomon. And shooting out his long arm he caught hold of the board, Rosie incontinently tumbling from her perch and falling in a heap on top of him. The impact almost brought him to the ground, but he steadied himself and set her on her feet.

"There!" she cried. "I do think ye didn't ought to ha' done that, Mr. Blanchard—I mid ha' fell an' broke my leg."

"No fear," said the farmer. "I had hold of ye. Ye mid ha' broke your leg, an' more than your leg, if I'd let ye bide. Look at the rope—'tis half wore through at the top, an' you'm no small weight. I'm sorry if I seemed a bit sudden wi' ye, mairdie, but when ye wouldn't come down o' yourself I was forced to make ye come down."

"I suppose ye think I'm a child to be ordered about," said Rosie, tossing her head.

Solomon considered her appraisingly, taking note of the well-proportioned figure and the blooming, wrathful face.

"'Twasn't no child what tumbled a-top of I," he conceded, and his eyes twinkled. "You be well growed, my maid, but you'm young enough for all that, and I d' 'low you haven't got so very much sense."

Rosie, much offended, shook her skirts into place and began to march towards the house.

"I do 'low you do think me a spoil-sport," said Solomon, as one or two of his long strides brought him alongside of her. "Look-see, I'll have new

ropes put up tomorrow, an' then you can swing to your heart's content."

"No, thank you, Mr. Blanchard," rejoined the girl with dignity. "I've no such great likin' for swinging. I did but try it this once out of a kind of a fancy to go back to old times."

He looked at her so kindly that she was moved to add in a mollified but more cheerful tone, "I reckon to be so busy indoor that I shan't have much time for swinging."

"Come," said Solomon good-naturedly, "no need to work so hard as that. I must have a word or two wi' Granma. All work an' no play makes Jack a dull boy. It mid make Rosie a dull maid, an' we mustn't do that."

He smiled at her benignly as he spoke, and Rosie felt a return of the irritation which had seized her on the previous day. It was ridiculous the way Mr. Blanchard was going on, as if she was a little bit of a maid at school instead of a woman old enough to have a will of her own as well as many troubles. Besides, he had no business to give himself airs as though he were her master and had the right to apportion her labors. She quickened her steps, and managed to proceed a pace in front of her companion.

"What I do do," she observed loftily, "I do do it for Granma. 'Tis along of bein' wishful to help Granma as I be here."

"To be sure," agreed Solomon, "that's one reason."

Something in his tone caused her to whisk round and to discover a disconcerting twinkle in his eye.

"I d' 'low Granma's been a-talkin' to ye," she cried in a choked voice. "Granma's been tellin' ye what she didn't ought to ha' telled ye. 'Tis too bad. I'd ha' thought I'd ha' been persecuted enough without that."

Thereupon, bursting into tears, she rushed into the house.

(To be continued.)

FASHION RATIONS.

BY E. ARIA.

The spirit that denies is abroad and at home, and the best coiffed head is obediently bowed to the sacrifice of Fashion. Letting I must not wait upon I would, we are all hopeful that the Dress decree will make to some becoming end, and we are grateful at least in the economic cause that every skirt need not have a silken lining.

It is, however, as unreasonable as unseasonable to ignore the claim of clothes altogether; limited may be alike the labor, the material and the excuses for their employment. Even as heartily as Benedick emphasizes that the world must be peopled, it is well and discreet to recognize that the world must be dressed.

"Let us go out and buy nothing," is a dull prospect, and the no new clothes order is as certain to be disregarded in these spring days as all sumptuary mandates have been, whether writ large or small by royal, ecclesiastical or reforming hands, in the chronicles of past history.

The thoughtless, who walk in blinkers, looking neither to the right nor to the left, prepare propaganda to urge women from unnecessary personal expenditure, which is so obviously their duty and their inclination, that the argument is not worth the trouble of its issue. The crusade against any fashions with a cross against vagaries could not and should not succeed. Like many others, it is based upon unjust conclusions derived from superficial knowledge and insufficient evidence, together, of course, with a tendency to make the majority responsible sufferers for the sins of the minority, and the ruling conviction that whatever is is wrong.

Because in the first flush of raised wages the working man and woman were tempted to the purchase of jew-

elry and fur coats, the casual observer is persuaded that extravagance in dress is universally rampant, and three Duchesses, many dames of the peerage and a list of distinguished figures of social and intellectual claim, have united with Mrs. Lloyd George to encourage a belief in a prevailing prodigality, and to persuade us to turn our backs upon Fashion and our fronts steadfastly towards National war funds.

If, under the presented self-denying conditions—the renunciation is not to be half-hearted—we should abjure all the fascinations of frocks, how can British commerce prosper in its valiant efforts towards the successful designing of clothes, and in its hard struggle with the weaving and dyeing of silks and stuffs? Granted that tonnage can be more usefully appropriated than in the transport of models, laces, brocades and millinery, there is for the future outlook of self-reliance the more reason to consider tenderly the case of home-grown gowns and millinery.

In the national interest of tomorrow, which must not be overlooked in the heat and the cold of today, intensive efficiency must be hailed as insurance against the enemy's reinvansion of the dress market, and efficiency is only grasped in practice, and practice is only profitably obtained under liberal encouragement.

Iconoclasm is perennially amongst popular pastimes; to form a committee with the purpose of "downing" anything is ever part of a program of allurements. Not that I would decry the enormous amount of valuable labor which has been contributed by boards convened in great causes, or suggest that the women working upon these have not done noble service with rich results. But before entering into any

scheme it is as well to regard seriously every side of it, together with the effect of its possible success.

It is quite likely that the splendid ladies who are urging the no new clothes doctrine know not what they do. I would have them pause before they progress, and recognize that extravagance does not exist outside the factory area, and the very limited circle which probably enjoys the advantage of a credit suited as much to their convenience as to the convenience of the shops and dressmakers who tender it.

The mere mention of credit for dress strikes terror into the heart of the average man, who nevertheless may permit himself for years to be indebted to his tailor. Any wife to any husband uttering this formula, "I want a new hat," will immediately come up against a front of opposition, backed by a flattering protest in favor of the old one. But that is by the conjugal way.

The wider view spreads on to the wholesale and retail trade plains, and I would contest, in the name of the individual and of the shops and manufacturers, any attempt to "out" dress as a sinful and unpatriotic demand. The presentable gown is as necessary a circumstance of the daily life of a woman not in uniform as her breakfast and her dinner, and to many it may be truthfully urged a new costume is a camouflage for an aching heart. Frivolous? No, I should not say that this could be counted as frivolous, it is just natural; and did not some Greek writer describe woman as a creature of adornment? And so she should be, if it be the proper adornment well selected according to her purse and her person.

Not a few great writers have admitted the importance of dress. Did not Dick Steele propose the institution of a repository of fashions, putting forth a further plea for its value in the immense amount of advantages to com-

merce it promotes, the multifarious employment it gives to millions of workers? He wrote: "What a prodigious number of people it maintains and what a circulation of money it causes." And this was at the beginning of the eighteenth century; and though conditions now hamper where they do not prohibit, its fact obtains in the twentieth century in wartime.

Dress is tabulated amongst the unimportantances, but the lightest thinker yields that its use and abuse may have very serious results. It may, indeed, perform no less a feat than the making or the marring of a woman's joy, always supposing that her joy can depend—as I reckon it still may depend—upon the admiration of a man. This supposition is dreadful heresy in full sight of the Suffrage Bill, amended Marriage Laws and varied Freedom Leagues, and doubtless it is absurd to imagine that any man upon whom the happiness of a woman can rest could be so weak a thing as to be led to admiration or away from it by a mere frock. But my experience, even more than my imagination, tempts me to believe that such things have been and will be again; and the home-on-leave hero will take a special pride in acting cavalier to the well-dressed girl, and the husband's greeting grow unconsciously warmer in view of a wife in righteous raiment.

Buoyant youth just home from the front has been heard to declare that during the lull of battle he has been cheered by the thought of pretty girls in pretty clothes reclining in boats on the river, or dancing on green grass in the sunshine. We should look to it that such hopes are not frustrated in the meeting of the favored maiden in a tumbled tweed, worn with a much-washed blouse crowned by a *blasé* toque of tinsel.

And it must be understood that the boys from France anticipate happily

opportunities for dancing, and that these obtain in no small numbers, graced by damsels in dresses of net or chiffon, and silken fabrics embroidered with gold and silver threads. The little dinner—the very little dinner—is also offered in private houses as a prelude to the game of bridge—most restful recreation—and round the table are gathered many elegances in lace, brocaded ninon, and painted taffetas served with trains and a *décolletage* of ante-war generosity, while the last word of absurdity is spoken by a high front and a display of shoulder at the back between two revers. The fair foot it in shoes of multi-colored brocattelle, and of the making of tassels and of enameled and jeweled buckles there is no end. Clever devices of transforming the train to a hip sash are useful when traveling in the evenings by train or omnibus; and, altogether, the hospitable chances cannot be disregarded amongst the joys of the warrior temporarily released from arduous and awful duty, so we may with more or less hypocrisy purchase our new clothes to please him.

But the unanswerable excuse for fashion is bred in the commercial bone, and although it has been urged that the many mannequins, milliners, dress-makers and shopkeepers could find better employment for their time, and larger scope for their energies than in the capture of the mere personal decoration for others; yet, it must be remembered, there has been no feeble response to the roll of the Waacs and the Wrens, to the Munition Works, and to the many needs of the State and the Army. Those who felt themselves most suited to manual and secretarial jobs have gone and gone willingly, leaving behind the least fitted—who may be the best fitters—as tangible testimony to the law of survival. You cannot, as the vulgar have remarked, make a silk purse out of a sow's ear, and the

demand for silk purses is justified by the supply of women who are only able to secure their livelihood in the contriving of these. Thousands of physically weak can support themselves only by their needles.

To purchase lightly, blindly, and for the mere joy of prodigality, is outside the scope or the desire of the multitude today. And nobody visiting public places of entertainment, restaurants and theatres, the parks or the exhibitions, could detect any sign of sumptuous apparel. It is true that we have to pay more money for what we do secure, notable examples being found in the tailor-made coat and skirt of our springtime necessity. If we delve deeply into the secret of these, we shall come to the Germany root. At least a half of the conventional coats and skirts in serge and tweed were imported to us here from Germany, while a notable many came from Vienna, and from abiding alien industry with native sweating we gleaned a large harvest.

We could not produce here as cheaply as Germany before the war, and though we weave our own materials which in former days we sent to Germany to be dyed, and we endeavor to keep down the expenses of the work rooms, it is yet not possible to achieve at the former cost of importation. However, this may be remedied in time if only those wise ladies who sit on that committee will give this branch of British industry an opportunity of establishing itself firmly, and realizing the best means to obtain the desirable in inexpensive suits home grown. So far as woollen fabrics are concerned, we are improving daily, and the stockinettes and covert coatings give little cause for condemnation. We weave wool better than silk, though our dark blue serge and gabardine cannot be relied on to retain long their best complexion, and there is a dearth

of commendable gray to our service. We are at our best with nondescript tones in drab and brown, and the knitted coats of sweater or jacket shapes are conspicuously to our credit in diverse details, plain of thick Shetland, or of ordinary wool bordered with contrasting color. The coat frock in stockinette in pale colors, bound with corded ribbon, is on the list of the desirable and not dear. Many attempts at dyeing vivid colors as yet incline—or disincline—frankly towards the crude; and making the best of our failures we christen violent contrasts Russian with no very definite significance. Hats labeled new are contrived of rows of ribbon tulle-brimmed, and two varieties of straw are well combined on shapes of Napoleonic inspiration, but satin hats are supremely honored.

Brides seem to be exempt from capitious criticism. No one calls out at all when they indulge themselves with most sumptuous silver trimmings, brocades interwoven with tinsel, priceless lace and ermine, satin which stands alone, or *crêpe-de-Chine*, which drapes together. They are applauded for their prodigality, and every detail of it and of their *lingerie* excesses are condoned by a chronicle in large print. Well—after all, marriages are regarded as like to lead to national assets, and a trousseau in the hand is worth to some a husband in the trenches.

Circumstances of town or country, gregarious or solitary existence, must, of course, count in our sum of essential raiment, and the economic uniform State-provided can be weighed in the balance with our fatigues and be found wanting in disadvantages.

It must be left to the individual to decide what is necessary and what is unnecessary; available money should be fairly divided, and, without incurring a just suspicion of extravagance, many interests may be well served with our own personal predilections.

The full purse and the empty may be allowed with an actively expressed patriotism to fix the limits of our possibilities, together with the impediments in home production and the difficulties of import.

For it must not be imagined that there are no dress imports. In small numbers models in gowns and millinery do arrive fresh laid from Paris, and brave buyers venture to their choosing. There are special pleaders for these special industries of the capital, while one of the eminent French firms has but recently established a branch business in the southwestern district, where there are rumors of "little simple costumes for twenty-five guineas." But this is the exception; as the rule we take our ordinary garb gladly at ten guineas per coat and skirt, and the normal woman who is abnormally idle, with the dress sense fully developed, and ample means to gratify it, contents herself with a couple of coats and skirts, three hats, two evening dresses, two long coats, one for day and one for evening, and two tea gowns for home use. Her walking stockings are thick silk hand-knitted, items of extravagance borne of the dearth of reliable thin silk for daytime service, while she acknowledges the wisdom of selecting the new striped and checked woolen stockings with her tweed suits, and she steps to elegance in patent and ante-lope shoes, since the Government cut down to the seven-inch limit the high boots of her preference.

We have very few dress designers in London. I could count with exaggeration their valuable number upon the fingers of one hand, and, oddly enough, most of these artists are men. The feminine dressmaker of originality is a rare creature, and although now encouragement towards this end is given in London County Council Schools, genius remains undiscovered; and the *modistes* of original ideas

(sic) confess themselves attended by an *aide-de-camp* of masculine gender.

Footgear of decent workmanship and durable virtue is now very expensive, and expensive, too, are our gloves. But, after all, a few shillings more or less on such items are not of vital consequence. We are suffering acutely in the quality of our silks and our ribbons, increased in price at least fifty per cent, and our accessories before the art of dressing fail in superlative excellence. Hairpins, hooks, dress studs and lotion bottle tops of British manufacture cannot be commended in the first standard. Nor, indeed, can the manners of their salesmen and women. Class hatred is, perhaps, the excuse for the triumphant tone of pleasure in their announcement of a shortage, or their meeting with the demand for a missing quantity.

The feast of Fashion is not richly spread, our covers not too well provided, although we are outside the mischance of the banquet of Barmecide.

In woolen materials, as I have said, we are making a conspicuous success, and the variety of useful and decorative tweeds and coatings is increasing always with the new and fanciful designs in knitted garments, hats being well contrived in hand worked wool, and she is a black sheep indeed in the world of fashion who has not any wool in her cupboard.

Silk knitting and silk stockinette are respectfully regarded, but the price of the latter in good quality is prohibitively three guineas per yard, and the uses of the former are limited to scarfs, stockings and sport coats.

Changes of style are few. The skirts are narrower and straighter, but the kilt of last year's favor is sufficiently popular to warrant our prolonged respect, and pockets with buttons and braiding and stitching have reappeared as adornments. Piping is liberally patronized in contrasting colors, or checked

on cloth or serge dresses, and plain muslin collars are again in evidence. Evening dress is approved of lace lined with chiffon, and of net generously beaded, and of damask and velvet patterned gauze.

Those owning costumes dated 1917 can wear them without fear of reproach of dowdiness in 1918, and it is only in the event of their shabby surface that the well-endowed must be counseled to comb out and promptly transfer to the benefits of the ranks of the less fortunate.

Draped black or raven blue *charmeuse* is on a pedestal once more, and georgette, ninon and lace are representative of our filmy fancies for the blouse of perpetual attraction.

We have not yet arrived at a feasible plan for communal costumes. No one has advocated the wardrobe on wheels which could be fully equipped to travel round the streets and collect customers for clothes on the hire system. These, if intelligently supplied and sympathetically received, might have at once economical and profitable results, while our love of variety could be gratified if we threw aside our fastidious prejudice against wearing each other's garments; and, after all, we have been known to do this in pursuit of the motley, borrowing gladly from the theatrical stores at the call of the King and Queen of Carnival.

What a thrifty chance if Mrs. A., equipped in a tweed costume for a Friday to Monday country jaunt might exchange it upon arrival in London for the more suitable gabardine and satin; or if Mrs. B., during her invalid moments, might borrow an ideal *crépe-de-Chine* tea gown, resuming the severities of blue serge after convalescence; and all such convenience for a most moderate fee or even a subscription. Why should there not be a dress club started? The members being of a standard size, there would seem no

drawback to the project, and here would come the solution, the splendid solution, of the dress difficulties which beset those at once desirous of diversity and anxious to serve their country, together with some of the best principles of the no new dress gospel, which, by the way, should make the admirably dressed hair of Mrs. Lloyd George's official predecessor stand on end with horror.

There may come a tide in the affairs
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of Fashion which, taken in the war, leads on to coupons. I can visualize the excitement of offering two tickets for a Shetland sweater or a soft satin hat and saving up a month's supply for an evening coat. But the installation of the costume coupon system would leave many of us starved indeed, while the anti new clothes enthusiasts could face triumphantly the deserted shops, without a vestige of a *queue* even at sale times.

THE MEETING OF THE EAST AND THE WEST.

BY SIR RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

For over a century and a half India has borne a foreign rule which is Western. Whether she has been benefited by it, whether her arts and industries have made progress, her wealth increased, and her opportunities of self-government multiplied, are a matter of controversy which is of very little material interest to the present generation of our countrymen, as it cannot change facts. Even from the point of view of historical curiosity it has a very imperfect value, for we are not allowed to remember all facts except in strict privacy. So I am not going to enter into any discussion which is sure to lead to an unsatisfactory conclusion or consequences.

But one thing about which there has been no attempt at concealment or difference of opinion is that the East and the West have remained far apart even after these years of relationship. When two different peoples have to deal with each other and yet without forming any true bond of union, it is sure to become a burden, whatever benefit may accrue from it. And when we say that we suffer from the dead weight of mutual alienation we do not

mean any adverse criticism of the motive or the system of government, for the problem is vast and it affects all mankind. It inspires in our minds awe verging upon despair when we come to think that all the world has been bared open to a civilization which has not the spiritual power in it to unite, but which can only exploit and destroy and domineer, and can make even its benefits an imposition from outside while claiming its price in loyalty of heart.

Therefore it must be admitted that this civilization, while it abounds in the riches of mind, lacks in a great measure the one truth which is of the highest importance to all humanity, the truth which man even in the dimmest dawn of his history felt, however vaguely it might be. This is why, when things go against them, the peoples brought up in the spirit of modern culture furiously seek for some change in organization and system, as if the human world were a mere intellectual game of chess where winning and losing depended upon the placing of pawns. They forget that for a man winning a game may be the greatest of his losses.

Men began their career of history with a faith in a Personal Being in relation to whom they had their unity among themselves. This was no mere belief in ghost but in the deeper reality or their oneness which is the basis of their moral ideals. This was the one great comprehension of truth which gave life and light to all the best creative energies of man, making us feel the touch of the infinite in our personality.

Naturally the consciousness of unity had its beginning in the limited area of race—the race which was the seed-plot of all human ideals. And therefore at first men had their conception of God as a tribal god which restricted their moral obligation within the bounds of their own people.

The first Aryan immigrants came to India with their tribal gods and special ceremonials, and their conflict with the original inhabitants of India seemed to have no prospect of termination. In the midst of this struggle the conception of a universal soul, the spiritual bond of unity in all creatures, took its birth in the better minds of the time. This heralded a change of heart, and along with it a true basis of reconciliation.

During the Mohammedan conquest of India, behind the political turmoil, our inner struggle was spiritual. Like Asoka of the Buddhist age, Akbar also had his vision of spiritual unity. A succession of great men of those centuries, both Hindu saints and Mohammedan sufis, was engaged in building a kingdom of souls over which ruled the one God who was the God of Mohammedans as well as Hindus.

In India this striving after spiritual realization still shows activity. And I feel sure that the most important event of modern India has been the birth and lifework of Rammohan Ray, for it is a matter of the greatest urgency that the East and the West should meet and

unite in hearts. Through Rammohan Ray was given the first true response of India when the West knocked at her door. He found the basis of our union in our own spiritual inheritance, in faith in the reality of the oneness of man in Brahma.

Other men of intellectual eminence we have seen in our days who have borrowed their lessons from the West. This schooling makes us intensely conscious of the separateness of our people, giving rise to a patriotism fiercely exclusive and contemptuous. This has been the effect of the teaching of the West everywhere in the world. It has roused up a universal spirit of suspicious antipathy. It incites each people to strain all resources for taking advantage of others by force or by cunning. This cult of organized pride and self-seeking, this deliberate falsification of moral perspective in our view of humanity, has also invaded with a new force men's minds in India. If it does contain any truth along with its falsehood, we must borrow it from others to mend our defect in mental balance. But at the same time I feel sure India is bid to give expression to the truth belonging to her own inner life.

Today the Western people have come in contact with all races of the world when their moral adjustment has not yet been made true for this tremendous experience, the reality of which they are most fervidly conscious is the reality of the Nation. It has served them up to a certain point, just as some amount of boisterous selfishness, pugnacious and inconsiderate, may serve us in our boyhood, but makes mischief when carried into our adult life of larger social responsibilities. But the time has come at last when the Western peoples are beginning to feel nearer home what the cult of the nation has been to humanity, they who have reaped all its benefits, with a great

deal of its cost thrown upon the shoulders of others.

It is natural that they should realize humanity where it is nearest themselves. It increases their sensibility to a very high pitch, within a narrow range, keeping their conscience inactive where it is apt to be uncomfortable.

But when we forget truth for our own convenience, truth does not forget us. Up to a certain limit she tolerates neglect, but she is sure to put in her appearance, to exact her dues with full arrears, on an occasion which we grumble at as inappropriate and at a provocation which seems trivial. This makes us feel the keen sense of the injustice of Providence, as does the rich man of questionable history, whose time-honored wealth has attained the decency of respectability, if he is suddenly threatened with an exposure.

We have observed that when the West is visited by a sudden calamity she cannot understand why it should happen at all in God's world. The question has never occurred to her, with any degree of intensity, why people in other parts of the world should suffer. But she has to know that humanity is a truth which nobody can mutilate and yet escape its hurt himself. Modern civilization has to be judged, not by its balance sheet of imports and exports, luxuries of rich men, lengths of Dreadnoughts, breadth of dependencies and tightness of grasping diplomacy. In this judgment of history, we from the East are the principal witnesses, who must speak the truth without flinching, however difficult it may be for us and unpleasant for others. Our voice is not the voice of authority, with the power of arms behind it, but the voice of suffering which can only count upon the power of truth to make itself heard.

There was a time when Europe had started on her search for the soul. In spite of all digressions she was certain

that man must find his true wealth by becoming true. She knew that the value of his wealth was not merely subjective, but its eternal truth was in a love ever active in man's world. Then came a time when science revealed the greatness of the material universe and violently diverted Europe's attention to gaining things in place of inner perfection. Science has its own great meaning for man. It proves to him that he can bring his reason to co-operate with nature's laws, making them serve the higher ends of humanity; that he can transcend the biological world of natural selection and create his own world of moral purposes by the help of nature's own laws. It is Europe's mission to discover that nature does not stand in the way of our self-realization, but we must deal with her with truth in order to invest our idealism with reality and make it permanent.

This higher end of science is attained where its help has been requisitioned for the general alleviation of our wants and sufferings, where its gifts are for all men. But it fearfully fails where it supplies means for personal gains and attainment of selfish power. For its temptations are so stupendously great that our moral strength is not only overcome but fights against its own forces under the cover of such high-sounding names as patriotism and nationality. This has made the relationship of human races inhuman, burdening it with repression and restriction where it faces the weak and brandishing it with vengefulness and competition of ferocity where it meets the strong. It has made war and preparation for war the normal condition of all nations, and has polluted diplomacy, the carrier of the political pestilence, with cruelty and dishonorable deception.

Yet those who have trust in human nature cannot but feel certain that the

West will come out triumphant and the fruit of the centuries of her endeavor will not be trampled under foot in the mad scrimmage for things which are not of the spirit of man. Feeling the perplexity of the present-day entanglements, she is groping for a better system and a wiser diplomatic arrangement. But she will have to recognize, perhaps at the end of her series of death lessons, that it is an intellectual Phariseism to have faith only in building pyramids of systems, that she must realize truth in order to be saved, that continually gathering fuel to feed her desire will only lead to a world-wide incendiarism. One day she will wake up to set a limit to her greed and turbulent pride, and find in compensation that she has an everlasting life.

Europe is great. She has been dowered by her destiny with a location and climate and race combination producing a history rich with strength, beauty and tradition of freedom. Nature in her soil challenged man to put forth all his forces, never overwhelming his mind into a passivity of fatalism. It imparted in the character of her children the energy and daring which never acknowledge limits to their claims, and also at the same time an intellectual sanity, a restraint in imagination, a sense of proportion in their creative works, and a sense of reality in all their aspirations. They explored

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the secrets of existence, measured and mastered them; they discovered the principle of unity in nature not through the help of meditation or abstract logic, but by boldly crossing barriers of diversity and peeping behind the screen. They surprised themselves into Nature's great storehouse of powers and there they had their fill of temptation.

Europe is fully conscious of her greatness, and that itself is the reason why she does not know where her greatness may fail her. There have been periods of history when great races of men forgot their own souls in the pride and enjoyment of their power and possessions. They were not even aware of this lapse, because things and institutions assumed such magnificence that all their attention was drawn outside their true selves. Just as Nature in her aspect of bewildering vastness may have the effect of humiliating man, so also his own accumulation may produce the self-abasement which is spiritual apathy by stimulating all his energy towards his wealth and not his welfare. Through this present war has come the warning to Europe that her things have been getting the better of her truth, and in order to be saved she must find her soul and her God and fulfil her purpose by carrying her ideals into all continents of the earth and not sacrifice them to her greed of money and dominion.

WITHOUT SANCTION OF ADMIRALTY.

BY "ÆSCULAPIUS."

I.

"Seven o'clock, sir," said the marine servant, opening up the deadlight. The light, streaming in through the port-hole, converted the particular steel box

known as Staff Surgeon O'Brien's cabin into the semblance of a living apartment.

"What a glorious morning!" exclaimed O'Brien, thrusting his head

out into the brilliant sunshine. "I shall certainly go fishing today," he said, contemplating with pleasure the calm sparkle of the sea. In between ships at their moorings, he also caught glimpses of the peaty shore suffused with a radiance unusual in that locality. His meditations on the forthcoming joys of angling were rudely interrupted, however, by a gush of blackish water which struck him on the nape of the neck. The *Alcibiades* had coaled on returning to harbor the night before, and her deckhands, with the prospect of a "make-and-mend" afternoon before them, were lustily removing all traces of it from the ship's side.

"Confound the swabs!" the staff surgeon muttered savagely, withdrawing hastily, and jumping off his bunk. "However, they say coal dust is good for the scalp," he consoled himself, as his towel reflected the seamen's efforts. Slipping on a bathrobe, he gathered his shaving things together and went up the ladder to the main deck.

II.

Dense clouds of steam vapor poured out through the door of the bathroom, which was situated near the ward room on the port side.

"Good morning, sir," several shadowy figures greeted him on entering. The gorgeousness of their kimonos, picked up anywhere from China to Peru, stood out like rays of the sun trying to penetrate a mist.

"I see the stalls are all taken, as usual," growled O'Brien, peering into the three bath cubicles in turn. Lieutenant Fitz-Boodle occupied one, lying in the hot water in an attitude of relaxed beatitude. The navigator, Lieutenant-Commander Barnwell, was crooning away in another.

"Hello, doc.!" said the assistant paymaster, turning off the spigot in the third. "I'll be out of it in a minute."

"I sincerely trust so," the staff sur-

geon replied. "Fitz-Boodle is nopeless; and, as for the pilot, one has to allow him fifteen minutes to practise his songs."

"At any rate, some organized noise is necessary to drown your infernal moans," Barnwell retorted.

Rubbing the moisture off the looking glass, O'Brien began shaving. A couple of officers were utilizing the space near him to take an old-fashioned "tub," and, of course, they splashed in all directions.

"Bring me my sea boots, please," O'Brien asked his servant, who happened to look in with a bath towel.

This remark apparently had the effect of precipitating open hostilities between the A. P. and Fitz-Boodle. These were led up to in a more or less furtive manner, for the A. P. kept throwing cold water on Fitz-Boodle at intervals across the intervening compartment. Fitz-Boodle's serenity was much disturbed, and the navigator's suffered also when some of the salt water, in its flight, dropped into his mouth while he was in the throes of a treble note. Peace, however, might have been preserved if, at the juncture mentioned, the A. P. had not committed the overt act of directing a moderate-sized spray from the cold douche attachment towards Fitz-Boodle's cubicle. Fitz-Boodle jumped out of his bath in a rage, seized the fire hose coiled up outside, and, turning on the cock, directed it anywhere. The full force of the stream struck the deck bathers, who, with a howl, evacuated their shallow metal tubs, and, emptying the soapuds contents on the deck, used them as shields. Both of these improvised defenses, however, were sent flying by the A. P., whose colossal limbs and loose joints were the terror of everybody when he ran amuck. On this occasion he crashed out in order to engage Fitz-Boodle for possession of the hose. The battle was not quite de-

cided, but the cock was turned off, when a signalman came in with the announcement, "Captain's orders, gentlemen; everybody to note carefully. 'Flag to *Alcibiades*. Your daily consumption of fresh water is too high. This must be reduced, even at the risk of your drinking less.'"

Everybody roared at the innuendo, for the *Alcibiades* was a "wet" ship in other directions. In the way of the navy, however, when a point of discipline is involved, the skylarking ceased and the staff surgeon was enabled to complete his shaving, half drenched as he was. By this time there was no hot water left in the pipes, and he was forced to content himself with sea water, fresh from tanks which had just been filled. The timidity with which he stepped in was only equaled by the suddenness with which he jumped out. "It's as cold as a loch in Iceland," he moaned.

"Never mind, doc.," the naval instructor, who always took a cold bath himself, assured him; "it'll tone up your enervated Celtic constitution."

"My only fear is that the use of salt water leads to that shriveled-up appearance of which your body is such a notable example," replied O'Brien, drying himself vigorously.

III.

Returning to his cabin, O'Brien found his undergarments arranged on one chair, and his uniform folded on the other. "These servants seem to think the essence and quintessence of their art is simply to fold; generally their arms, too, so far as any work is concerned," he muttered when he came to don his uniform and found it necessary to apply the clothes brush diligently. He was fastening the strap of his wrist watch when there was a knock on his jalousie. "Come in," he intimated.

The door was pulled aside, and

a messenger appeared. "Signal, sir," he said.

The staff surgeon read the preamble: "Duties of H. M. S. *Alcibiades*—medical guard and duty steamboat."

"Confound it!" he muttered under his breath, as he initialed the paper, and realized that his hopes of going fishing on this, one of the few fine days in the year so far as that station was concerned, had been defeated.

IV.

"Porridge, haddock, bacon and eggs, sir," the corporal of the servants said monotonously, after he had presented the staff surgeon with that typewritten gist—waggish officers call it jest—of the wireless press news known as the Poldhu.

"Scotch fodder I do not eat," O'Brien rejoined. "As for your fish, from the leeward point of view, it's too pathetic for words. Yes, I'll have bacon and eggs. Why we don't send trawlers out and get a supply of fresh fish is more than I can tell," he grumbled, buttering a roll.

"Coming fishing with me today, doc.?" the first lieutenant asked. That jovial officer had already observed the white St. George's cross on a blue background, flying from the topsailyard balyard, and he knew quite well this was the medical guard flag. He was also aware of what was troubling the staff surgeon. The latter was compelled to stand by till eight o'clock the following morning, in order to respond to calls for medical assistance coming from craft which had no surgeon on board.

"You go to —!" O'Brien retorted fiercely.

The chief yeoman of signals came up to him, cap in hand. "The flag ship has just signaled as follows: 'Send medical officer to see a case in the *Roister Doister*.' When shall I say you'll leave, sir?"

"When I've seen my own sick, and that'll be about 9:30," the staff surgeon said sternly, as he rolled up his napkin.

V.

"You'll take the staff surgeon to the *Roister Doister*, and wait for his instructions," the officer of the watch told the coxswain of the picket boat.

"Where is she lying, sir?" the coxswain inquired.

"How the mischief am I to know?" retorted Lieutenant Fitz-Boodle, who was keeping the forenoon watch. "Use your brains as well as your telescope, and you'll probably find her at the lower end of the Sound."

"Ay, ay, sir," said the coxswain, signaling the tiny engine room to go ahead. When the propeller began to revolve, he first of all put his helm over to starboard, in order to clear the stern of the *Alcibiades*, and then described a sort of half circle. The stem of the picket boat, rising and falling to the motion of the swell, was pointed toward Buzzard Sound.

Wind and tide are continually swinging warships at anchor; it may be the stern, or a turret, or foretop is seen from a different angle, but it gives the frequent observer an ever-changing conception of the personality of any one ship. The fleet, too, was remarkably talkative on this particular morning. Signalmen stood on some point of vantage, generally somewhere near the bridge, with a signal flag in each hand, which they manipulated dexterously, or perhaps instead the stolid-looking arms of the semaphores. The yard arms, also, of many of the ships were what shore-going people would call gay with bunting, but to the practised eye of the seaman every flag meant something. Curious lookouts, with eye glued to telescope, would detect the call sign of their ship being made in the distance. They proceeded

to translate the signal which immediately followed, calling out aloud the meaning of it to another signalman who waited, pad and pencil in hand. Any one of those signals might mean anything, from one officer asking another, "Will you dine with me to-night?" to "Prepare to leave harbor at once." Of course, such *enclaire* or non-code signals may only be made in an isolated base, free from all possibility of enemy spies.

Standing upright in the stern sheets, with his back to the picket boat's cabin, O'Brien surveyed all these passing sights with the familiarity of a Londoner walking down Piccadilly. The *Alcibiades* was at present on intimate terms with the aristocracy of this great naval base. When she was not running errands for these frowning battleships, she was billeted with them, so to speak, in Belgravia. The staff surgeon's picket boat, too, was just one of hundreds of craft which were plying the roads of the sea at the beck and call of the Dreadnoughts; and if one took the trouble to go up in a seaplane, one could spot definite arteries of traffic, radiating in their direction, along which steamed anything from a commissariat ship down to the little duty steamboat which carries dispatches round the fleet.

O'Brien came this way quite frequently, conveying cases to the hospital ships. These lay in a bay, separated by a peninsular sort of point from the flotsam and jetsam of ships they were now approaching, which may be regarded as the camp-followers of a mighty fleet.

VI.

The picket boat came alongside H. M. S. *Prometheus*, which was specially designed for making delicate repairs to submarines not involving docking. The O2 was tied up to one side, while on the other was the *Roister Doister*, a

torpedo destroyer which had come alongside to have something done to her dynamo.

The staff surgeon was going up the gangway of the *Prometheus*, when the coxswain of the picket boat called out to him. "I've got to shove off, sir," he said apologetically, looking through his telescope in the direction of the *Alcibiades*; "the Blue Peter has been hoisted." This meant that the picket boat must return forthwith to the *Alcibiades*.

"It's the same old story when Fitz-Boodle's on watch," O'Brien complained under his breath; "he's always recalling picket boats. Very well, he said aloud to the coxswain; 'I'll make a signal when I want you.'"

"Very good, sir," the coxswain said, and in a few minutes he was off.

"Good morning, sir," said the warrant officer of the watch.

"Hello, Mawworm!" O'Brien responded; "how's the leg?"

Mawworm changed ships frequently, and in each one he made a point of consulting the surgeon regarding his leg. This, he proudly declared on such occasions, was hit by a Mandarin bullet while he took part in the rush for idols and other curios during the allied occupation of Peking.

"It gives me a twinge now and then," answered Mawworm.

"Serves you right, too," said the staff surgeon, crossing the deck of the *Prometheus*; "you ought to have left looting to the Germans."

"Boys will be boys, sir," the warrant officer said jauntily, a reminiscent look coming over his weather-beaten face; "and who'll say our boys at the front today have not earned a good looting expedition on enemy territory?"

"Perhaps you are right," O'Brien admitted thoughtfully, balancing himself on a couple of planks which connected the *Prometheus* with the destroyer.

VII.

The quartermaster of the *Roister Doister* saluted him. "I'll tell the captain you're here, sir; the sick officer's in the first lieutenant's cabin."

The captain came on deck in a few minutes. He was a young commander, of slight build, brown hair, and the inevitable blue eyes of the sea. "Sorry to bring you all the way down here, O'Brien, but the surgeon of the *Prometheus* is on leave. You'll be pleased to hear, however, the patient's one of your own cloth, so it'll be a case of Greek meeting Greek."

"Then he'll be amenable to common sense medical advice, which is more than can be said of the ordinary N. O.," retorted O'Brien, following the commander to a hatch abaft the funnels. They let themselves down the ladder on to the deck of the captain's flat, and the commander waved O'Brien into the first lieutenant's cabin. "Here's your patient, doc.," he said; "he's our surgeon probationer, Joughins by name. I'll leave you with him, O'Brien. Come and have a 'spot' before you leave"; and the captain reascended the ladder.

The young officer lay in his bunk, with his face, which was turned toward the door, slightly flushed, and a certain intense look in his eyes.

"You've got a touch of 'flue,' my lad," the staff surgeon said, after he had examined him; "but you'll be all right in a few days. When are you sailing?"

"Not till next week, sir; but I can't sail in her," the surgeon probationer said in a voice trembling with emotion.

"Why not?" inquired O'Brien.

Joughins covered his face with his handkerchief, and sobbed so that his whole body shook as if he had the ague. "It's no use, sir," he finally said. "I'm a coward. I can't stick the dark nights when we steam along in a ghostly sort of way; and if we're in company, our friends look equally as spooky. The other officers are usually on watch,

and I am left to brood and listen to the infernal swish of the sea. One feels it all the more being a non-combatant, where one simply waits for something to happen. That's not all, sir," the surgeon probationer said in an awed whisper.

"What else is there?" asked O'Brien.

"Some time ago our Lieutenant Oswald was lost at sea. He had a watch which chimed the hours, and late at night I wake up with the sound of it ringing in my ears, and I seem to see Oswald, who was hard to rouse, standing over me in a menacing attitude."

"Was this weird ticker lost with him?"

"No, sir. He had left it lying on his bunk before going on deck to meet his death; otherwise the King of Siam would have been displeased."

"What the blazes has the King of Siam got to do with it?"

"The King of Siam," Joughins replied solemnly, "gave the watch to Oswald when that unfortunate officer was on the China station. Strange to say, he stipulated that if Oswald died before him, it was to be returned to His Royal Highness; and the Admiralty complied with his wishes in this respect."

"Joughins," said the staff surgeon, rising abruptly, "you're suffering from war neurasthenia. You'll have to go to a hospital for a bit; and after a drop of leave, the best thing for you to do will be to complete your medical course. Meanwhile pull yourself together, and I'll go along with you shortly."

"Thanks very much, sir," Joughins replied; "I feel better already."

O'Brien went up the ladder and down the wardroom hatch.

VIII.

The captain was sawing a few inches off the hind legs of an armchair, so as to give it a more comfortable sitting

angle, and did not notice the staff surgeon till the latter was alongside him. "Well!" he asked jerkily, ordering a couple of cocktails, "what's wrong with the boy? We don't want to lose him, even if he's a bit moldy at times."

"I'm afraid he's a hospital case," O'Brien replied. "If you don't mind, I'll send a signal for a boat."

"Certainly not," said the captain, walking to the foot of the ladder.

"Quartermaster," he called out.

"Yes, sir."

"Bring me a signal pad."

"Ay, ay, sir," said the quartermaster, coming down a moment later with the required form.

The staff surgeon wrote out the necessary signal: "Duty Medical Officer to Hospital Ship *Bengal*. H. M. S. *Roister Doister* has one officer for hospital. Please send boat."

"Make this signal, quartermaster. I suppose you can semaphore it?" the captain asked.

"Not direct, sir; I'll make it to the signal station on the point, and they'll pass it on."

"I don't care how it is done; but get it off at once."

The quartermaster signified his appreciation of this fact by a hasty salute. He had no sooner withdrawn than another pair of legs began descending the ladder, and Mawworm, displaying great agility for one whose leg was the object of such tender solicitude on his part, appeared, cap in hand, and addressed the captain. "The engineer captain of the *Prometheus* sends his compliments, and will you come over and see him, sir?"

"Thank you, Mawworm.—I'll have to leave you now, O'Brien. Sorry I can't ask you to lunch; but we've nothing on board. I'm cadging these days off the *Prometheus*."

"That's all right," O'Brien answered; "I'm off myself to have a yarn with Rushbrook of O2."

"I may see you later, then," said the captain, following O'Brien up the ladder.

The staff surgeon hailed one of the submarine's crew, who was cleaning Chambers's Journal.

the top of the periscope. "Is Commander Rushbrook on board?"

"No, sir," the blue jacket replied; "you'll find him in the wardroom of the *Prometheus*."

(To be concluded.)

THE PRINCE OF WALES AT THE FRONT.

BY A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

"The Prince of Wales," said the Court Circular, "attended by Captain the Lord Claud N. Hamilton (Grenadier Guards), has left the Palace on his return to the front."

The event, and the announcement of it only after it had happened, were characteristic of the way the members of the Royal Family go about their duties. If ever there was an occasion that lent itself to popular appeal this assuredly was one. The thought of the heir to the British Throne in this supreme crisis of British history returning to the front to resume his share of the perils of the mightiest struggle in human annals is one to move all men's hearts and imaginations. Had the people of London known beforehand that he was going they would gladly have thronged the streets to give him a send-off that, while local in form, would have been national in the feeling behind it. The Prince, had he chosen, could have driven from the Palace to the station between cheering and enthusiastic crowds, the central figure in a popular pageant, and could have started on his momentous journey with the good wishes of his fellow-countrymen ringing in his ears.

But that is not his way; it is not the way of the House of Windsor; it is not the British way. There was no display, no bid for applause, nothing that could even remotely suggest self-advertisement. The Prince slipped

away unannounced and unnoticed, just like any ordinary officer; and the public did not even know he was going until he had gone.

The Prince of Wales must have taken back with him many pleasant recollections of his leave in England. The last few weeks have brought him as closely in touch with the people at home as the last three years and more have brought him in touch with the soldiers at the front. He has visited Wales, Cornwall, the Clyde, hospitals and munition works; he has taken his seat in the House of Lords; he has become inevitably a public figure in whom all are interested; there is a keen desire to arrive at some definite impression of his character and temperament.

No one doubts that the Prince is shaping more than well. It would be odd if he were not. Born into one of the happiest, least ostentatious, hardest-working households in the land, the son of a father whose whole life is governed by a sense of duty and of a mother whose warm-heartedness and practicality have never shone forth so clearly as in these grim days, he began life under the soundest and most wholesome auspices. His education continued and confirmed the good start that birth and heredity had given him. "There is no place in the world," William IV used to say, "for making an English gentleman like the quarter-deck of an English man-of-war." The

Prince was thrust early, first at Osborne and then at Dartmouth, into the strict democracy of the British Navy; and the lessons in orderliness, self-restraint and duty that a boy there learns—apart from the supreme lesson that being a Prince is not everything—are of the kind that last, and that insensibly form character along honest and manly lines. Oxford and Paris and the specialized intensive training that all in his position have to undergo completed the Prince's education, or the formal part of it, and turned him out a good average specimen of hardy, clean, natural English youth.

But the Prince himself would say that his real education only began with the war. From the first moment of its outbreak he had but one ambition—to get out to the front, and the weeks he spent in fighting Lord Kitchener, and tradition and a nervous officialdom on that point, were probably the most exasperating in his whole life. A friend of his was describing to me a little while ago an evening when the Prince was dining with the Guards during the retreat from Mons. All through the dinner the telephone was ringing, first for this officer and then for that, and each as he received his happy summons to the front made his excuses and went jubilantly off. But no one rang for the Prince. Aching to serve and prove himself, he seemed almost the only officer present whom the War Office did not want. With each fresh goodbye his loneliness, his depression, his apparent uselessness became more marked. At last he could contain himself no longer. With tears in his eyes and a choking voice, he burst forth, "I can't stand it, I can't stand it. They must let me go." And at last they did.

I will not say that the last three and a half years have been the making of the Prince. In the fundamental

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character, in all that really matters, he was made already. I mean that long before the war began he had given proof of the qualities that every parent looks and hopes for in his son and his son's friends—truthfulness, generosity, stability, an instinctive uprightness, and simplicity of mind and nature. But what the war has done for him is to turn a boy into a man. It has brought him experiences otherwise unimaginable. It has thrown him into intimate contact with all sorts and conditions of men. He has seen life, and he has seen death in the rear and at close range. Not since the days of the Black Prince has any heir to the British throne had such a schooling.

And it is all a part of his native keenness and vitality that the Prince has claimed the right to run the risks and share in the danger of his brother officers. He could no more be a cotton-wool soldier than he could be a prig or a milksop. The decorative security of a job at Headquarters very soon sickened him. He would not rest till he had got himself attached to a fighting division, had done duty in the trenches, and had learned at first hand what it is to be shot over.

Those who know him best tell me that the chief change wrought in him by the war is an added confidence and self-reliance. And yet on one like myself, who has only recently met him, the first impression he makes is that of being young for his years. The last traces of his boyhood show themselves in a certain diffidence of manner, a diffidence, however, delightfully in keeping with his fresh young face, his frank gaze, and a total lack of any kind of affectation. The Prince will be none the worse for maturing late. He has, I should judge, an observant mind and his father's habit of thinking for himself, and if he learns life slowly he will learn it all the more thoroughly.

A DIFFERENCE OF TEMPERAMENT.

By J. D. BERESFORD.

The differences between "young" Royce and "old" Bunnett had a dramatic quality that stirred even the wearied indifference of Stamp and Co.'s counting-house to simple efforts in psychological analysis.

Young Royce was dark, square, and determined; a reasoned boaster, who verified his boasts by action. When he made what sounded like a very rash assertion, it was bad policy to contradict, and quite fatal to bet against him.

Old Bunnett was tall and thin, fair, drooping, and despondent. He seldom committed himself to a confident statement of opinion, but gravely, almost voluptuously, hoped for the worst on every possible occasion. He was, by the office's classification, of the same breed as "old Robinson," who had come into the firm as a boy of fourteen and had now served his employers faithfully for fifty-one years.

Royce found a delight in marking that likeness. "Bunny, my boy," he used to say, "you've come here to stop. When I come back here in twenty years' time I shall find you still at the same old grind. You'll never get out of it."

"Not so sure as I want to," was Bunnet's single form of defense against this impeachment of his powers of initiative—that and a sniff. The sniff was his characteristic comment on life; a long and thoughtful substitute for speech. He was not more than ordinarily susceptible to colds in the head; and his sniff was less a physical function than a vehicle of mental expression.

Young Royce, however, wanted and meant to leave the firm "directly he could see his way," as he put it. He had a vein of prudence, or it may have been merely shrewdness, that was sometimes overlooked by those who had

come a little to dread the threat of his boasting. The one consolation afforded to those who suffered under his implications of their feebleness was the reflection that he would almost certainly "go to the bad one of these days." Bunnet, alone, was pessimist enough to admit that Royce would "get on." He had been known to add, "Sure to; he's the sort that gets on."

The office as a whole jealously disagreed with him; and in their vehement denouncement of Bunnet's pessimism failed to recognize that underlying all the violent and obvious contrasts between Royce and Bunnett there was at least one point of likeness, inasmuch as they both believed in Royce. (The only likeness conceded by the office was the coincidence that both men were born in the same month of the same year, and had come into the firm of Stamp and Company on the same day.)

Royce had actually left the firm on the Saturday afternoon that first introduced him to Bunnett's mother on Hampstead Heath. He had "seen his way" as far as a job at Capetown—a very risky and uncertain affair, in the office's opinion.

He had a streak of romantic sentiment hidden away somewhere, and he had come up to the Spaniards' Road to "take a last look at London." He was leaning over the railings looking down across the Vale of Health, when he became aware of an arrested Bunnett sniffing profoundly at the back of a bath chair.

"My mother," Bunnett said, by way of introduction, and then in a half-aside, "she's a bit of an invalid, but she's been a little better lately, ain't you, mother? This is the Mr. Royce I was telling you about. Just going out to South Africa."

Mrs. Bunnett pinched her mouth into a line of sympathetic disapproval. "It's a long way to go," she remarked—and sniffed thoughtfully.

She and her son were, Royce thought, as exactly alike as a couple of old sheep.

The job in Capetown proved even more uncertain than the office had hopefully predicted, and Royce presently migrated to Melbourne. Thence he drifted across to Hobart. A year later he had found a temporary post in Ceylon, then worked his way up the Bay of Bengal to Calcutta, and stayed there a month before he took ship to Tientsin. It was in 1909, seven years after he had left London, that he first put foot in America, landing at San Francisco, after crossing the Pacific from Yokohama by way of Hawaii.

In those seven years he had suffered and learned many things, but if the staff of Stamp and Co.'s counting-house had met "young Royce" on his landing in California they would have found no difference in him. He came ashore with the boast that he meant to make money in America.

And, indeed, his apparent failure to win any financial success during those years of wandering was due rather to that streak of imaginative romance in him than to any weakness of character. It had been necessary for him to satisfy some lust for adventure and experience before he could settle down to achieve a worldly ambition. He knew himself well enough to recognize his own quality. He had a perfect confidence in his ability to make money eventually. And just as he had made good his boasts in the old days, so now he made good his determination to seek another form of romance in America.

It would be superfluous to trace the means of his ascent. He was so obviously the successful type that readily finds employment and opportunity in

the United States. He had determination combined with initiative and imagination. It is doubtful if even the deliberate, conservative methods of Stamp and Co. could have overlooked his ability if he had elected to stay in the employ of that stately English concern.

He became an American citizen in 1913, but he did not revisit London until the autumn of 1917, when he came over on business as a representative of the Steel Trust. Arthur H. Royce had become a person of considerable importance and influence. He stayed at the Carlton Hotel during the progress of his negotiations with the English Government Department, the methods of which he ridiculed as being founded on the same principles as those familiar to him in the counting-house of Messrs. Stamp and Co.

But the old streak of romance showed itself again on the last Saturday of his stay in England. He had not called on the partners or employees of his old office. He had come to boast in action now, and the boast of language had become futile and unnecessary. He went up to the Spaniards' Road solely to satisfy some need for self-approval that he hoped to find in the contrast between his present condition and that in which he had last looked down over the hazy prospect of London, fifteen years before.

He was leaning over the rail in much the same place and attitude when he saw, with a strange thrill, the once familiar figure of old Bunnett coming towards him, pushing his invalid mother in what was surely the same bath chair.

Royce straightened himself, and turned to meet them. He wondered if they would recognize him. There was something of the old self-conscious boast in his attitude as he held out his hand and said:

"Hullo! Bunny. Still here, then?"

Bunnett and his mother sniffed in concert, a deep and melancholy comment on life.

"Still here," agreed Bunnett, and his mother added, "So you're back in London, Mr. Royce?"

"For a few days," Royce admitted.

"South African job turn out all right?" Bunnett asked.

Royce hesitated. In one swift flash of retrospect he looked back on those full and varied adventures that had begun for him with the voyage to Capetown, and knew that though he stood there talking and boasting for a week he could not convey to old Bunnett and his mother one-hundredth part of the romance and wonder that had glorified his existence for fifteen years.

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"Oh! yes; all right," he said; "and you? Still with Stamps?"

And Bunnett, too, hesitated as if there were something he also lacked power to describe before he answered, "Yes, still there."

The conversation seemed to offer no further possibilities. For a moment they stood awkwardly, and then Bunnett said, "My mother's a bit of an invalid, but she's been a little better lately." He sniffed thoughtfully.

As Royce made his way back to his hotel he modestly thanked God that he was not as some other men.

He had, however, missed one small observation. He had been standing on Bunnett's right side as they talked, and had not noticed that he had lost his left arm.

THE ENGLISHMAN AWAKENED.

When war broke out in August, 1914, the British were perhaps among the least educated people in the world. They were certainly not so well educated as the French, who up to a point insist upon understanding current questions of the day and are naturally of clear perception and apt in the forming and backing of intelligent opinions. They were with equal certainty less well educated than the Germans. The Germans form opinions as they form fairs. They will come to attention to Beethoven, Nietzsche or the Drang Nach Osten quite indifferently, clicking their intellects as they click their heels, with a military precision and unanimity. The average American before the war was also better equipped than the average Englishman, a readier and livelier fellow in dealing with matters of policy, opinion and the whole of the big mental field

covered by what is known to modern schoolmen as general knowledge. We are not suggesting that the Frenchman, German or American was a better, wiser or even a more able fellow than the Englishman. But they were all of them more aware of what they knew and better trained to deliver it for what it was worth. They were more obviously intelligent, more articulate, more able to give an account of themselves and their country. In a word, they were, even the American in his provincial way, more highly cultivated than the English; the Frenchman by temperament, the German by the "academic garrison," the American by his desire to lick creation. They were less content than the English merely to supplement an unfinished education at school with the routine of the particular business or trade in which they happened to be absorbed.

One of the chief reasons of the Englishman's handicap in normal times is his constitutional laziness. The Englishman is not lazy in the way of the Neapolitan or Spaniard or any of the Southern races who are content to live frugally in the sunlight. The Englishman's laziness is more subtle and elaborate than the mere indolence arising from warm weather and an abundance of the fruits of the earth. It is, on the contrary, a laziness which will work hard to achieve material comfort and the cozy conditions which are indispensable for its flourishing. Sir George Etherege defined it in its higher manifestations as a "noble laziness of the mind"—a hotbed of intellectual effort for its own sake, a refusal to form systematic opinions, a bias towards toleration, receptivity and open views. The attitude affects the whole gamut of English life, expressing itself vigorously as beer, professional football, Eton v. Harrow as the event of the year, a preference in conversation for allusive and interrogative slang, a national disinclination to talk of the things which lie near to the heart or head because these things are not so easily expressed as ideas about the weather, the merits of Burton ale, or the prospects at Newmarket. The effect of this quality is that the Englishman appears normally as a stupid fellow, but is never so stupid as he seems. He refuses to think about anything until he can no longer put off his decision. With rivals in the field it may then be too late for his decision to affect the issue. Never mind. He has the consolation of knowing that he could have beaten the other fellow if he had cared to try sufficiently hard and early.

The normal state of mind of the ordinary Englishman presupposes leisure, plenty and security. Wartime is no time for laziness, least of all for that mental laziness and impatience of

disciplined thought characteristic of England's hours of ease. Old habits are not easily broken, but hundreds of thousands of English men and women have in the last four years thought more clearly and seriously about things and acquired more knowledge of the world in which they live than during the whole of their previous existence. The character of citizenship, the sources of wealth, England's place in the world, the aims and characters of other nations, the relation of present events to past history—these are some of the wider questions which almost everyone has according to his light been called on to consider from some point of view or other as the significance of the crisis through which we are passing and our need to look into the future have pressed upon our minds. On the more practical side there are few who have not been forced to acquire knowledge, to master some novel craft, to be active in brain or hand in ways undreamed of before. Thousands of men have been scattered to the world's end, have seen new countries and peoples, have learned geography by exploration and history by helping to make it. These men scatter their knowledge through every class in the country and aerate the community with the leaven of wider views and an intelligence which has contracted new habits of decision and activity. At home we know more about the food we eat, the money we spend, the clothes we wear. The routine of our daily lives, formerly accepted without a moment's thought of what lay behind it all, has everywhere been threatened with change and in many ways has suffered entire collapse. In the homely particular of food alone we are educated today where yesterday we were almost completely ignorant. We have learned to know what foods are essential and how much of them we require. Many have learned for

the first time where food comes from, how it should be cooked, why it is scarce today and plentiful tomorrow, how we may successfully produce it in our gardens or small farms. The Englishman in wartime, moreover, does not live by bread alone. He has learned as much about politics in the widest sense, about economics, about international right and wrong, about personal honor and social obligation as about food values and the intensive culture of small holdings. He has acquired in all directions a general intelligence unprecedented in English social history.

When Germany comes to count the cost of the war to the German people she will have to count as one of the greatest items on the debit side of her ledger the fact that she has stimulated the English to a wakeful interest in all that affects England's position among the nations. For four years the lazy English have had to think by necessity and many of them have discovered that thinking deferred maketh the brain sick. We have realized the wealth and power of the British Empire, the need to employ it to our increasing security and comfort (if ever there is again to be comfort in our time). We have learned to know Germany and to appreciate the duty of the English towards England. We have increased our technical efficiency in every direction. We have been compelled to organize and to reckon our resources. We can no longer be pillaged while we

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sleep, or easily deceived by polite ambassadors. The enemy has made it impossible for the English to be lazy for a generation and the enemy will find in England a very different competitor after the war from the indifferent and humorous rival of pre-war days. Some inkling of this has already spread alarm among the Ratheneaus and Ballins of Frankfort and Hamburg. We can assure them that they have every reason for alarm and that their regrets will be keen hereafter for having allowed their Kaiser to disturb the economic peace and plenty of the thirty years previous to August, 1914.

We also foster a hope at times that our agitators and officials at home will be surprised when the war is over to find how much higher the general level of knowledge and intelligence has become among those whom they hope to make their dupes when the moment arrives for attempted revolution and robbery. The war has undoubtedly brutalized our existence in many ways. It has almost made an end for the time being of the humaner side of life. The arts and graces will be in abeyance for many years. But the war has unquestionably increased the general knowledge of the average Englishman and prompted in him activities of hand and brain which cannot fail to add much wealth and energy to our country in the period of reconstruction. It may be said of Germany that to fight her is a liberal education.

THE SUPERSTITION OF DIVORCE.

BY G. K. CHESTERTON.

II.

To the two or three articles appearing here on this subject I have given the title of the Superstition of Di-

vorce; and the title is not taken at random. While free love seems to me a heresy, divorce does really seem to me a superstition. It is not only more

of a superstition than free love, but much more of a superstition than strict sacramental marriage; and this point can hardly be made too plain. It is the partisans of divorce, not the defenders of marriage, who attach a stiff and senseless sanctity to a mere ceremony, apart from the meaning of the ceremony. It is our opponents, and not we, who hope to be saved by the letter of ritual, instead of the spirit of reality. It is they who hold that vow or violation, loyalty or disloyalty, can all be disposed of by a mysterious and magic rite, performed first in a law court and then in a church or a registry office. There is little difference between the two parts of the ritual; except that the law court is much more ritualistic. But the plainest parallels will show anybody that all this is sheer barbarous credulity. It may or may not be superstition for a man to believe he must kiss the Bible to show he is telling the truth. It is certainly the most groveling superstition for him to believe that, if he kisses the Bible, anything he says will come true. It would surely be the blackest and most benighted Bible-worship to suggest that the mere kiss on the mere book alters the moral quality of perjury. Yet this is precisely what is implied in saying that formal remarriage alters the moral quality of conjugal infidelity. It may have been a mark of the Dark Ages that Harold should swear on a relic, though he were afterwards forsworn. But surely those ages would have been at their darkest if he had been content to be sworn on a relic and forsworn on another relic. Yet this is the new altar these reformers would erect for us out of the moldy and meaningless relics of their dead law and their dying religion.

Now we, at any rate, are talking about an idea, a thing of the intellect and the soul; which we feel to be un-

alterable by legal antics. We are talking about the idea of loyalty; perhaps a fantastic, perhaps only an unfashionable idea, but one we can explain and defend as an idea. Now I have already pointed out that most sane men do admit our ideal in such a case as patriotism or public spirit; the necessity of saving the State to which we belong. The patriot may revile but must not renounce his country; he must curse it to cure it, but not to wither it up. The old pagan citizens felt thus about the city; and modern nationalists feel thus about the nation. But even mere modern internationalists feel it about something; if it is only the nation of mankind. Even the humanitarian does not become a misanthrope and live in a monkey-house. Even a disappointed Collectivist or Communist does not retire into the exclusive society of beavers, because beavers are all communists of the most class-conscious solidarity. He admits the necessity of clinging to his fellow creatures, and begging them to abandon the use of the possessive pronoun; heart-breaking as his efforts must seem to him after a time. Even a Pacifist does not prefer rats to men, on the ground that the rat community is so pure from the taint of Jingoism as always to leave the sinking ship. In short, everybody recognizes that there is *some* ship, large or small, which he ought not to leave, even when he thinks it is sinking.

We may take it then that there are institutions to which we are attached finally; just as there are others to which we are attached temporarily. We go from shop to shop trying to get what we want; but we do not go from nation to nation doing this; unless we belong to a certain group now heading very straight for Pogrom. In the first case it is the threat that we shall withdraw our custom; in the second it is the threat that we shall never

withdraw ourselves; that we shall be part of the institution to the last. The time when the shop loses its customers is the time when the nation needs its citizens; but it needs them as critics who will always remain to criticise. I need not now emphasize the deadly need of this double energy of internal reform and external defense; the whole towering tragedy which has eclipsed our earth in our time is but one terrific illustration of it. The hammer-strokes are coming thick and fast now, and filling the world with infernal thunders; and there is still the iron sound of something unbreakable deeper and louder than all the things that break. We may curse the kings, we may distrust the captains, we may murmur at the very existence of the armies; but we know that in the darkest days that may come to us, no man will desert the flag.

Now when we pass from loyalty to the nation to loyalty to the family, there can be no doubt about the first and plainest difference. The difference is that the family is a thing far more free. The vow is a voluntary loyalty; and the marriage vow is marked among ordinary oaths of allegiance by the fact that the allegiance is also a choice. The man is not only a citizen of the city, but also the founder and builder of the city. He is not only a soldier serving the colors, but he has himself artistically selected and combined the colors, like the colors of an individual dress. If it be admissible to ask him to be true to the commonwealth that has made him, it is at least not more illiberal to ask him to be true to the commonwealth he has himself made. If civic fidelity be, as it is, a necessity, it is also in a special sense a constraint. The old joke against patriotism, the Gilbertian irony, congratulated the Englishman on his fine and fastidious taste in being born in England. It made a plausible point in saying, "For he

might have been a Russian"; though indeed we have lived to see some persons who seemed to think they could be Russians when the fancy took them. If common sense considers even such involuntary loyalty natural, we can hardly wonder if it thinks voluntary loyalty still more natural. And the small state founded on the sexes is at once the most voluntary and the most natural of all self-governing states. It is not true of Mr. Brown that he might have been a Russian; but it may be true of Mrs. Brown that she might have been a Robinson.

Now it is not at all hard to see why this small community so specially free touching its cause, should yet be specially bound touching its effects. It is not hard to see why the vow made most freely is the vow kept most firmly. There are attached to it, by the nature of things, consequences so tremendous that no contract can offer any comparison. There is no contract, unless it be that said to be signed in blood, that can call spirits from the vasty deep; or bring cherubs (or goblins) to inhabit a small modern villa. There is no stroke of the pen which creates real bodies and souls, or makes the characters in a novel come to life. The institution that puzzles intellectuals so much can be explained by the mere material fact (perceptible even to intellectuals), that children are, generally speaking, younger than their parents. "Till death do us part" is not an irrational formula, for those will almost certainly die before they see more than half of the amazing (or alarming) thing they have done.

Such is, in a curt and crude outline, this obvious thing for those to whom it is not obvious. Now I know there are thinking men among those who would tamper with it; and I shall ask some of these to reply here to my questions. But for the moment I only ask this question: whether the parlia-

mentary and journalistic divorce movement shows even a shadowy trace of these fundamental truths, regarded as tests. Does it even discuss the nature of a vow, the limits and objects of loyalty, the survival of the family as a small and free state? The writers are content to say that Mr. Brown is uncomfortable with Mrs. Brown; and the last emancipation, for separated couples, seems only to mean that he is still uncomfortable without Mrs. Brown. These are not days in which being uncomfortable is felt as the final test of public action. For the rest, the reformers show statistically that fam-

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ilies are in fact so scattered in our industrial anarchy, that they may as well abandon hope of finding their way home again. I am acquainted with that argument for making bad worse, and I see it everywhere leading to slavery. Because London Bridge is broken down, we must assume that bridges are not meant to bridge. Because London commercialism and capitalism have copied hell, we are to continue to copy them. Anyhow, some will retain the conviction that the ancient bridge built between the two towers of sex is the worthiest of the great works of the earth.

GERMANY'S LATEST PROVINCE.

Far up among the foothills of the Caucasus, some seventy miles northeast of Batum, stands the ancient Georgian city of Kutais; and not far from Kutais, the still more ancient church and monastery of Gelati, built just before the time of our William the Conqueror. Even that is modern, as Georgian history goes, for St. Nina, the holy nun who brought the first tidings of Christ's life and death to those mountains, had placed a shrine there a century before our reputed ancestors began transplanting their Germanic gods into Romanized Britain. Standing on those monastic walls, one may perceive, as in a vision, strange scenes of history indefinitely remote. In the broad valley far below winds the Phasis (now the Rion) up which Jason's Argonauts rowed their ship, and perhaps it was in Kutais itself that he was welcomed by Medea, the Colchian sorceress, in evil hour for them both. Far away one sees the black horizon of the Euxine, "step-mother of sailors," over which he came.

Here Alexander's Macedonians have been, and here the rebel Pharmabazes established the first Georgian dynasty. Here David the Restorer, who delivered the country from Turks and Persians, was buried, and here are the needlework relics of the Georgian Queen Tamara, who ruled the whole length of the wide Caucasian valley, from the Black Sea to the Caspian, and added Trebizond, Kars and Erzeroum to her kingdom in times when our Richard I was fighting for the Sepulchre.

But when the present writer reached the place a few years before the war, the interest was modern. Russian soldiers were quartered in the church, evidence of the fatal treaty by which the last of the Georgian line had laid the Caucasus under Russian protection rather more than a century before. By that treaty the Georgians were to retain their king, and they have never had a king since, they were to serve only in a national militia, and now they were sent as conscripts to die in

Arctic provinces; no more than 6,000 Russian troops were ever to be allowed in the country, and now 180,000 were quartered there; the Georgian Church was to remain independent, and now it was enslaved to Russia's Holy Synod; the Georgian language was to remain the tongue of schools and official life, and now it was forbidden in both; government was to remain in Georgian hands, and now the Russian officers and Russian bureaucrats were everywhere supreme. After a brief attempt to regain the freedom of self government, the country was being laid waste by Cossacks and other Russian troops. Nicholas II had issued express orders that no mercy was to be shown—and none was shown. All the villages in the fertile district of Guria, inland from Batum, were burned, all the crops destroyed, the inhabitants killed or driven up into the snowy mountains; women and girls collected in groups, because, in the words of Colonel Kriloff (33d) Chersonese Regiment), who carried out the orders, "The Tsar wanted loyal subjects breeding." It is no wonder that, in a lecture at King's College, the Georgian, Mr. David Ghambashidze, while denouncing the Bolsheviks for the extreme peril to which they have exposed his country, said that anything might be better than a restoration of the Tsars.

For nearly a thousand miles the vast range of the Caucasus, rising into the peaks of Elbruz and Kazbek, higher than Mont Blanc, runs with hardly a break from Kertch to the Caspian. Between the Caucasus and Ararat lies the rich and beautiful province now open to German "penetration." Many strange peoples and sects inhabit it; an ancient Jewish tribe of agriculturists, still speaking the old-fashioned Hebrew which their fathers spoke when they fled to the mountains from the destruction of their city by Titus;

Swabian peasants, who started to walk to Jerusalem about a century ago, so as to be in time for Christ's Second Coming, but, finding themselves too early, stopped in the rich valleys, still retaining their German language and ways of life; Russian Molokans, who are said to drink milk in Lent, but otherwise display ascetic industry in cultivation; relics of the Doukhobors, most of whom the Tsar drove to Canada by his ferocious persecution of them as "Conscientious Objectors"; Georgians of Lazistan, south of Batum, who were forced into Islam, but, like the Albanian Moslems, retain a regretful memory of Christian worship, and celebrate Christmas and Easter with peculiar rites. The present writer has also encountered an innocent but trying sect which dines on raw grain and makes a sin of boiling water; and he was shown a mountain range on which the thin relics of thirty-two invading peoples, all speaking different languages, were said to live apart. But as Mr. Ghambashidze observed, the numbers of Caucasian races have been absurdly exaggerated. Though English people have written only five books on the Caucasus, the Germans have written 350, and German writers must always be discovering something unimportant for fear of losing their posts. Apart from the remains of the Circassian gardeners (Mohammedans) along the northwestern slopes of the main range, looking out to the Steppes, and apart from the wilder Lesghians of Daghestan (also Mohammedan) upon the high northeastern plateau above the Caspian, there are only four races which count: the Georgians, the Russians, the Armenians and the Tartars. The Georgians and Russians are probably about equal in numbers—about three million each. The Tartars have increased rapidly, and may now be counted as nearly two and a half million. What the Armenians are since

the massacres of the war no one can tell; before that there were about one and a half million in the Russian Caucasus.

Tiflis and the Koura valley; Signakh and the Alazan valley (a region overflowing with wine and all fertility); all the rich valleys and plains of the Rion westward to the Black Sea are Georgian by race and immemorial occupation, though Russian settlers abound. East of Tiflis, the country becomes more and more like a desert till Baku and the Caspian are reached, and throughout that district the Tartars predominate. In Tiflis there is a rich Armenian quarter, but most of the Armenians are scattered in patches over the southern province, around Kars and Erivan. Thousands have swarmed over from Asiatic Turkey, driven by the Kurds to seek refuge under the Russian flag, no matter how cruelly Goltzin and similar agents of the Tsar might oppress them. Unhappy is the nation which has no frontier! Armenians have not even a city which they can call their own. The center of their race is but a church—the church and monastery of Etchmiadzin. There St. Gregory the Illuminator beheld the vision from which the name is derived ("The Only-Begotten has Descended"); there he established the Armenian Church, one of the earliest forms of Christianity, and there the Armenian Katholikos lives. But what will happen to Armenians now that Russia cannot give them even a stepmother's protection? A large part of the country over which they are scattered, perhaps, even including Erivan and Etchmiadzin itself, is to be handed back to the Turks, and the villagers delivered up to their ancient enemies like cattle for the slaughter.

For many years, Armenians disputed with Tartars for supremacy in the great oil field of Baku. Both races organized bands of assassins, to the up-

keep of which even British managers were compelled to contribute under fear of death. From time to time violent civil or racial war raged in the shoddy streets, and when the present writer was entertained by a Tartar who had risen from a porter to be the richest illiterate in the world, a company of soldiers was always kept in the back premises to guard the palace. But now the Tartars appear to have triumphed. They are almost incredibly rich. Twelve years ago they had no newspaper; now they have twenty-eight. At that time, they possessed one "man of culture," famous for his translation of Milton's "Hail! Holy Light" into the Tartar dialect of Turkish; now they publish libraries. Mr. Ghambashidze tells us we must look to the Tartars of Baku as the true directors of Turkish policy, the real inspirers of Pan-Islam and the Pan-Turanian movement. If that is so, the prospect for all that we mean by civilization in the highly civilized provinces of the Caucasus is black.

Let it be granted that the Germans will not care how the various races govern themselves or each other. Provided the wealth of the country is maintained and the high roads to the Middle East are kept open, they will not care. Holding Batum, they can draw oil from Baku through the pipes which have been working fairly well for some years now, in spite of the rustic ingenuity which taps them for light and fire on the way. They can traffic in the rich mines of copper, iron and manganese. They can readily acquire wheat, maize and large quantities of wine, to say nothing of pheasants (named from the Phasis) and various other game. The whole of one among the wealthiest and most beautiful regions of the world lies open before them, and by commanding the railway to Tiflis, they can reach Baku by one branch and Kars,

Erivan, Julfa, Tabriz and Persia by the other.

So far as Germans care, that may be satisfaction enough. But what of the two indigenous and civilized Christian races, Georgian and Armenian? Cut off from the seas on either hand, threatened by advancing Turks and Kurds on the south and west, overwhelmed by alert and prosperous Tartars on the east, surrounded on the north by Moslem Lesghians and Circas-

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sians, they will stand isolated amid a turbulent sea of enmity. The Georgian Tcheidze, who, with the Georgian Tseretelli, ranked among the foremost of the Russian Revolution a year ago, is reported to have declared a Caucasian Republic at Tiflis, with full rights of self-determination for all the races. Alas! What determination can you make for yourself when a murderer springs upon you with a revolver and you have not even a stick?

SWINBURNE'S LETTERS TO ROSSETTI AND WATTS-DUNTON.*

This volume forms a valuable supplement and corrective to Mr. Gosse's *Life of Swinburne*. In its essentials the estimate of Swinburne's genius and character given by Messrs. Hake and Compton-Rickett does not differ substantially from that of Mr. Gosse. Their picture stands midway between his and that revealed in the Letters from Swinburne to his family published by Mrs. Disney Leith. But the joint authors of this volume are concerned to show that the view taken by Mr. Gosse of Swinburne's long sojourn under the roof of Mr. Watts-Dunton at Putney is not fair either to Swinburne or his friend. In no spirit of acrimony, but in a tone of reasoned remonstrance, they challenged the imputation that Swinburne was devitalized by the new conditions. He did not merely regain health, but a great measure of his creative energy. His life was regular, but it was neither stagnant nor dull. They point out that he did see many old friends and made many new ones. And, as they put it

in an admirable phrase in their Introduction, "Mr. Gosse must allow the mark of time and advancing years upon his 'scarlet and azure macaw.' Even macaws grow old and lose some of their brilliant lustre." They repel the suggestion that Mr. Watts-Dunton's influence was tyrannical—that he was a kind of "amiable Svengali." As a matter of fact, Swinburne and he differed acutely on many points—*e. g.*, in their estimates of Victor Hugo, Keats, Shelley, William Morris and Carlyle. Swinburne's change in his attitude to Walt Whitman at least admits of another explanation than that suggested by Mr. Gosse. And in life as in literature Swinburne frequently exhibited independence of judgment. Messrs. Hake and Compton-Rickett are not hero-worshippers of Watts-Dunton but they maintain with good cause that he exercised a mellowing as well as a chastening influence on Swinburne, discouraging his morbidity and fostering in him a more intimate love of nature. And if as a poet the later was not equal to the earlier Swinburne, that was inevitable in one who belonged to the "ecstatic order." "The lyric cry

**The Letters of A. C. Swinburne. With Some Personal Recollections.* By Thomas Hake and Arthur Compton-Rickett. With portraits. London: John Murray. 10s. 6d. net.

is at its best in youth. The question is, Are we to throw the blame upon the Putney air and The Pines *ménage*? Would Swinburne have sung any more poignantly in his later years had he lived, say, with Mr. Gosse?" Moreover, it is urged, not without reason, that the apparent loss of magic and freshness in his later work is to some extent due to the fact that we had grown used to the melody of the singer. The authors cannot be said to show any undue adulation of Swinburne's genius or any desire to minimize the flaws in his character. They are fully alive to his eccentricities; at the same time they cannot subscribe to the view that he was "essentially a brilliant *rococo* personality." They contend with good grounds that these letters prove that he was more than this; that "beneath all the extravagances and absurdities there was a primal greatness, and at bottom the fine breeding and distinction of a great gentleman."

Some picturesque details are added to the account of Swinburne's early days given by Mr. Gosse. One of the poet's earliest ambitions was to be a smuggler. His love of Northumberland is insisted on, as well as the limitations of his nature worship, as compared, for example, with that of Wordsworth. But the most interesting pages of the first section are devoted to his relations with Rossetti and Jowett. The first was a stimulating, the second a sedative influence. Fresh light is thrown on the break-up of the Chelsea *ménage* by the description of Swinburne's quarters, which were cramped and gloomy in their outlook. The letters to Rossetti reveal Swinburne as an enthusiastic admirer of his friend's genius as a poet, as well as an acute critic. They also reveal the malice which tempered his admiration of Tenyson, and a certain reserve in his references to Morris, whose peculiar excellences of "atmospheric charm, clar-

ity and ease" he overlooked in his impatience of Morris's slow movement and "trailing" style. Swinburne's friendship for Jowett, unbroken for thirty-eight years, was founded largely on literary sympathies, but also on the Master's fearlessness, intellectual and physical. According to Edwin Harrison, an intimate friend of both, Swinburne was "horribly afraid of the Master." Harrison was a brilliant Balliol man, seven years younger than Swinburne, of humble origin, but of remarkable gifts, "the best talker I ever met," according to Jowett, who predicted that "with one year's health he would make his mark in Europe." Unhappily brain trouble clouded his life, and his early promise was never fulfilled. He was for nearly twenty years an intimate friend of Swinburne, to whom he was bound by a common love of swimming, and his enthusiasm over Captain Webb's feat falls little short of Swinburne's rhapsodies over "the greatest glory that has befallen England since the publication of Shelley's greatest poem, whichever that may be." Harrison admired Swinburne's genius, but lamented his extravagance, finding his work in 1875 "full of that intemperance of thought and language which ruins all he writes." Swinburne's letters to him, notably that on his visit to Dunwich, and another on Homer, swimming and his visit to Trelawny, are amongst the best in the book.

The sequel is mostly taken up with letters to Watts-Dunton, whom Swinburne met for the first time at Madox Brown's house in Fitzroy Square in 1872. An amusing account is given of this coterie, and the hierophants, male and female, of the Gautier-Baudelaire cult. Watts-Dunton's value to Swinburne was twofold; he was at once a kindred spirit in the world of letters and "a sympathetic man of affairs." In 1873 Swinburne had already begun to consult him on business mat-

ters, and after 1875 he never sent anything to the Press without first obtaining Watts-Dunton's verdict. Swinburne's letters are mainly concerned with his work and literary interests, with occasional deviations into politics. We may specially note his championship of Wells, the author of *Joseph and His Brethren*; his enthusiasm for Lamb's marginalia; his hatred of the Bulgarians; his admiration for Matthew Arnold's "New Sirens"; his reluctant but unmitigated condemnation of Governor Eyre, who had been a boyish idol. One of his finest traits was his eagerness to help old friends, whether it was a poor lodging house keeper, the erudite but angular Professor Nichol, an old Oxford contemporary, or the brilliant and erratic Purnell ("Q" of the *Athenaeum*). In spite of Watts-Dunton's strong opposition, he let Purnell publish his early novel, *A Year's Letters*, in his paper, the *Tatler*. The letter in which Swinburne announced his resolve, and gave the reason—that he was eternally indebted to Purnell for having introduced him to Mazzini—is a remarkable example of his generosity and extravagance. Messrs. Hake and Compton-Rickett observe in their Introduction that Swinburne, as a rule, took little interest in the work of his contemporaries, and was not sympathetic to literary aspirants. We are inclined to think, from personal knowledge, that the exceptions were pretty frequent. Anyhow, he waxed lyrical in his delight at the brilliant squib in which the leading newspapers were burlesqued in a series

The Spectator.

of imaginary articles on the Plagues of Egypt by the Canaanitish journals. (The authors might have mentioned the name of the writer, the late Mr. H. D. Traill.) The number of commissions which he intrusted to Watts-Dunton were endless and of infinite variety, proving, if proof were needed, his constant dependence on his friend's wide knowledge, shrewd business capacity and inexhaustible good nature.

The volume concludes with a pleasant sketch of Swinburne at The Pines. It appears that in the work of restoring him to health Watts-Dunton's cook was hardly less efficient than her master, though Swinburne was not luxurious in his tastes. Unlike Rossetti, he had the gift of sleep, which Bismarck said was essential to monarchs. "Swear words" being tabooed, a compromise was effected by which Swinburne was allowed to blow off steam in French. His taste in fiction has already been described by Mr. Gosse, but one may add his comments on Stevenson and Meredith. "In Stevenson's stories," he said, "the style is always disturbing the illusion." And though he thought highly of *Richard Feverel* and *Evan Harrington*, he once remarked of Meredith: "What he does is to 'mar a curious tale in telling it.'" We read that Hazlitt's name was not mentioned at The Pines "on account of his abominable treatment of Coleridge. Ingratitude was certainly not one of Swinburne's sins, and the sense of his indebtedness to his "friend of friends" remained unshaken to the end.

HOSTES HUMANI GENERIS.

Count Czernin has resigned the Austrian Ministry of Foreign Affairs. No other course was open to a man of any

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cannot suppose that when the Austrian minister accused the French Government of having opened negotiations with the Dual Monarchy he was aware of the existence of the letter written under date 31st March, 1917, by the Emperor Charles to Prince Sixte of Bourbon. With the Emperor's various shifts, evasions, and emendations we need not be concerned until M. Clemenceau makes a further statement on the subject. Nor can the Allies discover any sympathy with Count Czernin, whose diplomacy was uniformly treacherous. Like his German friends, he did not scruple, when the fortunes of the Central Powers were low, to insinuate overtures for peace, and when prospects brightened to discard his previous sentiments. In these affairs Count Czernin collaborated with the German Imperial Chancellor, who evidently assigned his part to the Austrian. As for the Emperor Charles, he would appear to be destitute of honor, though not of imagination, and sold, body and bones, to Germany, which set out to dominate the rest of Europe by the sword.

The German people may or may not enjoy their servitude. In either case they brought it on themselves. Before the war the German Socialists, in the person of Herr Bebel, honestly warned their English friends that if the pinch came they would fight for the Fatherland. And fight they did, and voted war credits with the stoutest Conservative. So far so good. But when the war failed to fulfil expectations the Socialists went back on their country and demanded a peace without annexations and without indemnities. They were either allowed, or ordered, by the German Government to deploy this manoeuvre, in order to entrap the simple Russian Bolshevik and to delude the stupid English Pacifist, and in both designs they were entirely successful. Who does not recall the passionate ad-

jurations of Mr. Ramsay Macdonald and the fervid eloquence of Mr. Arthur Henderson? Even the Prime Minister was twice at least moved to address, in his best democratic vein, an appeal to the German people. There was no reply. There could be no reply, because there is no German people. There is the Germany army, whose discipline is remorselessly complete, and there are German civilians working under martial law, as hard as they can work, for the destruction of England. The response came from the rulers of Germany and Austria, and it consisted in a defiance, because events then suggested that they could afford to be truculent. As for the Socialists, they are now found once more voting supplies, subscribing to war loans, shouting for indemnities and annexations, and everything else, while the famous Reichstag peace resolution is unanimously consigned to oblivion. There is nothing to be done with such people except to defeat them. President Wilson, who offered to what he considered to be the German democracy the best terms ever presented to it, and better than it will ever be offered again, has come to the end of his patience. He declared recently that force, and force alone, is the remedy for Germany. And Mr. Lansing affirmed that "they have appealed to force; therefore with force must they be met."

We should imagine that there are very few persons in this country, excepting Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, Mr. Snowden, and their select little circle of friends, to whom no one listens, who do not now quite clearly understand that there can be no more talk of peace by arrangement, if only for the simple reason (so obvious from the first) that there is no one, high or low, Emperor or Socialist, among the ranks of the enemy whose word can be trusted. Germany's rulers are promising peace by the sword to their people; and they

apparently believe that a victory on the Western line would bring them peace. It would not. Even the people of this country sometimes forget what the Germans ignore, that the United States and Great Britain hold the seas. What said the German economist List, the founder of the German economic system: "The man who has no share in the Sea is thereby excluded from a share in the good things of the world." Why is it that Germany is now compelled to hazard all upon a desperate cast? It is by reason of the invisible, ineluctable pressure of sea power; a pressure from which no victories on

The London Post.

land can release the Central Powers. The command of the sea, so history teaches, has always in the long run defeated the command of the land. The British and Allied command of the sea is complete, except as regards submarine piracy. But the abolition of the submarine is a question of employing enough resources in men, material, and vessels. And there is one reason why we should continue the war at sea which may suffice. It is that neither the United States nor Great Britain can afford to do anything else, seeing that their existence depends upon sea mastery.

DICKENS AND MEREDITH.

By J. H. McNULTY.

Those who love Dickens are accustomed to insist on the fact that he is unique; unique in the number and devotion of his admirers, and alone in the multitude and variety of his characters. And they are right. There is no other novelist who has enjoyed and still enjoys such wonderful popularity; or one whose characters are so real and vital that they seem to move, breathe and have their being quite independent of the books in which they appear or of the author who created them.

Yet there is one novelist who, differing from Dickens in a hundred details, is in reality closely related to him, and he is George Meredith.

Unfortunately he is not popular. His admirers are a small minority of the reading public, but, to contradict the words of a once famous politician, this "minority does not suffer." On the contrary, it is a joyful minority and enjoys the privilege of reading and admiring Meredith. At first sight there

seems an unbridgeable gulf between the describer of Mrs. Gamp and the maker of that polished perfect gentleman Sir Willoughby Patterne, between one who "could not describe a gentleman" (at least so the gentlemen said) and one who was a perfect delineator of gentlefolk.

The reader of Catholic taste who has read Dickens in his youth and Meredith in his later years has probably found that he is the only novelist who has shaken his belief in the sovereignty of Dickens. We all crown Dickens, when young, as the supreme novelist and probably never question his position unless and until we read Meredith. Maturer thought will show us they are brother Monarchs on equal thrones. I do not believe that Scott, or Fielding, or Thackeray, or George Eliot ever has this effect on a Dickens lover.

If we place these two novelists side by side, at once the difference between them is obvious; Dickens's men char-

acters are generally far superior to his women, and his best and most successful women characters are the humorous ones. With Meredith the reverse is true; he is best known for his pictures of splendid and noble womanhood. But even this difference shows in a way their similarities, for Meredith is supplementary to Dickens, filling in the lacunæ in his work; Meredith is greatest where Dickens fails, or partly fails, and Dickens is at his best where Meredith is weakest. Dickens described to perfection what we conveniently, though incorrectly, call the "lower classes," and Meredith what we incorrectly, but conveniently, term the "upper classes."

The working classes have many, many good qualities, but Whitechapel hasn't all the virtues—

Hearts just as brave and fair
May beat in Belgrave Square
As in the lowly air
Of Seven Dials.

That, at any rate, is the teaching of Meredith. It is questionable whether Dickens would agree with it.

The great Charles held rather with Tennyson:

Plowmen Shepherds have I known,
and more than once, and still
could find

Sons of God and Kings of men in
utter nobleness of mind.

To that creed Meredith would give a whole-hearted assent.

Both novelists would agree in those other noble lines from "Locksley Hall":

Cursed be the social wants that sin
against the strength of youth.

Cursed be the social lies that warp us
from the living truth.

Cursed be the sickly forms that err
from honest Nature's rule.

Cursed be the gold that gilds the
straighten'd forehead of a fool.

These lines are indeed an excellent summary of their work and aims. All classes are needed to make a complete world and one class is not better or worse than another, but different. With the necessary reservations we may say that Meredith is the "Dickens of the Drawing Room," and Dickens the "Meredith of the Man in the Street." Neither of these phrases is quite accurate for Meredith is far more than a Carpet Knight, and the "Man in the Street" may be quite capable of enjoying fine literature, even though he has had "a good commercial education."

Let us turn to the points of similarity between the novelists; Dickens made one excursion into historical fiction and wrote *Barnaby Rudge*; so did Meredith and wrote *Vittoria*—both books are excellent, though not among the greatest achievements of either author. Each of them wrote one book which is almost too painful to read; in one case it is *Oliver Twist*, in the other *Rhoda Fleming*.

Their last books showed several points of similarity. *Edwin Drood* is in style entirely different from the other novels; so, in a smaller degree, is *Celt and Saxon*. Neither of them show the slightest sign of waning power, both are unfinished, they break off suddenly and—"the rest is silence."

But all these things are accidentals. Let us go a little deeper.

Both of our novelists are filled with the comic spirit. They are "Tragic Comedians"; but in one the tragedy is more in evidence than in the other. They were optimists. They held that "Life was not only well worth living," but that it was "well worth living well."

It is curious to note the different way in which each novelist treated his creations. Dickens, who was a Christian and therefore believed in a future state of happiness, always gives his characters a reward here and ends

his book happily. Meredith, a pagan (though a noble one), disbelieving in any future happiness, denies his people even an earthly reward and ends his books frequently in sorrow and failure. He insists that virtue is its own and its only reward. He was an optimist who looked on the dark side of *things* but the bright side of *human nature*.

Meredith never drew a really bad man or woman and even when they sin, it is frailty not viciousness that is the cause and the fundamental good of the person shines out clearly all the time, and so, though his books end unhappily, they always leave us happier and more hopeful.

Dickens did occasionally draw villains, but he made them so hideous that they are scarcely human, and so they do not for a moment shake our belief in the goodness of human nature.

Meredith made women far greater than they really are. Dickens made men far funnier. They both exaggerated, yet, strange to say, these exaggerated characters are the most real and vivid creations in all our literature.

Dickens always wrote with the distinct intention of attacking some abuse. The same is true, though not so generally, of Meredith. *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel* attacked "systems of education." *One of Our Conquerors* attacked, without the slightest suggestion of unpleasantness, the Divorce Laws. Dickens did the same thing in *Hard Times*. *The Egoist* is a wonderful analysis of Selfishness, and a warning against it. Perhaps Sir Wiloughby Patterne is the one really bad character Meredith drew, but we see so much of ourselves in him that we are reluctant to condemn. The real ethical value of the work of both Dickens and Meredith is not their reforming tendencies, but the fact that they showed virtue to be beautiful. The most powerful sermon is a good

life, and the best book is not one that preaches but one that shows virtue enshrined in the lives of men and women.

There is a question often asked by readers of *David Copperfield*: what was Micawber like when he had gone away to Port Middlebay? The book tells us little and that little is scarcely credible. I cannot answer the question, but I know where the answer to a similar question may be found. What would Micawber have been like if he had been brought up in wealthy and aristocratic surroundings? He could not have been better, for Micawber is perfect, but he would have been almost exactly like Roy Richmond, the amazing father in Meredith's *Harry Richmond*. The two men are really brothers in different spheres of life. A like relationship exists between the two authors. If Dickens had enjoyed a happy childhood in prosperous circumstances, if he had had the advantages or disadvantages of a high-class classical education, he might have written like Meredith; similarly if Meredith had been forced to rough it in his youth, if he had been compelled to face the world with the disadvantages or advantages of an incomplete patchwork education, he might have written like Dickens. I say "advantages or disadvantages," for I am not sure which they are. I cannot imagine Dickens, in any circumstances, greater than he is, and when I read Meredith he, too, seems to me perfect.

The likeness between two brothers may sometimes seem to disappear, then suddenly it will reassert itself and show clearly their close relationship. The varying circumstances of life may obscure it for a time, but they can never obliterate it, and so it is here.

In some books the resemblance is almost invisible, in others it is slight but unmistakable. Mrs. Burman Radnor in *One of Our Conquerors* is very

like Miss Havershaw of *Great Expectations*, while *Evan Harrington*, that most sunny novel, might in places have been written by Dickens himself.

These two novelists were two of the greatest Victorians, and the Victorian Age in Literature was probably the greatest England has ever seen. In that blazing firmament of genius they shine out as two fixed stars, shedding
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on the earth their benign and beneficent light.

In the stream of light and laughter that flows from them we shall find balm for our wounded souls and refreshment for our jaded spirits. They are a sure refuge from the ills of life, from the "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune," and are a perennial source of joy and happiness.

THE SPIRIT OF FRANCE.

BY JOSEPH HOCKING.

I was more than glad, during my second visit to France since the war commenced, to have the opportunity of visiting not only the British front, but that of the French. It was my fortune, too, to be brought into contact with men holding high positions under the French Government, to speak to men holding high command in the French army, as well as to hold converse with the rank and file of the people.

And this I say confidently: If England is serious, and if England is determined to fight on until a just and righteous peace is obtained, France is, if possible, more so.

"Tell the people of England," said an old army officer to me, "that the heart of France is sound, and that we will never yield an inch; no, not an inch! From north to south, from east to west it is the same. There is but one opinion in France, and there is but one spirit. This war must be won. We want peace, we love peace; but there can be no peace while German militarism is on the throne. That must be destroyed. Germany must see that war does not pay. It is the only way to convince her of her crime, it is the only way to make the people of Ger-

many cast off Kaiserism and all its devilry." Everything there is one united voice. "We want peace, but it must be a permanent peace, a just peace, and that can never be while German militarism is dominant."

"You thought," said Captain Jaubert to me, "that while the French were brilliant in attack, they did not possess staying power. There is your answer!"

We were standing on a hill east of Verdun. On the one hand was a vast panorama of hill and dale, while on the other was the old ruined city. On the hills were the great fortresses, some of which the Germans had taken, only to be driven out again; fortresses the names and history of which are engraven on the minds and the memories of every French soldier. There was Thierville; over yonder was Morte Homme; to the right was Douaumont, while a little nearer was Fleury—all names laden with the history of a thousand deeds of heroism.

"That is a barrage," continued the captain, as the guns roared out their continuous thunder. "There is something important on. See the clouds of smoke rising! Sapristi! this is getting warm!"

It was. Nevertheless we stayed on, for a visit to Verdun is no everyday affair, and among the names of visitors who have gone to this region since the war very few are English. Perhaps among all the stories of great battles none are more tremendous than that of Verdun. It was here that the Germans determined to break through. Here, they said, was the gateway to Paris, the high road to France. When the war commenced this road presented too many difficulties. That was why the Huns violated their treaty and invaded Belgium. But early in 1916 they determined to make one tremendous effort, hack their way through, paralyze the French, astonish the world, and win the war. I need not try to record the story of that seven months' battle, or tell how one great fortress after another fell, until the Germans were within two miles of the great citadel itself, or describe how in a few days they lost what had taken them months to win.

I was fortunate in my guide. Captain Jaubert is an old officer who resigned the army years ago and then joined up again when the war broke out. He belongs to the old French aristocracy, and his father was taken prisoner by the Germans in 1870. He told me many a story of that time, stories of cruelty, suffering, fortitude. He speaks English like a native, and has been sent to this country more than once on important missions. He knows every inch of the ground around Verdun, too, and every name is familiar to him. On all hands soldiers were saluting "*Mon Capitaine*," treating him as a friend, yet with marked respect.

"Think," said Captain Jaubert, as we looked at the scene of the great battle, "here are the graves," and he emphasized every word. "Five hundred thousand Germans were killed here. This apart from all the wounded. *Mon Dieu!* is it not ghastly? And why?

Because they had got their big army and determined to dominate the world!"

I think that the horror, the crime of this war laid hold of me while I was at Verdun, even more than when I visited the region of the Somme, and Vimy Ridge and the country around Ypres. Great tracts of forest land where giant trees grew are now hideous in their barrenness, and great shell craters. The very genius of desolation and death seems to haunt every hill and valley. While in one of the great fortresses, a huge shell was pointed out to me which the Huns had used in bombardment. It was several feet high and weighed nearly a ton. The thing was partly broken, and I saw that the steel sides of the cylinder which had contained the explosives were nearly two inches thick. When it exploded it tore up a crater several feet deep, and threw up many tons of stuff.

"What is the life of a man to a thing like that?" said the captain of the fortress to me. "And there were hundreds, thousands every day! Yet our men stood it!" cried Captain Jaubert. "Month after month they stood it, and by the mercy of God they saved the situation. Ah, Monsieur, talk of the French having no staying power! Think of Verdun when you say that!"

Many French maintain that the fortitude of their armies at Verdun won the war; that Verdun is the pivot on which the future rests. Certain it is that in many respects the story of Verdun is among the most dramatic in the world.

After the battle had raged several months, and fortress after fortress had fallen, the Kaiser caused a postcard to be printed on which was shown an imaginary picture of the German army crossing the bridge at Verdun, and he standing on the bridge reviewing his troops after taking the great

citadel. This postcard was dropped on the city by means of aeroplanes. As may be imagined this aroused the French, and they sent back their answer. That answer has since become a new motto for the city.

"On ne passe pas!"

When I was dining in the old citadel I found it in the mess room. A medal has been struck, too, in commemoration of the Verdun victory. It portrays the spirit of France standing defiant, while underneath are the words I have quoted.

"On ne passe pas!" "They shall not pass!" I must confess that a shiver passed through me as I looked at it, and realized the inwardness of the situation. Remember, I was in the citadel

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at the time, the citadel which was the objective of the German desire, to gain which the Crown Prince threw away half a million lives.

This great citadel is one of the most wonderful places I ever saw. Cut out of the solid rock, with perhaps a hundred feet of rock above it, is accommodation for 40,000 people. It is a city complete in itself. They have baked, in the citadel, bread for 40,000 men daily. Here, too, is a hospital, a library, a church, and a theatre. It makes its own electric light, and it has its railway. And it is this citadel which has been called the Gateway of France, vainly to gain which Germany sacrificed the lives of half a million of her young men.

WARTIME FINANCE.

THE YEAR'S FIGURES.

A year ago Mr. Bonar Law budgeted for a revenue of 638 millions and a total expenditure of 2,290 millions, leaving a deficit to be met by borrowing of 1,652 millions. The year's actual achievement has improved considerably on these figures in one respect and fallen seriously behind them in another. The figures up to March 31st, published with the usual promptitude—a remarkable feat under the circumstances—on that date, show that the revenue exceeded the estimate by 69 millions, being over 707 millions—an extremely gratifying fact, especially when it is not examined too closely. On the other hand, the excess of the expenditure over the Budget estimate was no less than 406 millions, the total chargeable against revenue being over 2,696 millions. The net result was thus a deficit, which has been met by vari-

ous forms of borrowing, of 1,989 millions. Thus, against an excess of receipts over estimate, on the revenue side, of 69 millions, or 10.8 per cent, we have to set an excess of expenditure over estimate of 406 millions, or 17.8 per cent. Moreover, when we look more closely into the increase of 69 millions in receipts over estimate, we find that it was contributed as to 20 millions by excess profits duty, an admittedly war measure, as to 25 millions by "miscellaneous" revenue, the elasticity of which is largely due to war-time operations, and as to 15 1-2 millions by income tax, the yield of which is clearly swollen by the inflation which has been so bad a blot on our war finance, and that of other warring Governments. As long as Governments manufacture money, instead of taking it by taxes or getting it by loans from real investors, and then ladle it

out with both hands, the consequent rise in prices will penalize consumers (including the Government), and swell the incomes of producers and holders of goods. We are thus obliged to regard the present elasticity of the revenue with some caution in considering how far our present rate of taxation suffices to meet our after-war liabilities.

On that present rate, without the excess profits duty, an after-war revenue of 500 millions would seem to be an optimistic forecast. It is true that large arrears of revenue will be in hand; but there will also be large arrears of expenditure and heavy expenses of demobilization. By after-war revenue we mean revenue that can be relied on when all the aftermath on both sides of the account has been cleared up. That such a revenue will be adequate few will contend, seeing that our old peace expenditure was 200 millions, and will certainly be considerably higher apart from the pensions charge, and that the amount borrowed during the war has been over 5,000 millions. Against this liability we have "recoverable" assets to set which may amount on paper, if we take them at cost price, to 2,000 millions or more, including 1,600 millions lent to our Allies and Dominions. In view of events in Russia—said to be our debtor to the tune of 500 millions—and of the great suffering of our other Allies through the war, it will evidently be unwise to rely on much promptitude in the recoverability of a large part of these assets.

Our summary of wartime finance shows that from August 1st to March 31st the total spent by the Government has been 6,952 millions. In view of probable losses on realization of salable assets and of the impoverishment of certain of our Allied debtors, we are hardly entitled to reduce the amount of our own net expenditure

during the period below 5,000 millions, against which we have to set 1,789 millions raised by revenue. From both these sums we have to deduct normal peace expenses and revenue at the rate of 200 millions a year, or 733 millions for the three years and two-thirds. This makes our net war cost 4,267 and our net war revenue 1,056 millions. On this basis we have raised 11 millions less than a quarter of the war's cost out of revenue, against the 47 per cent of the Napoleonic war's cost that our forefathers found out of revenue.

It is surely more than high time to speed up the tax gatherer's efforts, so that we may come somewhere nearer to our ancestors' achievement. The rate at which we are at present piling up debt can only leave us, if continued, a host of uncomfortable fiscal problems to face when the war is over. The Chancellor's dalliance with the notion of a levy on capital is evidence enough on that point. If we are to continue to increase our debt charge at our present rate the prospect seems to include either a capital levy, or the continuance of the excess profits duty, or the raising of the income tax still further when the war is over. Any of these alternatives would almost certainly have evil effects on industry at a trying time, and might possibly produce very serious political friction. It is very true that in this matter of taxation we are doing much better than our enemies. But we might easily do better still, and show them and those who are fighting for us that our civilian population is more than ready to bear its fair share of war's hardships. There never was a better time for such a demonstration. The enemy, thanks to Prince Lichnowsky's candor, is morally bankrupt before the world. Our troops have just stemmed, with unexampled valor, the fiercest onslaught by a numerically superior foe. All that

we can do at home is to show by rigorous self-denial that we are worthy to count ourselves as of the same blood and bone as our champions in the field. It is the Chancellor's business to show us the way by taxing us. His term of office has been marked by highly successful borrowing. Now he has another chance to prove his mettle as a tax gatherer. We can only hope that he will not fizzle his stroke as disastrously as he did a year ago, when he imposed a paltry six millions of fresh permanent taxation. He owes it to the country to put its finances at least back to the very modest standard set by Mr. McKenna, who budgeted for a surplus on the basis of peace expenditure, and without the excess profits duty, of 85 millions. With some improvement in the spendthrift extravagance of the departments, it ought to be possible to reduce expenditure next year considerably; and on the other side of the account, by super-tax imposed on smaller incomes and more steeply graded on the big ones, by higher death duties, higher postal charges, an extension of the excess profits duty to professional and farmers' incomes, and a receipt stamp on all purchases above a certain level, there is still a great harvest for the Chancellor's sickle.

The Economist.

THE SHIPBUILDING SITUATION.

The shipbuilding situation is undoubtedly serious; but the attempt to shift the blame for the failure of the shipbuilding program on to the workers has no shadow of justification. If there is a shortage in the new tonnage expected, this results either from the framing of extravagant forecasts of new production by the Department concerned, or else from the making of absurd promises by shipbuilding employers. The attempt to shift the blame on to labor disputes is merely preposterous. It is true that there have been a

number of comparatively small disputes in the shipbuilding industry, but these have not been such as greatly to affect the tonnage output, and, in any case, their effect would not have been felt so much in the January output as in that of the preceding month. The whole episode very strongly recalls certain incidents in the first half of 1915. It may be remembered that on April 1, 1915, Mr. Lloyd George published a White Paper roundly accusing the shipbuilding workers of drink, slacking and various other sins. It subsequently transpired that the whole of the evidence on which this White Paper was based had been accepted from the employers without examination; and when the matter was gone into by the Boilermakers' Society, it was found that in the computation of lost time, on which the whole of the charges were based, no allowance had been made for unavoidable lost time due to bad weather, sickness and all manner of other causes which inevitably prevent continuous work in the shipyards. It appears as though the events of 1915 are now being repeated; that once more the statements of shipbuilding employers are being accepted without question, and that, as a matter of fact, no blame rests upon the workmen in connection with the present breakdown. Moreover, it is notorious that the promise to release shipbuilding workers to the number of 20,000 from the forces has not been kept; and the Minister of National Service even claims that there is no demand for further shipyard labor, except in one or two trades. We had always understood that the great shortage was one of riveters; yet we have cases quite recently of riveters who have been refused transfer from the army on the ground that there is no demand for men of their trade at home. Once again someone has blundered. That there has been inefficiency in our ship-

building program is undoubted. It is a preposterous thing that the production of merchant tonnage, upon which our security so largely depends, should have been intrusted to a subordinate sub-department of the Admiralty, which naturally tends to put first naval requirements; but it is a scandalous thing that when such an inefficient system of control breaks down responsible Ministers of State should

The Athenæum.

attempt to shift the blame for its breakdown on to the backs of the working classes. It is not a new thing, but it is none the less shameful on that account. It is hoped that the appointment of Lord Pirrie to direct the construction of mercantile shipping will improve the position; but it is regrettable that he is still under the Admiralty. What is wanted is a wholly independent Shipbuilding Department.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Major E. S. O'Reilly's "Roving and Fighting" (The Century Co.) is well-named, for it is the personal record of a career exclusively devoted to those diversions for twenty years or more. When only seventeen, the author enlisted for the war with Spain. He fought in Cuba, and afterward in the Philippines; and when that was over saw stirring service of some sort in Japan, in China, in Venezuela and in Mexico, where he served under different insurgent chiefs, closing as a major on the staff of Gen. Villa. There is material in the book for a dozen romances, but Major O'Reilly's narrative itself, without plot or literary decorations of any kind, is far more stirring and diverting than the average romance. It is a narrative of roving for the sake of roving, and of fighting for the sake of fighting; and it does not seem to have mattered much to Major O'Reilly under which of the four flags under which he fought he was fighting at any given moment. The story is told with remarkable directness and force, and is illustrated with twenty illustrations from photographs. The chapters on his adventures in Mexico give an inside view of conditions in that re-

public and especially of the blood-thirsty bandit Villa. A photograph of Villa in an angry mood is almost as illuminating as a biography; it resembles nothing more than a tiger pacing to and fro in his cage.

The material contained in Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis's volume, on "German Atrocities" (Fleming H. Revell Co.) includes not only the fruit of researches among letters, magazine articles, the testimony of eye-witnesses, photographs, the diaries of German soldiers, the reports of Ambassador Bryce and Professor Toynbee and of the Belgian, French, Polish, Serbian and Armenian Commissions, and the proclamations and reports of the Kaiser and high German officials, but the results of personal investigations and inquiries made by Dr. Hillis last summer through the devastated regions of France and Belgium. The evidence is irrefutable and conclusive, and it points to a conspiracy against the world's peace and liberty, planned long ago by the Kaiser and his advisers, prepared for in every detail through years of concentrated exertion, and executed at last with a savage disregard of every principle of humanity,

made the more repellent by a blasphemous assumption of Divine authority and partnership. It is a painful and distressing, yet greatly-needed book, and should be a sufficient answer to any Americans—if such there still are—who are in doubt as to what America is fighting for.

The reader of "America After the War" (The Century Co.) may feel some curiosity at first as to the identity of the "American Jurist" who appears on the title page as the author; but he will not read far in the modest and thought-compelling volume without perceiving that the author's conclusions rest upon solid foundations of study and observation. The average American is too absorbed in the immediate problems of the war to give much attention to the problems which are to come after it; but these problems call for serious consideration unless we are again to find ourselves unprepared for great national and international crises. One of these problems is the extraordinary growth and concentration of Federal authority; another is the development of industrial organization, and the relations of capital and labor; another is the changed attitude and the new responsibilities of the United States in international politics, and the clash of international interests. It is hardly too much to say that this is a book which Americans cannot afford not to read.

The ordinary novel reader, accustomed to skimming lightly through the average romance of the period, with its trifling variations upon the well-worn "problem," or its feeble effort to outdo Sherlock Holmes, may well hesitate

when offered a novel in two huge volumes, by a writer of whom he has never heard; but if the novel is "Pelle the Conqueror," by Martin Andersen Nexø, he will pretty surely yield to its spell after he has read through the first two or three chapters, and will not fail to read it through to the last. The story is from the Danish, and the translation, which is admirably done, is the joint work of Jessie Muir and Bernard Miall. The story follows the fortunes—and misfortunes—of a lad who, with his father, spent his boyhood in hard toil upon a farm on the island of Bornholm, in the Baltic; then served as a shoemaker's apprentice in a small town; and, after passing through many hardships, became a great and successful labor leader. The story is an epic of industrial struggle, whose great charm is its vividness and minute realism. Its characters are of different types, but all of them are intensely alive. There is a wealth of incident, and of tragedy, of a sort; and there are single chapters which contain material for separate romances; but nothing is forced. It is not through digression, as was often the case with De Morgan, that the story attains its bulk. Its separate parts are closely connected, though they may be read as separate stories, if one wishes; and their power and intense realism are doubtless due in part, as a prefatory note by Professor Jespersen of the University of Copenhagen suggests, to the fact that the author's own boyhood was spent amid the scenes which he describes, and that his studies of the life of the poor are written from the inside. Altogether, this is a story which was well worth writing, and is well worth reading. Henry Holt & Co.

Ambassador. A seasoned individual man, of keen whimsical humor and alert apprehensions, one who had mingled much in affairs and watched the play of life and politics at Brussels, Tokyo, Berlin, Constantinople, Teheran, Petrograd and Stockholm, a delightful companion when he chose to give his Irish wit and spontaneity a free rein, and quite without that stiffness of reserve, that angularity, which Americans are almost wickedly on the lookout for in anyone associated with the British Government, Sir Cecil entered the Embassy on Connecticut Avenue with the auspices somewhat exceptionally in his favor. One did not expect him to be a Bryce; one knew that he was not a Dufferin; but one could fairly comfort oneself with the reflection that, with the British diplomatic service such as it was, and on the resigned assumption that the Washington Embassy should be filled from its ranks, here on the whole was as happy a selection as could have been made.

Sir Cecil, however, had the deplorable ill-luck to meet with a breakdown in health almost as soon as he had settled down in the United States. When I saw him in the late autumn of 1913 it was obvious that only sheer tenacity of will, and the care of a devoted household and staff, kept him going. A little more than six months later, when he was better but had not completely recovered, the War broke out, and the detached and tranquil atmosphere of Washington became suddenly charged with the lightnings of intrigue and passion, the routine work of the Embassy took on an immense expansion of scope, complexity and importance, and the Ambassador found himself called upon from hour to hour to deal with issues that involved the very fate of his country. Semi-invalid though he was, Sir Cecil grappled with his multitudinous tasks with admirable resolution. He forced himself to mas-

ter them by an effort that only an absolute devotion to duty and to British interests could have inspired in one whose physical strength had been worn far below the level of normal resistance to such an avalanche of troubles. The crisis, unremitting, engulfing, developing with every month that passed new and crucial perplexities, tangential perils, and well-nigh insoluble problems, spurred him to exertions of body and mind that, as the event has proved, levied too great a toll on his dwindling reserves of vitality. I am not now concerned with the wisdom of the Foreign Office in leaving one of the most decisive points in the whole frontier of British diplomacy in the hands of an officer whose health was well known to have been gravely impaired. But it is right that those who knew him should testify to the selfless fidelity with which Sir Cecil defended his post. The strain under which he labored was unmistakable. The long nightmare of American neutrality told heavily on his spirit. He betrayed from time to time an irritability of manner and an explosiveness of speech that now and then made his relations with the officials of the State Department more exciting than agreeable. But the squalls would pass as swiftly as they had risen; and Washington grew accustomed to overlooking these little outbursts from a man who was clearly working himself to death, who could always apologize for them and smooth them over most charmingly the day after, and whose cause had from the first a larger amount of official sympathy than he quite realized. America's entrance into the War, of course, owed little or nothing in any positive sense either to the British Embassy at Washington or to the diplomacy of the Foreign Office. But no one, Briton or American, grudged the peculiar relief and happiness it brought to Sir Cecil or the congratulations to

which it fairly entitled him. I shall always like to think of him as I last saw him, a fortnight or so after Congress had declared war upon Germany, immensely active, immensely radiant, full of sharp and competent decisions, refreshed, almost, one might have thought, restored in health, by that first deep draught of triumph after thirty months of buffeting and turmoil.

I have just said that the British Embassy contributed little of any direct and positive efficacy to America's intervention on the side of the Allies. But in a negative way Sir Cecil's bearing and policy were assets of real value. To be the accredited representative of a nation at war to a nation at peace; to observe all the obligations and proprieties imposed by the official neutrality of the American Government; to handle the prodigious number of intricate, contentious and extremely technical questions that came up between Washington and London; to keep the Foreign Office informed of the state of American feeling and the probable course of events, in a situation that baffled some of the most experienced observers of American politics and the American psychology; to suggest the lines on which the arguments or actions of the British Government should proceed; and to avoid the pitfalls prepared for him by German agents and sympathizers—all this was as severe a test as one could readily imagine of the Ambassador's fitness for his office. Sir Cecil Spring-Rice met the test with complete adequacy to this extent—that, with endless opportunities for making mistakes, he scarcely, so far as either the British or the American public was aware, made one. It would have been the simplest thing in the world for an Ambassador with a turn for loquacity or a habit of impulsive demonstrations to have spoken and to have acted in a way that would have jarred on the sentiment of the

whole American people. Thousands of hostile observers were watching and praying for him to take a false step. They were utterly disappointed. Sir Cecil took no false step. The occasional clashes that beguiled Washington never became in a broad sense public property; and the American people as a whole could not point to a single word or deed of the British Ambassador's as a ground of offense or even of irritation. What they saw was an official who with dignity and good sense attended strictly to business.

To say that much may seem at first rather colorless praise. There were some Englishmen in Great Britain, though there were none that I knew of in America itself, who regarded Sir Cecil's self-suppression and his deliberately continent attitude as a blunder. They criticised him for not taking a public and positive part in counteracting the German propaganda. They complained that he did virtually nothing to influence American opinion. They would have preferred him, I suppose, to be more communicative and spectacular, more prodigal of interviews, more like Count Bernstorff in his methods. In my judgment, after more than twenty years' experience of the United States, such criticisms and the sort of tactics implied in them were the suggestion of ignorance. I can say so the more readily, first of all, because for eighteen months I was voluntarily engaged in doing what I could to explain the Allied cause to the American people; secondly, because anyone could see how fatally the British Censorship operated as a stumbling block to a just appreciation in the United States of our motives and achievements in the War; and thirdly, because there should have been from the beginning of the War an organized attempt on the largest possible scale to acquaint the American nation with the sources, issues and character of this

monstrous struggle. There are those who believe, and not without reason, that had such an attempt been made America might have joined the Allies at least eighteen months earlier than she did. But success in any such undertaking could only have been achieved by keeping it clear of all connection with the British Embassy at Washington. I have no means of knowing whether Sir Cecil Spring-Rice ever suggested to the Foreign Office the launching of a pro-Ally propaganda in the United States as an enterprise independent altogether of his own activities and one in which he would have no concern. But I am very sure that in refusing to lend himself to a campaign on the Teutonic model or to turn the British Embassy into a wire-pulling Press agency Sir Cecil showed a sound judgment. He was not the man for the task nor was that the way to set about it.

But there was more than good sense in the stand he took. Sir Cecil, as I frequently had the pleasure of pointing out, established this very great claim on the regard of the American Government and the American people—that he scrupulously kept inside the limits of his official position. He never tried, as Count Bernstorff and his colleagues and agents were always trying, to intimidate or stampede the Administration or to juggle with popular opinion. He showed his respect for the American Government and his sympathetic understanding of the American people in nothing more clearly than by his emphatic refusal to imitate the activities of his German rivals. He quietly allowed the facts to speak for themselves. He made no bid whatever for American favor on behalf either of himself or his country. He never sought to influence the American Press, to create a pro-British party either in or out of Congress, or to tell the American people from day to day what they

ought to think. He never presented any trumped-up case to the citizens of the United States and dinned it into their ears by newspapers in his pay. He never trespassed in a single particular against the code of diplomatic etiquette. He behaved throughout as a guest of the nation, mindful of his privileges, but mindful also of what was owing to his hosts. Nor can there be much doubt that an ever-widening circle of American opinion noted and approved of the contrast between his reticence and Count Bernstorff's fussy volubility; between Sir Cecil's unvarying correctitude and the German Ambassador's mountebank tricks; between all that the British representative might have done and did not do and all that the Teutonic representative should not have done and did do.

It was gradually borne in upon the people of the United States that there were very few transgressions against the spirit and the letter of international relations that the Ambassadors of the Central Powers in America had not committed. With their contempt for American civilization and their faith in the infinite gullibility of the American public, they treated the nation to which they were accredited as a pack of children to be amused with prattle or as a pack of fools to be hoodwinked by any plausible lie. They instigated, subsidized and directed one conspiracy after another against American industries, against the American State Department, against the American Congress, even against the American President. They abused every privilege that their official position gave them in a spirit of open and cynical disdain for the public sentiment around them. I honestly believe that they reached a point where they simply did not care what they did, and that they had persuaded themselves that no affront, however gross and public, would move President Wilson to action. Forgery,

arson, insult after insult, the fomenting of strikes, the corruption of opinion, interference with the domestic politics of the American people, terrorism through the Press and through Wall Street, the circulation of falsehoods, the betrayal of official confidences—there was no device so dirty that the German and Austrian Ambassadors would not stoop to it. Sir Cecil Spring-Rice did the right thing, so far as his official position was concerned, in looking on unmoved and in waiting patiently for the inevitable fiasco and retribution. He was quite content to let time and the American people pass their own unaided verdict on Count Bernstorff's tactics; and he never doubted what that verdict would be. By acting throughout as a man of honor and a friend of the American nation, by eschewing all flashy pyrotechnics and attending strictly to the routine of his office, Sir Cecil, though few recognized it at the time, was accomplishing more for the Allied cause than Count Bernstorff and his tools could accomplish for any cause they desired to recommend to the good-will of the United States. An Ambassador of whom that can be said, and said truthfully, will scarcely be reckoned by history as a failure.

Lord Reading is never likely to be faced with either the problems or the atmosphere that confronted his predecessor. Friendliness towards Great Britain, though even now not as pervasive or as understanding as one could wish, is today more deeply implanted in American sentiment than at any previous period since the Revolution. The United States by a superb effort of the imagination has grasped the scope and nature of the War and has embraced the cause of the Allies with a whole-heartedness that almost makes one doubt one's recollection of the stupor and apparent callousness and disunity of the people a bare eighteen

months ago. The slate is now wiped clean of the embittering controversies that for the first two and a half years of the War engaged the British and American Governments. Instead of suspicions, irritations and misunderstandings, there is today the freest and frankest co-operation. But while this enormously eases and simplifies Lord Reading's task and revolutionizes all the conditions, and indeed the very spirit, of his office, the fortunes of the War have invested him with a mission that has some special difficulties of its own. For it is clear that to win the War America will have to contribute a much greater effort than she contemplated when she entered the lists, and that the Allies are becoming progressively dependent upon her capacity and willingness to turn her well-nigh immeasurable resources to military account along a Front three thousand miles and more away from her nearest territory. To help in developing that capacity and in sustaining that willingness is, one may assume, the supreme objective to which Lord Reading will address himself.

His post makes him the most important liaison officer in the world to-day. Happily his capacities are equal to it. He has flexibility, sensitiveness, a great driving power, a master's grip of affairs, and a genuine gift of vision. The position he has long held in the world of law and politics qualifies him to speak to the American people of Great Britain and her achievements in the War and her ideas of a peaceful settlement with exceptional acceptability. He has, too, the knack of mixing freely and easily with all sorts and conditions of men. His understanding of the American atmosphere, of the temper of American democracy and of the spirit of its social life is instinctive. Moreover he is no stranger either to the Government or the people of our most powerful Ally. Twice since

the War began he has visited the United States on behalf of Great Britain. I was not in America during the first visit when he was negotiating the Anglo-American loan, but I arrived very soon after. I collected the views of many financiers and publicists both in New York and out West on his labors, and I found that by common consent he was voted the outstanding personality of the Commission. The opinion was emphatic and universal that without Lord Reading Messrs. Morgan and Company would have found their difficulties very greatly increased. His quickness of apprehension, his abilities which were stretched to their full extent, and his ready store of tact and sympathy made a really profound impression. I cannot recall any Englishman who after so brief a visit left behind so many and such agreeable memories. His second trip was made under very different auspices. Instead of prosecuting a scheme that was cold-shouldered by American officialdom, he went out last year as the honored and invited guest of the American Government. As such he made the acquaintance of President Wilson, and I count it very far from the least of his qualifications for his present post that there was formed an immediate friendship between himself and the man who, holding America in the hollow of his hand, must inevitably exercise an immense, perhaps a decisive, influence over the policies of all the Allies.

What, however, is most interesting to an observer of Anglo-American relations in Lord Reading's appointment is that it is a reversion to an experiment which has already twice succeeded, and which, in my judgment, ought never again to be departed from—the experiment, I mean, of choosing the British Ambassador to the United States from outside the ranks of the regular diplomatic service. I am not

now concerned to assess the precise degree of credit with which our diplomats in Europe and in the Balkans have emerged, or are likely to emerge, from this War, or to what extent their performances have earned the confidence or admiration of the people of this country. But I have long and very firmly held that the average professional diplomatist, with his outlook and his aptitudes drilled into an official groove, pitchforked into Washington after years of routine service in the capitals of Europe and the Far East, is not the type of man that we ought to send, or that Americans want us to send, to represent Great Britain in the United States. The Americans have themselves set us the right model to work by. In the scholar-diplomat, the accomplished lawyer, citizen or publicist, they have made an enviable distinctive contribution to international intercourse. Adams, Phelps, Lowell, Bayard, Hay, Choate, White-law Reid and Walter Page—what other embassy in the world can show so brilliant a line of occupants? Every one of them was distinguished as a writer or a lawyer or a public-spirited citizen before he became eminent as a diplomatist. Every one of them was taken from civil life with no previous preparation beyond what their experience of affairs, their native shrewdness, and the possession of interests and affiliations stretching far beyond the customary range of officialdom had given them. Every one of them was a great social success, and a success not less pronounced in his purely business and bargaining hours. Every one of them was a notable representative of the best kind of Americanism, became at once a welcome figure in British public life, and had the intellectual and oratorical equipment to expound his country to ours. Every one of them, too, discovered that there was no mystery about diplomacy and that any man of

good sense and good will could transact the formal business of his office.

We have only once sent to the United States an Ambassador of this type. When Lord Bryce went to Washington in 1907 he had, of course, the advantage of being not merely known to Americans, but more intimately known and more highly thought of than any other Briton. For the past three decades at least, no one on this side of the Atlantic has had anything like his influence on American thought. The appointment was not merely a happy one; it was ideal. But even Lord Bryce would not have turned his opportunity to such ample account if, when he reached Washington, he had merely rested on the laurels of his reputation, if he had screened himself behind officialdom, if he had followed the regular routine of seven months at the Embassy in the capital—of all capitals the most isolated from the national life—and five months in some unreachable spot in New England. Lord Bryce took no such sterile view of his functions. He partook freely in the public life of the nation. He made a point of seeing all he could of the country and the people. He delivered addresses at meetings, congresses and universities, never hiding his passionate interest in all that touched on American life. He became, in short, an intimate part of the world of American letters and intellect, and of the still wider world of public endeavor. At last we were represented at Washington by an Ambassador who was something more than a name to the mass of the people. Lord Bryce stood out among his colleagues in the diplomatic corps in ways and to a degree that corresponded with the special relationship that obtains between the two main branches of the English-speaking peoples. He was an Ambassador to the Americans as well as to America, and he interpreted Great Britain to them as none of

his predecessors had ever dreamed of doing.

Lord Bryce in this regard stood, I quite agree, in a category by himself. But there is assuredly no dearth in Great Britain of men who, even without his supreme qualifications, could yet play in the United States the part that a long succession of American Ambassadors have played in Great Britain. If we were to be represented in Washington by an Ambassador who in four years could win the esteem and popularity that Dr. Walter Page has won in these islands, I think that Whitehall and everyone who is interested in Anglo-American relations would be very well satisfied. We have the men but they are not in the diplomatic service. The diplomatic service is, indeed, admirably calculated to kill the very qualities and attainments that would be most serviceable to a British Ambassador in the United States. There are certain conditions that everyone who is appointed to that office ought to fulfil. He should have—it is almost the one thing needful—the instinct for taking Americans in the right way. He should know the country and genuinely like it. He should be capable of mingling in American public life and of speaking with authority about his own country. He should be a man whom Americans, those ardent worshipers of intellect and achievement, would be glad to have among them, quite apart from his official position. Above all, he should be convinced that the post of British Ambassador to the United States can and ought to be made a powerful instrument for drawing the two peoples together in mutual understanding and co-operation. If he possessed these, the essential attributes, his lack of diplomatic training and experience would handicap him not at all.

On what is done in the next few years to explain Great Britain to the

United States depends in a very large degree the future peace of the world. There still remains at the bottom of the American consciousness a sediment of anti-British prejudice. I should very likely have it myself if I were an American. The fact that their independence was wrested from us, that England has inevitably figured in their somewhat ebullient school books as "the enemy," that the British governing class, though not the rank and file of the British people, were pro-South during the Civil War, and that most of their serious diplomatic disputes have been with Downing Street—all this is reason enough why a distorted view of Great Britain, and of Anglo-American relations in general, should still persist. And it has been reinforced by many other factors. The two peoples are so much alike that they are apt to resent their little points of dissimilarity. And at the same time they are so greatly different that the gulf between a partial and a complete understanding of each other's character and instinctive ways of looking at things seems at times impassable. That black and stupid blot on the British record—I mean our handling of Ireland and the Irish—has been and still is a justly formidable obstacle to Anglo-American good will. Our lack of the gifts of ingratiation, their aloofness and isolation, the millions of immigrants who have brought with them to the United States a feeling of indifference or of dislike towards Great Britain—these, too, are elements in the problem.

Therefore I for one take it for granted that to win the genuine sympathies of the American people for Great Britain must always be a matter of difficulty. I do not attempt to hide that from myself any more than I attempt to deny that for this difficulty our own blunders in the past have been greatly responsible. But I also see that Americans have a certain responsibility

in the matter as well. They allow the past to have too much sway with them. They even at times seem a little doubtful whether George the Third is really dead. When they think of England many of them are too apt to think of the England of the Revolution or of the War of 1812 or of the Civil War—of some dead and gone England that is separated from the England of today by fifty or a hundred years in point of time and by whole centuries in point of social and political structure. To interpret to them Great Britain as she really is seems to me the highest task in which a British Ambassador could engage. It is the one outstanding consolation of this War that it has brought the British and American peoples together and reduced to their right and infinitesimal importance the trumpery differences that have kept them apart, and has forced them to realize, as Mr. Balfour recently put it, their fundamental kinship in "the deeper things which cannot be defined and which unite men in a common brotherhood."

But these new bonds will need continually strengthening if they are to bear the tremendous strain that the future will put upon them; and no method of strengthening them can be so effective as that which dispels the mists of ignorance which at present veil Great Britain from the American comprehension. The sort of points that I should like to see the British Ambassador take the lead in expounding over and over again to the American people are these: (1) That the England of their schoolbooks and of their imaginations is not the England of the present; (2) that the ungenerous and unintelligent attitude which the aristocratic England of the 'sixties took up towards America is now and forever impossible; (3) that there runs throughout the modern British democracy a strong instinct of friendship and kinship for

America, an absolute disbelief that there can ever be serious differences between them, and a profound conviction that the two countries have only to stand side by side to make peace too strong to be broken; (4) that Great Britain, while a monarchy, is politically, socially and industrially every bit as free as, and in many respects more advanced than, the Republic of the United States; (5) that you can go over the history of the last four decades with microscopic diligence and not find one single instance of ill-will on the part either of the British Government or of the British nation to offset the score of instances you will certainly find of friendly acts and a still friendlier disposition; (6) that Great Britain is and must be the democracy of all others to which Americans are most akin in blood, in speech, in social structure, in moral and ethical ideals; (7) that the great civilizing mission which has fallen upon the British in every corner of the world is one which,

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on the whole, they have discharged in a spirit of justice and liberalism and helpful progress that is nothing if it is not the embodiment of American ideas; (8) that you can survey the whole world without discovering a single point at which British and American interests clash, a single fundamental aim of policy in which the two peoples are not in complete agreement, or a single sphere in which each would not gain by the other's assistance; (9) that Great Britain throughout this War has been the main bulwark of the Allied cause and has developed a power and has made sacrifices never even approached in all her thousand years of history, and that upon Great Britain and the United States rests what is virtually the one hope of an Allied victory.

An Ambassador who could make these points understood from one end of the American Union to the other would be doing for the United States, for Great Britain and for the world a mighty work.

ON A BALLOON SHIP.

BY LEWIS R. FREEMAN, R. N. V. R.

I had crossed on the old "Xerxes" in those ancient days when, as the latest launched greyhound of the Cunarder fleet, she held for a few precarious months the constantly shifting blue ribbon for the swiftest transatlantic passage; but in that angular "cubistic" lump of lead-gray looming over the bow of my spray-smothered launch to blot out the undulant skyline of the nearest Orkney, there was not one familiar feature. Her forward funnel had been "kippered" down the middle to somewhere about on the level of the lower deck, and carried up in two smaller stacks which rose abreast to

port and starboard. This had been done (as I learned later) to make room for a platform leading forward from the waist over which seaplanes could be wheeled to the launching stage, which ran out over the bow from beneath the bridge. The break in the forecastle had been closed in in connection with a sweeping alteration which had converted the whole forward end of the main deck into a roomy seaplane "repository" and repair shop.

The changes aft were no less startling. The old poop seemed to have been razed to clear the last two hun-

dred feet of the main deck, and over the ten or fifteen-foot-high railing, which surrounded this, the top of a partly inflated observation balloon showed like the back of a half-submerged turtle. The whole effect was weird and "impossible" in the extreme, and I felt like exclaiming with the yokel who saw a giraffe for the first time: "Aw, there ain't no such animal."

I had been asked aboard the X—for an afternoon of seaplane and balloon practice. I had already seen a good deal of the former at various points in the Mediterranean and Adriatic, but the towed observation balloon—the "kite," as they called it—was an entirely new thing. I "put in" at once for an ascent in a kite, for I was anxious not only to get some sort of a first-hand idea of how it was being employed against submarines—of which I had already heard not a little—but also to compare the work with that of handling the ordinary observation balloons, of which I had seen so much in France, Italy and the Balkans. The captain—whom I found just getting the ship under weigh from the bridge—after some hesitation, promised to "see what he could do," if there was not too much wind, when he was ready for "balloon work."

To one who has had experience only of hangars on land, perhaps the most impressive thing about an "aeroship" is the amount of gear and equipment which can be stowed and handled in restricted spaces. Wings and rudders which fold and refold upon each other until they form compact bundles that can be trundled about by a man or two, collapsible fuselages and pontoons, wheels which detach at a touch of a lever, "knock-down" transmissions—these things were everywhere the rule. One "baby" scout I saw almost completely assembled on the launching stage, and the "tail," which a couple of men wired to the main body in lit-

tle more than a minute, I would have sworn I could have knocked off with a single well-placed kick. Yet, five minutes later, I saw that same machine "loop," "side-flop," "double-bank," and (quite at the will of its young pilot, who is rated the most expert seaplane man in the British Naval Air Service) recover at the end of a five-hundred feet rolling fall, all without apparently starting a strut or rivet. "Collapsibility" and portability are evidently secured without sacrificing any essential strength.

The science of working the seaplane from the deck of a ship is still in process of development. Even up to quite recently it was the practice to put a machine overboard on a sling, and allow it to start from the water. The use of detachable wheels—which fall off into the sea after they have served their purpose in giving the preliminary run—has made launching from the deck practicable and comparatively safe, but the problem of landing even a wheeled machine on deck has not yet been satisfactorily solved. On account of lack of room, most of the experiments in this direction have ended disastrously, even tragically.

When a seaplane is about to be launched, after the usual preliminary "tuning" up on the launching stage, the ship is swung dead into the teeth of the wind and put at full speed. This matter of wind direction is very important, for its variation by a fraction of a point from "head-on" may easily make a crooked run and a fluky launching. As the latter would almost inevitably mean that both plane and pilot must be churned under the swiftly advancing forefoot of the ship, no precautions calculated to avoid it are omitted. Besides a wind-pennant at one end of the bridge, assurance is made doubly sure by the turning on of a jet of steam in the mathematical center of the extreme tip of the launch-

ing stage. When the back-blown steam streams straight along the middle plank of the stage, the wind is "right."

The captain, from the bridge, lifts a small white flag as a signal to the wing-commander that all is ready. The latter nods to the pilot, who starts his engine at full speed, while two mechanics, braced against cleats on the deck, hold back the tugging seaplane. If the "tone" of the engine is right, the wing-commander (standing in front of the plane, and a little to one side) brings down his red and yellow flag with a sharp jerk, falls on his face to avoid a collision, and the machine, freed from the grip of the men holding it, jumps away. The next two seconds tell the tale, for if a seaplane "gets off the deck" properly, the rest of its flight is not likely to be "eventful."

At practice a seaplane sails over and drops its detachable wheels near a waiting drifter, which picks them up and returns them to the ship. The machine swoops low, and "kicks" loose the "spares" at a hundred feet or less above the surface of the water, and a pilot who let his wheels go from a considerably greater altitude drew a growl from the bridge, as a long fall is likely to injure them. Its flight over, a seaplane returns to the ship by alighting on the water several hundred yards astern and floundering up alongside as best it can. With a high wind and a choppy sea, it is rough work. The machine is so "balanced" that its tractor propeller should revolve in the air and clear the water by several inches, even in a rough sea. It will occasionally strike into "green water," however, which is always likely to shatter the ends of the blades, if nothing else. The sheathing of the blades with metal affords considerable protection, though a certain risk is always present. The operation of picking a seaplane up and hoisting it aboard is a nice piece of seamanship at best, but in bad

weather is a practicable impossibility. With the wind much above thirty miles an hour, indeed, only a very real need is likely to induce a "mother ship" to loose her birds from the home nest. With the sea too rough to make it possible for a seaplane to live in it, it is sometimes possible to carry on imperative reconnaissance by sending up an ordinary aeroplane (some of which are always carried); though the latter must, of course, make its landing on *terra firma* when its work is over.

The wind had been freshening considerably all afternoon, but with no more than thirty miles an hour showing on the indicator, there was no reason for not letting me have my "balloon ride."

As the time approached for its ascent, the balloon was allowed to rise far enough from the deck to permit its car to be pushed underneath the center of it, in order that the latter might not be dragged in the "getaway." I could now see that the monster had rather the form of the "bag" of an airship than the "silkworm-with-stomach cramps" shape of the regulation modern observation balloon. Its nose was less blunt than that of the "sausage," and the ropes were attached so that it would be pulled with that nose boring straight into the wind, instead of tilted upwards like that of its army prototype. The three "stabilizers" at its stern were located, and appeared to function, similarly with those of the "sausage."

The basket was mid-waist deep, and just big enough to hold comfortably two men sitting on the strips of canvas which served as seats. Supplementing our jackets, two small life preservers of the ordinary type were lashed to the inside of the basket. When I asked about parachutes, I was told that, while it was customary to carry them, on this occasion—as they were worse than useless to a man who had not

practised with them—it was best not to bother myself with one. "Stick to the basket if anything happens," someone said; "it will float for a month, even if full of water." Someone else admonished not to blow up my jacket until we had stopped rising, lest it (from the expanding air, I suppose) should in turn blow me up. Then we were off. The last thing I noticed on the deck was the ship's cat, which I had observed a few moments previously rubbing his arched back ecstatically against a sagging "stabilizer," making a wild leap to catch one of the trailing guide ropes.

"He always does that," I heard my companion saying behind me. "Some day perhaps he will catch it, and then—if it happens at a time when there isn't an opportunity to wind in and let him down easy—I'm afraid there won't be a one of his nine lives left in the little furry pancake it will make of him when he hits the water. It's surprising how the water will flatten out a—anything striking it at the end of a thousand-feet fall. Only week before last—"

To deflect the conversation to more cheering channels, I began to exclaim about the view. And what a view it was! The old "Xerxes" was lying well down towards one end of the mighty bay, so that without turning the head one could sweep the eyes over the single greatest unit of far-reaching might in the whole world-war, the Grand Fleet of the British Navy. And in no other way than in ascending in a balloon or a flying machine could one attain a vantage from which the whole of the fleet could be seen. Looking from the loftiest fighting-top, from the highest hill of the islands, there was always a point in the distance beyond which there was simply an amorphous slaty blur of ships melting into the loom of the encircling islands. But now those mysterious blurs were crys-

tallizing into definite lines of cleavage, and soon—save where some especially fantastic trick of camouflage made one ship look like two in collision, or played some other equally scurvy trick on the vision—I could pick out not only battleships, but cruisers, destroyers, submarines, ranged class by class and row on row. Even the method in the apparent madness with which the swarms of supply ships, colliers, oilers, trawlers and drifters were scattered about was discernible.

Save for the visibility, which was diamond-clear in the slanting light of the low-hanging winter sun, it was just an ordinary, average Grand Fleet day. A squadron of battleships was at target practice, and—even better than their own gun-control officers—we could tally the foam-jets of the "wides" and "shorts" and the narrowing "straddles." A squadron of visiting battle cruisers had just come to anchor and were swinging lazily round to the tide. Two of them bore names which had echoed to the ends of the world; the names of two of the others—from their distinctive lines and great size, I recognized them as twin giants I had seen still in the slips on the Clyde scarcely a year previously—the world has never heard. A lean, swift scout-cruiser, with an absence of effort almost uncanny, was cleaving its way out toward the entrance just as a line of destroyers came scurrying in after the rolling smoke-pall the following wind was driving on ahead of them. Out over the open seas to the east, across the hilltops of the islands, dim bituminous dabs on the horizon heralded the return of a battleship squadron, the unceremonious departure of which two days previously had deprived me of the last two courses of my luncheon. In the air was another "kite"—floating indolently above a battleship at anchor—and a half-dozen circling aeroplanes and seaplanes. Countless drifters and

launches shuttled in and out through the evenly-lined warships.

We were now towing with the cable forming an angle of about sixty degrees with the surface of the water, and running up to us straight over the port quarter. The ship had thinned down to an astonishingly slender sliver, not unsuggestive of a speeding arrow whose feathered shaft was represented by the foaming wake.

"She's three or four points off the wind," commented my companion, "and yet—once we've steadied down—you see it doesn't make much difference in the weather we make of it. A head wind is desirable in getting up to keep from fouling the upper works amidships, but we hardly need to figure it down to the last degree as in launching a seaplane. When we're really trying to find something, of course, we have to work in any slant of wind that happens to be blowing. The worst condition is a wind from anywhere abaft the beam, blowing at a faster rate than the towing ship is moving through the water. In that case, the balloon simply drifts ahead to the end of its tether, swings around and gives the ship a tow. If the wind is strong enough—say, forty miles an hour, with the ship doing twenty—to make her give a good steady pull on the cable, it is not so bad; but when it is touch-and-go between ship and wind the poor old 'kite' is all over the shop, and about as difficult to work in as to ride in—which is saying a good deal."

"What do you mean by work?" I asked.

"Looking out for things and reporting them to the ship over the telephone," was the reply. "Perhaps even trying to run them down and destroy them."

"Can't we play at a bit of work now?" I suggested. "Supposing we were at sea, and you saw what you thought to be the wake of the periscope of a

U-boat a few miles away. What would you do?"

My companion laughed. "Well," he said, "if I had the old 'Xerxes' down there on the other end of the string, I should simply report the bearing and approximate distance of the periscope over the telephone, and let her do the rest."

"And what would 'the rest' consist of?" I asked.

"Principally of turning tail and running at top speed for the nearest protected waters," was the reply, "and incidentally 'broadcasting a wireless' giving position of the U-boat and the direction it was moving in."

"But supposing it was a destroyer we had 'on the string'?" I persisted; "and that you had no other present interest in the world beyond the finding of one of these little V-shaped ripples. The *modus operandi* would vary a bit in that case, wouldn't it?"

"Radically," he admitted. "I would give the destroyer what I figured was the shortest possible course to bring her into the vicinity of the U-boat. As long as the wake of the periscope was visible, I would correct that course from time to time by ordering so many degrees to port or to starboard, as the case might be. As soon as the periscope disappeared—which it would do, of course, just as soon as the eye at the bottom of it saw the 'kite'—I would merely make a guess at the submarine's most likely course, and steer the destroyer to converge with that. Our success or failure would then hinge upon whether or not I could get my eye on the submarine where it lurked or was making off under water. In that event—provided only there was enough light left to work with—it would be long odds against that U-boat ever seeing Wilhelmshaven again. Just as you guide a horse by turning it to left or right at the tug of a rein, so, by giving the destroyer a course,

now to one side, now to the other, until it was headed straight over its prey, I would guide the craft at the other end of the telephone wire to a point from which a depth charge could be dropped with telling effect. If the conditions were favorable, I might even

be able to form a rough estimate of the

distance of the U-boat beneath the surface, to help in setting the hydrostat of the charge to explode at the proper depth. If the first shot fails to do the business, we have only to double back and let off another. Nothing but the coming of night or of a storm is likely to save that U-boat once we've spotted it."

"Is it difficult to pick up a submarine under water?" I asked.

"That depends largely upon the light and the amount of sea running," was the reply. "Conditions are by no means so favorable as in the Mediterranean, but, at the same time, they are much better than in some other parts of the North Sea and the Atlantic. The condition of the surface of the water also has a lot to do with it. You can see a lot deeper when the sea is glassy smooth than when it is even slightly rippled. Waves tossed up enough to break into whitecaps make it still harder to see far below the surface, while enough wind (as today) to throw a film of foam all over the water cuts off the view completely. On a smooth day, for instance, a drifter which lies on the bottom over there—deeper down than a U-boat is likely to go of its own free will—is fairly clearly defined from this height. Today you couldn't find a sunk battleship there."

I remarked on the fact that, in spite of the heavy wind, our basket was rid-
Land and Water.

ing more steadily than that of any stationary observation balloon I had ever been up in at the front. "It 'yaws' a bit," I observed, "but I have never been up in a balloon with less of that 'jig-a-jig' movement which makes it so hard to fix an object with

your glasses."

"The latest 'stabilizers' have just about eliminated the troublesome 'jig-a-jig,'" replied my companion.

He turned to me with a grin. "You're in luck," he said. "Ship's heading up into the wind to let a seaplane go just as they're ready to wind us in. You'll learn, now, why they call one of these balloons a 'kite.' There they go! Hold fast!"

There was a sudden side-winding jerk, and then that perfectly good seascape—Grand Fleet, Orkneys, the north end of Scotland, and all—was hashed up into something full of zigzag lines like a Futuristic masterpiece or the latest thing in "scientific camouflaging." My friends on the deck told me, afterwards, that the basket did *not* "loop-the-loop," that it did *not* "jump through," "lie down," and "roll over" like a "clown" terrier in a circus; but how could they, who were a thousand feet away, know better than I, who was on the spot? When I put that poser to them, however, one of them replied that it was because *they* had their eyes open. The only sympathetic witness I found was one who admitted that, while the "kite" itself behaved with a good deal of dignity, the basket *did* perform some evolutions not unremarkably suggestive of a canvas water bucket swung on the end of a rope by a sailor in a hurry for his morning "souse."

A MAID O' DORSET.

By M. E. FRANCIS (MRS. FRANCIS BLUNDELL).

CHAPTER IV.

"'Tis to be hoped," said Solomon next morning, "'tis to be hoped as the maid 'ull make shift to eat summat, Mrs. Bond. There, I did feel quite upset to think of her goin' to bed last night wi'out tastin' bite or sup, an' me only stoppin' of her swinging along of bein' afeard of her hurtin' of herself."

Mrs. Bond paused in the act of turning over the eggs which she was frying for breakfast according to a method of her own, each side being browned to a nicety; the bacon was already done to a turn.

"Ye know, Farmer, 'tishn't the swingin' what she cares about. As I did mention before, her mind's runnin' on thic good-for-nothin' chap. We must just keep her busy an' stop her thinkin'. 'Tis a pity as you don't make no butter here now. There's nothin' like watchin' butter come for takin' your mind off your troubles."

"Well," said the farmer, "I do sell my milk wholesale. Tell ye what—she mid come for a ride along o' me this evenin' when I be goin' to station with this arternoon's milk."

"Don't talk about it beforehand, then," said Granma sagely, "else she'll maybe say she don't care to go. Don't ye take too much notice of her an' she'll be all right. She'll be ready enough for her breakfast, however lovesick she do feel. Here she comes now. E-es, Farmer," she went on, raising her voice for Rosie's benefit, "I did cook some eggs this marnin', and ye mustn't call it wasteful, for it saves bacon, d'ye see. Rosie, love, fetch over the plates an' I'll fill 'em straight fro' the pan. They'll be hotter that way, an' the bit over can keep warm

here by fire in case anybody do fancy a second help. There, now, that's for Mr. Blanchard, an' this is yours. I'll leave mine here to keep warm till I've poured out the tea."

The appetizing odor of the frizzling eggs and bacon was too much for Rosie's resolution. Having set down Solomon's plate, she took her own to her place, and began to eat without a word. Solomon cut off a crust from the loaf in front of him, and sticking it on the end of the knife, presented it to the girl.

"Ye'll fancy the crust, I reckon?" he said. "Young folks does mostly."

"Will ye take your cup, Farmer?" put in Granma sourly. "What was the use of giving the man good advice?"

Rosie took the crust with a murmured "Thank you," and the farmer handed a slice to Mrs. Bond, and then, after a moment's hesitation, cut off another crust for himself, thus impairing the symmetry of the loaf.

"I know I didn't ought to do it," he observed with a shamefaced air, "but I be used to crusts, ye see. Mrs. Hunt, poor soul, couldn't never chew 'em. In the end we had it fixed up between us 'as she did give I her crusts an' I did give her my crumb."

Rosie looked up with a laugh, but her grandmother remained serious.

"Did the 'ooman have such bad teeth, then?" she asked.

"Well, no," rejoined the farmer; "she had a set—a very good set—what she paid a deal of money for."

"She ought to ha' been able to chew, then," said Mrs. Bond.

"So she ought," agreed he. "But there, she never did. 'Twas always the same cry: 'Do 'ee give me your crumb,

Mr. Blanchard, an' I'll give ye my crust what I know ye'd fancy best."

Mrs. Bond threw back her head with a derisive laugh.

"It's easy seen what ailed her," she said.

"What?" asked the farmer, interested.

"Oh, never mind!" returned Mrs. Bond, with a glance at Rosie.

Solomon gazed at her with a mystified expression, and then went on with his breakfast. By and by he got up and carried his plate to the hearth, where, after having given the contents of the pan an extra frizzle, he replenished it. Having replaced this on the table he paused, hesitated, and finally impaling the remaining rasher on the toasting fork, popped it on Rosie's plate.

"Eat that up," he commanded.

"But, Mr. Blanchard——"

"Ye'll oblige me by eating it up"—with a kind of mild roar. "I don't like nothin' to go to waste in this house."

After a moment's pause Rosie decided to obey. For one thing the sizzling hot morsel looked and smelled delicious; for another she was naturally good-humored, and thought it would be ungracious to refuse.

Later in the morning Solomon found Mrs. Bond alone in the kitchen, and astonished her by a query:

"What was 'ye meanin' when ye said it was easy seen what was wrong with Mrs. Hunt?" he asked, as though she had only just spoken. "I've been botherin' my head about it all mornin'."

"Well, really, Farmer, ye must be simple," rejoined Granma. "There, I didn't like to pass the remark afore the maid—I do always think it do seem a pity to make little o' a staid 'ooman afore the young—but there, Mr. Blanchard, ye must be blind!"

"How do ye mean?" asked he.

"Why, 'tis easy seen as the 'ooman was wantin' o' you an' her to be the

same sort o' pair as Jack Sprat an' his wife."

As Solomon continued to stare at her, she went on, cackling with laughter, "Don't you know the tale in the children's book?—

Jack Sprat could eat no fat,

His wife could eat no lean,

And so betwixt them both

They licked the platter clean.

She was a-settin' of her cap at ye, Mr. Blanchard."

"Never!" ejaculated the farmer.

"I'll warrant she was, though. An' thic charm what she was a-workin' of in the moonlight was a *love-charm*, Farmer."

The farmer gazed at her with a dropping jaw and then turned on his heel indignantly, murmuring, "The 'ooman must be mad!"

As he went towards the door he paused.

"Ye did well not to mention sich a thing afore the maid," he said sternly.

Mrs. Bond looked after him as he passed the window with a troubled face.

"Men *be* sammies," she said to herself. "I wonder if I did right to put the notion into his head. 'Tis to be hoped as he won't start runnin' off arter her now. 'Do 'ee give I a bit o' your crumb, Mr. Blanchard!' Of all the brazen, bare-faced——" Words failed her, and she resumed the peeling of her potatoes, relieving her feelings by sundry jerks of her knife.

When the afternoon's milking was over, and the big cans, filled with the results, lifted into the cart which was to convey them to the station, Solomon came into the kitchen, where he found Rosie in the act of removing her hat.

"Hallo!" he cried. "What be doin' that for?"

"I've asked my gran'darter," said Mrs. Bond impressively, "to give me a hand with thic mending, Mr. Blanchard." Here she frowned at him heavily from behind Rosie's back and

shook a warning finger as he gaped in amazement. "These here long light arternoons," she continued—"there, we did ought to get through a lot o' mendin' when there's nothing else to do. *When there's nothing else to do,*" she repeated emphatically. Then, as Solomon continued to gaze disconsolately from her to Rosie, she bent forward and mouthed the words, "Go on!"

Solomon, mistaking her meaning, interpreted the command "Go off," for he was about to turn towards the door when, in a tone which betrayed her inward exasperation, she gave him a still more distinct lead: "You'm goin' to take milk to station, bain't ye, Farmer? Nice day for a drive."

"Oh!" cried Solomon, suddenly realizing her drift, which, indeed, was further indicated by a jerking thumb, "so 'tis. Well, then—Miss Rosie, how'd it be if ye was to pop on your hat again and come with me? There, the fresh air will do 'ee good. As Granma says, 'tis a beautiful evening."

Somewhat to his surprise and that of the old woman, Rosie eagerly agreed. She put on her hat, ran upstairs for the little black jacket which Granma prudently recommended her to wear, and climbed breathlessly into the cart, where the farmer had already taken his seat. He called to the horse and cracked his whip encouragingly. Carlo, the terrier, barked in ecstasy, and off they went at so round a pace that the cans rattled and swayed from side to side.

"Mr. Blanchard," said Rosie, as, having sped along the upper road for half a mile or so, they approached the town, "would ye mind stoppin' at the post office for a minute as we do pass by?"

"Wouldn't it do when we come back, my dear?" said Solomon in surprise. "We be a bit late a'ready. I don't want to miss the train."

"Then if ye'd set me down—ye could call for me on the way back," persisted Rosie.

"Well, I could do that," agreed Solomon unwillingly. "But ye'll not ha' had no drive to speak on, an' I mid keep ye waitin' if train was anyway late."

"I don't mind that," rejoined Rosie hastily. Looking at her he saw that she was breathing quickly, and was, moreover, flushed and excited. She had evidently business of her own at the post office, and had accepted the invitation to drive on that account. After she had alighted he jogged on, meditating with a serious and somewhat disgusted expression on what queer folks women were—the best of them were sly, and would rather do a thing crooked-like nor go at it straight-for'ard. There was Mrs. Hunt dashin' off with never a word to say of what was in her noddle. There was the old woman, Mrs. Bond—why couldn't she tell the maid straight out as Solomon was going to take her for a ride instead of manovering (thus he pronounced the word in his own mind) to make the idea appear to emanate suddenly from himself? And now here was Rosie herself pretending to be pleased at the prospect of an expedition which was only to land her at the stuffy post office at Branston!

"She's up to some mischief," said the farmer. "'Tis a pity. She's young to begin a 'ooman's tricks."

His face was rather stern when about half an hour later he halted at the post office for the second time, and flicked at the glass door with his whip by way of attracting Rosie's attention. If she had been flushed before she was pale now; she took her seat beside him with a downcast air. His own face cleared.

"Tell 'ee what," he cried, "us'll go for a drive on the downs. 'Tis a bit close down to our placè. A blow on the downs 'ull do 'ee all the good in the world."

Without waiting for her consent he turned the horse's head and they went

clattering across the market place and under the railway bridge and then up the long, steep, shady lane which led to the downs. Here they were obliged to proceed at a foot's pace, and Solomon, turning in his seat, had a good look at his companion. He noticed that her thick black lashes were wet and that her lips drooped sorrowfully.

"I were vexed to keep ye so long waiting at the post office," he said, clearing his throat tentatively. "But you was writing a letter, I suppose?"

"No," said Rosie, "I didn't." She hesitated, and then, on a sudden impulse, added: "I thought maybe there mid be a letter for me."

"Postman brings letters all right," said Solomon gruffly.

"Yes," said Rosie. "But if there'd been a letter for me I'd ha' wrote one back, Mr. Blanchard—and posted it," she added firmly.

She was looking him straight in the face now. He looked back at her kindly, if a little quizzically.

"Behind Granma's back, I d' 'low," he said.

"Well, Mr. Blanchard," rejoined Rosie desperately, "I don't want to have words with Granma. Granma's a wold 'ooman an' she doesn't understand. I d' 'low she's forgot that she was young once—or maybe she doesn't forget," she added conscientiously, "for she said that *once* she was walking out with a young man same as—same as anybody mid be, an' her father an' mother put an end to it. An' then when Granfer's turn came she was glad they had. But everybody isn't made like that. Some folks can't forget so easy."

"That's true," said the farmer thoughtfully. "That's a truer word nor you think, maidie. There's them what don't forget so easy."

Something peculiar in his tone roused Rosie from the contemplation of her own grievances. The farmer had

turned from her again and now sat gazing in front of him, the reins dangling loosely from his great brown hands.

"Was you ever—did you ever——" began Rosie impulsively, and then she checked herself, blushing.

"Did I ever go a-cwartin'?" said Solomon, coming out of his reverie and turning to her with a smile. "Well, yes, my dear, I don't mind tellin' of ye I did cwort a young maid once. About your age she was." He contemplated her appraisingly.

"Nineteen?" suggested Rosie, much interested.

"E-es, that 'ud be about it. I wasn't above a year older. But we had it settled between us to make a match."

"Well, an' why didn't ye, Mr. Blanchard?" asked Rosie.

"Well, my dear, ye see there's some what says money's the root of all evil. And there's others what says pride's the root of all evil. In my case I d' 'low 'twas pride *an'* money, or maybe I should say the want o' money. My father, he had a sheep farm, an' I did help en. Well, that year as I started cwartin', my father had terrible bad luck. He got the disease in his flock, an' the sheep did drap off one arter the other in a way as 'ud break your heart. Well, then he borrowed money, an' he took another bit o' land, an' he tried every way he could think of to put hisself to rights, but he couldn't no-ways, my poor old Dad. An' when things were at the very worst wi' him, dalled if he didn't drap off hisself! Well, there was mother an' me left wi' debts on all sides, an' nothin' to pay 'em with but the labor of my two hands."

"It was dreadful," put in Rosie.

"It was," agreed he. "Well, what was to be done, ye know? I went all round askin' my father's creditors to be patient and I'd pay 'em off gradual. Some was content to wait an' others

come down on mother an' me for what they could get. So we had to turn out of our place an' shift to a little small cottage what let rain in till I repaired the roof myself. An' I had to work hard—terr'ble hard; but afore my mother died we was able to pay everything off and hold up our heads again."

"An' wouldn't—wouldn't the young lady wait?" asked Rosie.

Solomon's face clouded over.

"Well, talkin' about pride bein' the root of all evil," he said, "her pride come in for one thing, an' I d' 'low my pride come in for another. That maid was a clever maid, an' she found out some way as I couldn't be made responsible in law for my father's debts on account of not bein' twenty-one years of age at the time he died. An' so she says, 'Why don't ye start fresh on your own account? An' don't throw away the few dibs ye can save out o' your own earnin's,' she says. But my pride wouldn't let me do that," said the farmer, "and then *her* pride started up, an' she said I couldn't care for her as I did ought to care for her, else I'd ha' been ready to let everything go an' stick to she. She did say—I mind it well—'Scripture do say, "A man did ought to leave father and mother an' all an' stick to his wife."' But, says I, 'What about "Honor thy father and thy mother"?' Well, off she went then, a-tossin' of her head."

"But didn't she think better of it?" asked Rosie, deeply scandalized.

"No," said Solomon mournfully. "She didn't think better of it. I did ax her some time after if she'd be willin' to wait. 'I'll soon get straight,' I did say. But no, she wouldn't."

"I'd ha' waited," said Rosie impulsively.

"I d' 'low you would," rejoined he, and he looked at her so kindly that her eyes fell. "Yes," he went on meditatively, "I've a-had a lwonesome life, very lwonesome—nobody to take a bit

o' interes' in anything what I'm doin'—nobody to be workin' for, so to speak. So long as my mother did live 'twas different; but there, she didn't last long after riddin' house. I did my best for to make her comfortable, but she never looked up again, I mid say. Since that time I've a-had nobody but housekeepers—an' there's not much comfort to be had out o' housekeepers, I can tell 'ee."

"I wonder ye didn't get married to somebody else after a while, Mr. Blanchard," said Rosie.

"Well, I've often wondered myself why I didn't," rejoined Solomon. "There was a good few what 'ud ha' been willin' to take me, I dare say. For ye'll hardly believe me, jist because I didn't care so very much, everything I touched did seem to prosper wi' me. 'Twas jist t'other way round with me to my poor father. I did always seem to have good luck. And I was reckoned a good-lookin' chap when I was a young man. E-es, there was them as reckoned me very good-lookin'."

Rosie considered him gravely. He was big and broad and held himself very straight, and he had kind eyes and a pleasant smile. And that pepper-and-salt hair of his was very thick and inclined to curl; she wondered how he would look without his beard.

Solomon, turning round suddenly, caught her glance and burst out laughing.

"I d' 'low you don't think I could ever ha' been good-lookin', maide," he cried good-humoredly. "Dear heart alive! I must seem a martial staid wold fellow to you."

"No, indeed, Mr. Blanchard," protested Rosie hastily. "I was just wonderin' how ye'd look wi'out your beard. 'Tis hard to know what a man's like when he's got a beard on."

"Well, I did let my beard grow, d'ye see, along of its being less trouble," explained the farmer. "There was no-

body to care whether I looked handsome or ugly."

"Oh, I don't think ye look ugly!" exclaimed the girl. "I don't think a beard's ugly."

They had now reached the top of the hill and had begun to bowl swiftly along the upper level. A sudden gust of wind lifted Rosie's hat, and she only just caught it in time.

"There, I've come out wi'out no hat-pin. I'd best take off my hat while 'tis so blowy."

She put the hat on her knees and made an ineffectual effort to smooth back the curly tendrils of hair which fluttered about her brow.

"I do sometimes wish I had got married," said Solomon. "'Twould ha' made a deal o' difference to me. But here I be, farty-one and a bachelor-man still—I never did see such curly hair as you've a-got, maid."

He smiled benevolently as his eyes strayed over the tendrils aforementioned.

"Well, 'tisin't too late yet," said Rosie quickly, for somehow his glance made her feel shy. "Farty-one isn't old."

"Maybe not," said the farmer. He was silent for a moment or two and then said:

"Well, seein' as I'm old enough to be your father anyway, Miss Rosie, an' do feel myself very much obligated to yourself and your Granma, I'd take it as a favor if ye'd look on me as a friend."

"I'm sure I do," stammered Rosie, somewhat taken aback.

"My meanin' is this," pursued Solomon, gazing straight between the horse's ears. "If there was any little thing ye wanted, sich as askin' for a letter at the post office, or maybe postin' one back again, I could do it for 'ee so easy as anything."

Rosie blushed crimson.

"Oh, Mr. Blanchard, I'd feel ashamed to ax 'ee,"

"No need to feel ashamed, maidie," he rejoined, bringing back his gaze. "You see, I do understand how you'm feelin', an' I'm wishful for to help 'ee. There, it would seem a pity if things did fall out crookedy-like wi' you, same as they did do wi' me."

"Thank ye very much, I'm sure, Mr. Blanchard," said Rosie, somewhat constrainedly.

"If ye'd like me to ask if there's a letter for ye when I do take milk to station early to-morn, I could do it easily."

"Thank ye, I'm sure," said Rosie again, still constrainedly.

"Oh, you'm very welcome. Well, now, maidie, I d' 'low you'd best hold your curls on. This wind be strong enough to blow 'em off your head. Beautiful air 'tis up here, bain't it? They do say 'tes the best air in England."

"The hills are lovely," said Rosie. "'Tes very nice up here, Mr. Blanchard. Dear, what beautiful fuzzzen (furze),—a regular mask o' gold."

They were now driving across the open down, the green billows of which seemed to glow in the afternoon light, while the gorse was indeed aflame. Stunted hollies and thorns grew in clumps here and there, and a tangle of bryony and clematis flung itself from bush to bush. The air on this high plateau might well have been the best in England. It seemed to possess a quality of its own, something infinitely pure and sweet mingling with its vigor.

"Be ye enj'ying of it?" asked Solomon.

"Jist about!" exclaimed Rosie.

"Well, then, tell 'ee what!" cried Blanchard enthusiastically. "Us'll take a bit of a round. Us'll cnt across downs here, see, and go back by the water works."

They prolonged their drive so much that the sun had almost disappeared behind the distant line of hills by the

time they reached the lower level and turned into the lane which led past the water works. It was a steep and stony lane, bordered on each side by tall, unkempt hedges, and overshadowed by occasional clumps of trees; for all these reasons they were obliged to proceed warily. All at once the horse swerved to one side and the farmer pulled him up with an exclamation of annoyance. A small and ragged figure had darted across the path, and stumbling in the middle had almost come under the wheel.

"Drat those rascally children!" exclaimed Solomon angrily. "They do never seem to learn sense—that's the second time I've just missed runnin' over one of 'em."

The imp now picked itself up, and skipping to one side of the road, stood shaking a small fist and shouting out unintelligible insults. These were taken up from the opposite side of the hedge, through which one or two equally ragged though rather larger figures now forced themselves. Even in the dim light Rosie took note of the indescribably tousled heads and half-clothed forms. One lad of about fifteen ran a little way after the cart, his trouser-leg, slit from above the knee, fluttering around his grimy, naked limb.

"I can't think for the life o' me why the police don't make them folk shift," said Solomon, as he turned to crack his whip at the urchin. "An' look where they be livin'!"

He nodded towards an open space at the farther end of the lane, where the dim shape of a van could be seen towering above the hedge. The acrid smell of wood smoke, mingling with other more repulsive odors, greeted their nostrils as they drew near, and Rosie observed a group of wild-looking folk, men and women, gathered around a fire of sticks which was crackling on the ground a few feet away from the vehicle. One or two of these now

turned lowering faces towards the farmer, who urged the horse to a faster trot as they passed.

"What awful looking folks, Mr. Blanchard!" gasped Rosie. "What sort of folks be they, then?"

"Oh, they'm gipsies—gippos, as we call 'em," rejoined Solomon. "They're some as says 'dedikay,'"

Rosie sat very still for a minute and then she said faintly:

"I thought gipsies was travelin' folk."

"So they be, my dear," he agreed.

"But there's some of 'em likes to squat between whites. This here lot have a-been here since I don't know when. They do take their van round and do sell their baskets and crockery and such. They'll be away two or three weeks on end sometimes, but they allus comes back to thic place, more's the pity! They do do a deal o' damage. Many's the fowl they've had off me. E-es, there was once not so long ago they carr'ed off a little suckin' pig."

"Oh, Mr. Blanchard, ye don't say so!" cried Rosie, horrified.

"E-es, I do, my dear. There, I was away buyin' some cows, and Mrs. Hunt—well, she's a woman what don't keep her eyes so very wide open. One or two of they gipsy women came down the lane axin' if she'd buy anythin' off them. Well, there, she didn't want anything, but she must needs keep turnin' over their things an' axin' their prices, an' while she was busy a couple o' gippo bwoy-chaps nipped round to the yard. They took two hens an' a suckin' pig off me that time. But I couldn't bring it home to them. Mrs. Hunt, she couldn't ha' 'dentified 'em if I had."

Rosie said nothing, and Solomon pursued, warming with his subject.

"They did ought to be got shut on. I don't know why they bain't got shut on. It's no credit to Branston to have

sich folks about. Haythens and savages gipsies be."

"Not all gipsies, surely?" murmured Rosie.

"E-es, they'm nothing else. They bain't Christians. They don't get married in church an' they don't bring their children to be christened. Even them what does settle down, as they do by times, as horse dealers an' sich, they'm thieves and robbers for the most part."

"Not all," said Rosie in an odd voice, and glancing at her in surprise, the farmer saw that her lip was trembling.

"Well, there!" he ejaculated. "I didn't ought to let my tongue run away with me that way. I was clean for. gettin'—I mean I——"

He floundered and broke off.

"I d' 'low Granma told you about

Rufe Lee bein' reckoned to ha' gipsy blood," said Rosie.

The farmer rubbed his nose with his whip.

"I believe she did mention summat o' the sort," he owned. "But it went in at one ear and out at t'other. I didn't mean to say anything unkind o' your young man, Miss Rosie. After all," said Solomon with a sigh, "there mid be exceptions to every rule."

"He's not that sort of gipsy," cried Rosie angrily.

"I'm sure he bain't," said Solomon heartily. "'Tis very like a notion o' your Granma's along o' him bein' dark or summat."

"Perhaps so," said Rosie, still resentfully.

A somewhat uncomfortable silence fell, which lasted till they reached the Glebe farm.

(To be continued.)

"SUGGESTION."

By ALAN RALEIGH.

There is a colleague of mine in a large military hospital who presides over what is probably the most remarkable ward in existence. No strident gramophone here produces any melodious or other sounds; no bright flowers decorate the ward; no cheerful nurses bustle briskly around the beds. Instead of all this there is an atmosphere of perfect and lasting peace, and a dim, religious silence that soothes and pacifies the mind. The beds on which the inmates recline are screened like those in the cooling room of a Turkish bath. The officers and orderlies when they converse speak in whispers, and the light that filters through the crimson shaded blinds is like the aftermath of a tropical sunset. The

silence and the color create an atmosphere of perfect restfulness that is a part of the plan of treatment. At times, however, the silence is gently broken by the sound of men walking slowly in slippers. These men are patients, and the remarkable thing about them is that they are *fast asleep*. They are undergoing "suggestion" treatment, and they have been hypnotized into this condition of sleep by my colleague. Speak to them and they will not answer; shout in their ears, even shake them violently, and they still remain obstinately silent and asleep. No power of yours can awaken them without my colleague's permission, for they are under the supreme control of his brain. Thrust a needle

through their arms and they will experience no sensation of pain whatever. Yet what is even more remarkable, perhaps, is the fact that at one single word from the physician a limb will become as rigid as a bar of steel, so rigid that no physical effort of yours can bend it. But at another word from the physician it falls limp and flaccid to the side. The chain that binds physician and patient so that they form one being, though composed of a subtle, intangible, imperceptible force, is complete and unbreakable.

What is the essence of this remarkable force? Let me try and answer that question by homely illustration and in the simplest language. Everyone must be aware of the fact that he is continually influenced in his thought and action by others, and that some men possess a greater influence over him than others. We call that power "personality," and men who possess it in high degree are said to have a magnetic personality. Napoleon, for instance, possessed it in a supreme degree; so did Gordon and Mohammed and a score of others. We endeavor to explain personality by suggesting that around each individual there exists an invisible shadow or *aura* that has the power of influencing others, either by attracting or repelling them. Nevertheless, this influence is never complete or absolute, from the simple fact that it is a case of one mind dealing with another, which may be in direct opposition to it. It is a case of one active brain against another. Let us suppose a case, however, in which the brain of one person could be put out of action so completely that the brain of another had no opposition and could work its will unchecked. That, shortly, is what happens in hypnotism, which is the art by which the brain of one overcomes and dominates the brain of another. But that does not carry us very far. A person so influenced—i. e. hyp-

notized—merely goes into a sort of sleep. We need a good deal more than this to be of any use, and so we summon to our assistance the power of "suggestion." Psychologists are aware of the fact that in each person there are really *two* brains, and it is by taking advantage of this fact that all treatment by hypnotism and suggestion arises.

"How *two* brains?" you may well ask. Well, there are not two *material* brains, certainly, but there are two brains all the same, distinct and independent of each other. I would like the reader to reflect a little over this fact, and try and answer the following questions. How do dreams arise when our waking brains asleep? How do ideas and thoughts suddenly present themselves to us when we have made no conscious effort to summon them up?—nor could we do so if we tried. Where do they come from? How is it that we are sometimes possessed with a sudden impulse which comes from something beyond our conscious self—for instance, an uncontrollable impulse to knock a man down or kiss a pretty woman? Where does an original melody spring from; or an inspired thought; or a dazzling flash of wit? How is it that, think as hard as we like, we cannot summon the memory of a forgotten name, but later it comes unbidden when we are thinking of something else? If you attempt to answer these questions you will perceive that it is *not* the brain of our reason or our intellect that is responsible for them. It is something different.

Now the source of all these ideas, inspirations, and impulses is what we call the *subconscious* brain—our real hidden self—and it is this brain that "suggestion" endeavors, often successfully, sometimes unsuccessfully, to act upon and influence. Hypnotism abolishes or throws out of action for the time the *conscious* brain; "suggestion"

then plays upon and molds the *sub-conscious* brain as a potter molds clay. It will be obvious to the reader how infinitely more powerful our influence will be on the subconscious compared with the conscious brain. The latter may resist; the former cannot. Whilst the conscious brain is suspended in action our influence is supreme and absolute, and by frequent repetition we endeavor to make that influence still operate when the conscious brain returns to duty; in a word, to create a *permanent* impression by suggestion.

Let me cite a few instances. Take first the case of the inebriate. Now no man in his sober senses will *consciously* permit himself to give way to drink and wreck his body and soul; his whole *active* brain rebels against the idea, but unhappily that is not always strong enough. Some hidden impulse arises within him which we call a "craving" for drink, and, in spite of will, intellect, reason, and common sense, insists and triumphs over his active brain. That "craving" arises from the subconscious mind, and is due to some morbid condition of it. You can rarely reason a drunkard out of his habit, but by acting *directly* on the subconscious brain you can often accomplish what seems little short of a miracle. In fact, "suggestion" has been employed for years with very considerable, though by no means invariable, success to cure the "craving" for drink and also, I may add, for drugs.

As I have already remarked, the patient whilst hypnotized is yours *absolutely*. You can make him do what you like. I could "suggest" to any Pacifist that he become a Patriot, and he would become one for the time. I could turn the Kaiser into a "conscientious objector." I could make Mr. Chesterton stand on his head at noon in the middle of Fleet Street. I could make the Editor of this magazine accept all my tales and articles. (N. B. This line of

treatment has not yet been employed as frequently as it might be. Any editor who desires treatment can apply to me privately.) It is true that the effect of one single "suggestion" is transient, but repeated "suggestions" at short intervals tend to make the effect cumulative and permanent, and this is what is done in practice. A "course"—blessed word—"suggestion" is needed to procure any definite and permanent result. There is one class of ailment or disorder in which "suggestion" at frequent intervals has achieved a remarkable success, and that is insomnia or sleeplessness, one of the most harassing complaints that I know of. It is also of value when the patient sleeps too much. A friend of mine, a distinguished neurologist, had got into the habit of sleeping late in the morning hours and losing the freshness of the day in consequence. A short course of "suggestion" cured him so that he woke regularly at 7 A. M. In this connection it is worth noticing the extreme exactitude of awakening that can be "suggested" to a patient. You can make him as regular as a clock.

Neurasthenia is a condition of the nervous system in which there is a marked diminution of energy available for physical or mental work. It is a disease—not mere laziness. Everyone of us has a certain, definite, and *limited* store of nervous energy, and no more. Either by too great strain or effort, or by excess, this store can be temporarily exhausted. Then you have *neurasthenia*. A man's nervous energy is like a battery; if it is used up too quickly it needs recharging. Hypnotism plus "suggestion" is extremely valuable in such cases, though it must be apparent that *time* is essential as well. You gradually recharge the battery. The war has widened enormously the area of neurasthenia, for "shell-shock" is nothing but a neu-

raesthesia which has an abrupt and instant onset. "Shell-shock" declares itself with loss of "nerve" and vigor, sleeplessness, terrifying dreams, and physical weakness. A peculiar and interesting feature of it is that when there is a wound, however slight, shell-shock rarely arises, even though a shell has exploded in the immediate vicinity. The wound acts as a sort of safety valve.

Now with raids occurring over London and the Eastern Counties lots of people get "shell-shocked" in England. A man walked out of his house into the street during a Zeppelin raid to "see the fun!" A bomb exploded in the road about fifty yards away. Although he was untouched by any fragment of it the force of the explosion (which was about seventeen tons to the square yard where the bomb fell) knocked him flat on his back and left him a trembling wreck for many weeks. The concussion had the effect of practically discharging all his store of nervous energy. What can be done in such cases? Time and rest are the two essential features in treatment, but to *accelerate* the cure "suggestion" is employed, and in every command the War Office has appointed a hypnotic consultant who treats these cases with frequent, regular sésances of "suggestion."

People often put the inquiry to me, "Oh, but is not hypnotism dangerous? Can it not be employed for sinister and even criminal purposes?" There is, indeed, a widespread fear and suspicion of the practice, founded partly on ignorance, but to some extent as well on its somewhat checkered history as an art. The answer is this: *No person can be hypnotized against his will.* If he resists it is impossible to get him under your influence. But once in the hypnotic state it is certainly possible to "suggest" any act, even a criminal one, to the subject. For this reason the practice of hypnotism should be

confined to physicians. It should be a penal offense, as I believe it is in France, for anyone except a qualified physician to practise hypnotism. Unless the character and integrity of the operator is beyond question there is an element of danger in "suggestion." Its practice should be strictly confined to medical men.

In this country hypnotism has frequently appeared as a "star turn" at music hall entertainments and on that account has suffered a good deal of disrepute. There is, moreover, a general impression, even amongst educated people, that feeble-minded people or those of a low degree of intelligence are easily influenced by hypnotism, and that there is a danger of these falling into improper hands with sinister intent. This view is totally opposed to fact. Idiots and imbeciles cannot be hypnotized at all, and the feeble-minded are hardly susceptible to its influence. In fact, the *higher* the level of intelligence the *easier* it is to hypnotize a subject. It is not a sign of a weak will fall under the influence of hypnotism—the very reverse, in fact. So be comforted, my nervous friends.

Another wide field of application for "suggestion" lies in the many and various paralyses or loss of power due to no definite injury of the nerves. In these cases, indeed, miracles are worked, and I fancy that the miraculous cures reported from Lourdes and other pilgrimages and shrines where the bones of saints are said to cure various palsies are really of this nature. I have seen a man who could not walk properly for a whole year owing to some fancied injury to his spine, jump up and run round the hospital grounds after a single sésance of suggestion. "Suggestion" is also a capital test for the malingerer. If a man who obstinately declares he cannot move a certain limb or a certain joint moves that

limb or joint under hypnotic suggestion, he is a fraud, and out he goes to the Front classed A1. A good many cases of "shell-shock" have occurred in which the power of speech has been temporarily lost, though there is no sign of injury of the vocal cords or throat. "Suggestion" has worked a miracle in some of these cases. The dumb speak.

In war, then, the employment of "suggestion" is most valuable in cases of "shell-shock," in loss of power of a functional nature, and in malingering. At all times it is a valuable treatment for insomnia, for nervous debility or neurasthenia, for fixed habits or "obsessions," and for the cure of inebrity. By abolishing pain it can also be used to open abscesses or perform minor operations, but in these instances a lo-

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cal anæsthetic is simpler and more practicable.

Finally, I would call the attention of the reader to certain experiments fully reported in the Press which happened at a naval hospital at Chatham recently. In this instance a blister on a sailor's arm was produced by "suggestion," and—perhaps more remarkable still—a blister which should have appeared (for a hot iron had been drawn across the skin) was hindered from appearing owing to the same cause. This means that the process of inflammation can be altered or controlled by "suggestion." The vista that this possibility opens out is an alluring one. Are we in the presence of some force which may be just as revolutionary as the X-ray or wireless telegraphy? Time alone can tell.

FASHIONS, FOIBLES AND FEUDS OF NINETEENTH-CENTURY LETTERS.*

By T. H. S. ESCOTT.

There died, towards the close of last summer, at Florence, a man who formed a personal link between the most characteristic memories of three capitals at very different epochs. The great newspaper thoroughfare of London from Blackfriars to Charing Cross was traversed by no figure more conspicuous than a well-set-up wayfarer, whose clear pink and white complexion, broad expanse of frilled front, and gold-headed walking stick, might have caused him to be taken for a physician surviving in a high state of

preservation from the old Georgian era. As a fact he doubled the part of all-round journalist by occasional contributions to the evening press and regular annotations in the *Lancet*, then under the brothers Wakley. A doctor, by title and degree, he was above all things a student, first in the British Museum reading room, secondly of human nature generally as manifested in all sorts and conditions of men, from a literary, scientific and, after a very decorous Scotch fashion, convivial. A graduate in arts as well as science of Edinburgh University, between taking his degree and settling in London he had begun at once his professional practice and cosmopolitan training as traveling physician to a lady of quality, in the old early nineteenth-century way

**Mauey Napier's Correspondence*, 1879.
Reminiscences of a Literary Life. By Charles Macfarlane. With an Introduction by J. F. Tattersall. (John Murray.)
Recollections. By Viscount Morley of Blackburn. (Macmillan.)
The Tongue of Tradition and the Pen of History. An autobiographic manuscript given to the present writer by his late friend, James Peddie Steele, Edinburgh M.D.

on a grand tour, covering nearly the whole of Europe. He returned to a very select circle of patients in the South Belgravian district, grouped round the patroness to whose health he had ministered on his journeys. His duties to these invalids left him abundant time for the reading and the writing which he loved.

The son of a Presbyterian minister, the Rector of Dalkeith Grammar School, he had been grounded with thoroughness and accuracy by his father in the Greek and Latin rudiments; as well as brought up on the bright and inspiring traditions of the *Edinburgh*, not only of Jeffrey and Cockburn, but of Sir Walter Scott himself. He was probably the one survivor of those who had preserved to the twentieth century the notes of Sir William Hamilton's lectures, taken when he attended them in 1854-1856, the last two years of that philosopher's life. Among young Steele's seniors there were still living those who could recall for him in their habit as they lived and lectured — Sir William's father, who had filled the Glasgow chair of anatomy, his grandfather, the sometime Glasgow professor of botany, and, in the year after Waterloo, Sir William's own achievement, not undervalued by himself, and looked back upon with more pride by his countrymen than his subsequent dissertation (soon raised to the rank of a metaphysical classic) on Cousin's doctrine of the Infinite. This was the philosopher's establishment in 1816 of his claim to the family baronetcy, forfeited by his ancestor's refusal to forsake the Stuarts and swear allegiance to William III. Sir William himself had professed at Edinburgh not only logic and various branches of mental science but in 1821 history also; within ten years of his death a selection from his writings appeared—*Discussions in Philosophy and Literature*. The edi-

tors of this volume—Mansel and Veitch—derived some help in their work from the impressions communicated to them by Steele, then a young man of between twenty and thirty. The youth's special preparation for the medical calling was now beginning. Among his teachers none was more distinguished or did more to mold his mind than J. Y. Simpson, the practical discoverer of chloroform and assistant professor of pathology. The acquaintance thus made proved of unexpected value for other than professional reasons. Simpson had known the future Empress Eugénie from her girlhood; the Second Empire was no sooner established than in addition to being medical adviser he became a personal favorite and constant visitor to the Tuileries. In that capacity he showed business qualities so untiring and such shrewd insight into everything concerned with the investment of money, that he became on these matters the unofficial adviser of the Emperor and Empress. When, therefore, several years later Steele began his Continental travels Simpson's commendation opened to him the court life of the Second Empire at the Tuileries, Chantilly, and Fontainebleau. These opportunities and a familiarity with modern languages took him behind the diplomatic scenes during the period of plot and counterplot including or introducing the Austro-French-Italian wars of the eighteen hundreds. Few medical men of his time could have brought therefore to the practice of their profession, knowledge so various, natural aptitudes so great and improved by such a variety of exercise as Steel possessed on setting up a practice at his native Edinburgh.

Here the door of periodical letters opened itself from a mere accident. Daniel Defoe's *Edinburgh Courant*, long since converted from its original Whiggery to Toryism, then had for its

editor as well as chief and sometimes only writer James Hannay, who had begun life in the Navy, and whose nautical antecedents, followed by his fine literary performances, made his career in many respects the British parallel of the French Pierre Loti. Hannay, by nearly ten years Steele's senior, was vigorously engaged in the not very successful or indeed practicable attempt to make the Conservative sheet the rival of the Liberal *Scotsman*. Lack of success and of effective co-operation were telling on Hannay's spirits and health. Contributors were behind-hand with their articles. Steele, in the capacity of doctor and friend, calling upon him found that the shortage of copy had got upon his nerves. Sir William Sterling Maxwell, of Keir, was expected to deliver an epoch-making address on the fortunes of Scotch Conservatism, there was absolutely not a shot in the locker, and a letter had just been received from the wife of a man from whom an article had been expected, to say that her husband was sick in bed. "You will, I suppose," said Hannay reverting to himself, "give me a prescription." The orthodox interval of pulse-feeling, chest-rapping and then on the doctor's part dubious head-shaking ensued. At last the medicine man, after a few moments of silent abstraction, said, "Well, then! I prescribe a leader, and it shall come to you before dinner together with a pill and a draught which you may take, if you like, from my surgery." That leader converted its writer into an indefatigable and successful journalist of a type now extinct, leading the way to many similar employments in other quarters and eventually securing for Steele the position of the *Daily News* correspondent at Rome, when, some ten or fifteen years later, he exchanged England for Italy. No member of the faculty could still retain a professional manner inspiring greater confidence

into the valetudinarian widows and spinsters who had their home in a southern climate for their health's sake. So the doctoring and writing went on together, and the representative of the newspaper which had Dickens for its first editor rose to social as well as professional importance in the Eternal City.

Meanwhile an older and more famous man of medical training and literary tastes had long been delighting readers of all ages by his stories of military and political life at home and abroad. This was Charles Lever, with whom accident gave Steele a slight acquaintance. The author of *Charles O'Malley's* talk, then exceedingly varied and vivacious, attracted the younger man even more than his writing. Lever's residence at Brussels, Bonn and Carlsruhe had yet to be followed by his smaller diplomatic appointments in Italy; but he had intimate friends in the consular service and regarded himself as destined for some position in it. At any rate he possessed an inside knowledge of the subject, enabling him to give Steele on his next Continental tour valuable hints and introductions regarding what and whom to see, and how.

The Florence that the youthful Steele first knew was the city whose bright and miscellaneous English colony was still dominated by Walter Savage Landor. Robert Browning, with the poetess, his wife, had settled at the villa Casa Guidi in 1846; and Steele had heard the poet himself read aloud within a day or two of their having been written his lyrics: "How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix," "Saul," "The Lost Leader" and the "Pied Piper of Hamelin." When he had finished the bard slapped his hand upon the table with the words: "This, I think, can be understood of the vulgar and may make friends." By this time Dickens's novel,

Bleak House, was finding, and especially in Florence, more readers than it secured on its publication. The novelist himself had visited the Tuscan capital a few years earlier. The supposed identity of the English gentleman at the Villa Landora with the Lawrence of the story increased the local interest in the book. Had Landor resented the caricature? On the contrary, Steele found him rather proud of it than otherwise; while he further volunteered the opinion that Leigh Hunt's friends had acted downright foolishly in disturbing his peace by proclaiming him the original of Harold Skimpole. "Never," said Landor, "was there such a ridiculous ado over breaking a butterfly on a wheel. The personal history of literature of all ages is that of the squabbles between the men who make it; and one may well ask why Isaac Disraeli never gave a chapter to the quarrels of authors."

Of these presently, beginning in their due place, with those feuds between the literary Leviathans of Auld Reekie, which were fresh in the memories as the events of yesterday with those who formed and stocked the mind of James Steele. At Florence Steele's residence overlapped by little that of Thomas Adolphus Trollope and his highly-endowed second wife, who wrote *Aunt Margaret's Trouble*; it covered much if not most of the years spent on the Arno, after their retirement from England, by Ouida and Henry Labouchere; both of these had passed away some two or three years before Steele's death. But if in his time the elder Trollope only revisited Florence at long intervals, the place possessed till her death in 1879 the latest and most long-lived survival from the Byron and Shelley period. This was Jane Clermont, satirically called by T. A. Trollope, Mrs. Sumphington, from a supposed resemblance of her conver-

sational reminiscences to the Byron and Shelley Table Talk of Trelawny, caricatured by Thackeray in *Pendennis* as Captain Sumphington. The lady, however, could and did make better contributions concerning the famous men she had known than those ridiculed by the novelist as coming from Byron's sometime satellite at Bungay's dinner table in Paternoster Row. Some of these, pretty freely circulated in the Florence of Steele's time, may now be recalled. Jane Clermont, who still retained her disgust at Trelawny's account of his part in the burial of the drowned Shelley, had in the seventies become *dévôte*. Notwithstanding the religious seclusion of her life, under her priestly confessor and director, the old Eve still lingered in her temperament, and together with the ruins still visible of her beauty she kept the occasional asperity as well as freshness of speech which in other days first charmed and then wearied the creator of "Childe Harold"; her treatment by him she contrasted to the last with the self-sacrificing generosity of the poet who perished in the storm off Spezzia, exactly two years before Byron died of his zeal for Greece, aggravated by bad weather and rheumatism, at Missolonghi. As for Jane Clermont's circumstances, she lived with fair comfort on what Shelley had left her, though much of the legacy had been lost in a theatrical speculation. Byron, it seems, had done nothing. That was the secret of the exactly opposite judgments which she passed on the two poets, whose personal character and literary genius she had come to think could not be correctly appraised without the knowledge that she alone possessed. Someone had referred to the two men first meeting each other at Geneva and not in the Clermont presence. "Nothing of the sort," put in the lady. "I was present at the time, brought them together, and

so ought to know. They came into an apartment where I happened to be—Shelley to lunch on lettuces and lemonade, Byron on beefsteaks or ale or whatever he could get." The exact place was the dining room of a little house near the Thames, and still standing in West Street, Marlow. Here Byron had come from London for a mid-day meal with Shelley. "On his arrival the host was out, there were no signs of food in the room which he entered and where I awaited Shelley's appearance. Byron I saw was getting irritable from hunger. I contrived to place before him the coarse, simple British fare, which his rude, rough taste really preferred to any delicacies. When therefore Shelley returned to toy with his dew-washed vegetables, he found Byron, devouring everything I had set before him, holding a big mug of ale to his lips and his mouth full of bread and cheese." As for Jane Clermont's first sight of the writer who in the early months of 1812 had gone to bed obscure and woke up to find himself famous, the Clermont account is plausible, and there seems no reason why it should not have been on this wise. She shared the poverty of the Godwin-Shelley household, then in very low water. Why should she not add to the common resources by going on the stage? The mention of Shelley's name would insure an interview with the older poet, then omnipotent at Drury Lane. Byron was all civility, smiles and promises; he did nothing, however, to help her to the public boards. In the year after Waterloo his quarrel with his native land and all his personal connections with it broke into open war. The great general who had overthrown Napoleon provoked the poet's scorn and curses, the King was the fourth of the fools and oppressors called George, one of his foremost statesmen, Castlereagh, a wretch, never to be named but with

imprecations and jeers. The Church did nothing but weep over her tithes. The country gentlemen were living for rent. Early in 1816 the bard, duly inspired by the Muses with these anathemas on his country and his age, mounted his horse at the door of the house in Piccadilly, possessed and occupied during the last century by the then doyen of English journalism, Lord Glenesk, rode down to the House of Lords, was assailed on entering Palace Yard with a storm of rotten eggs, brickbats and boos. Within a week he had left England forever, and soon became in a fair way of renewing his acquaintance with the would-be débutante of Drury Lane. The singer of "Don Juan" may have enjoyed the society, she protested that he never had her heart. Byron's conversation, steeped in the pessimistic and cynical brutality of the Regency period, was contrasted by the lady with Shelley's ethereal and utopian enthusiasm. Finally she would not allow him the praise of a disinterested devotion to the land he had sung, and in the cause of whose liberty he had died. The truth was, from the lady's point of view, that the poet had put a great deal of money into Greek investments; he was ambitious for what he considered a proper return. In a word he aimed at the honor afterwards actually offered to the fifteenth Earl of Derby, and was resolved on becoming the occupant of a Greek throne.

Jane Clermont lived till 1879. Through the haze of years she saw increasingly to the last in magnified outline the part filled by herself in the most famous and familiar episodes connected with the two poets, who had each of them worshiped at her youthful shrine. The "pen of history" and the "tongue of tradition" had told Doctor Steele much better worth remembering than gossip about the amours of early nineteenth-century notabilities and the feminine imitation of Byron's

lameness, which, unexpectedly overseen by the illustrious cripple himself, fixed his vindictive hatred on Jane Clermont, as she said, for the rest of his life. Any great transactions going forward at whatever European points drew the doctor from his Tuscan seclusion. In this way he found himself at Berlin during the Congress of 1878, with Beaconsfield and Salisbury for the British plenipotentiaries. His old friend Busch, as Bismarck's secretary, was in attendance, and told him how at the second sitting his chief turned round to him with the remark, "*der alte Jude das ist der mann*" (the old Jew, that is the man). A week or two later Busch secured Steele the rare and difficult privilege of an interview with the German Chancellor, who made no secret of his and his colleagues' admiration for Disraeli, adding, "You English do not seem to realize the value of having a statesman, Asiatic by birth, as the ruler of your chiefly Asiatic Empire."

Few persons have been qualified to profit as much as Steele contrived to do from a course of European travel, not unusual in his own day, and, as it would seem to the present ubiquitously locomotive age, altogether insignificant. The reason was that while yet a home-staying youth, his shrewd and far-seeing father had laid in his mind a sound foundation composed of the knowledge of the day before yesterday, including not only events, but the men who helped to make them and the conditions under which they worked. Travel in itself is not a basis on which any useful superstructure can be raised. The histories given to us at school or college supply instruction about remote periods without the connecting links, described most justly by Steele's father as necessary to the understanding of our own times. These links the old man taught his son to find in the periodical literature which had been

the novelty of his youth, and which was still represented by the *Edinburgh* and the *Quarterly Review*. Both publications, Steele (*père*) patriotically contended, were really the product of Scotch Tory brains. For if Sir Walter had not approved the venture of Brougham, Jeffrey and others its success would have been much less early and decisive. As for the *Quarterly*, that found its creator in a Scotch publisher living in London, with the giant of Scotch literature, Sir Walter, and his son-in-law Lockhart for the publisher's advisers. More than this, the doctrine accepted in Steele's youth was that if the *Edinburgh* had not misconducted itself there would have been no room for any rival. From the stormy youth of the Scotch trimestrial date the historic literary feuds of the nineteenth century's first half. Before these came the public to the north of the Tweed had learned to look upon the Whig "blue and yellow" as intensifying and impersonating whatever could most exalt, gratify and to the furthest limits possible could disperse the feeling and message of Scotch patriotism. The *Review* not only had a Scotch place of issue; it received greetings on every side as at once the mirror, creation and microcosm of Caledonian intellect, science and art. Wherever men met, talked, in club, library, dining room or mart, a spark had only to be elicited; it was immediately caught, preserved and brought to the *Review*. The Whig admiration for Bonaparte did not end with the Napoleonic wars. Anything, said the *Edinburgh* reviewers, would be better than a return of the Bourbons. Therefore, if he would and could, by all means let the Duke of Wellington's antagonist place himself at the head of French affairs. Hitherto Sir Walter Scott had been interested in and actively promoted the Constable venture, as the periodical first was. He could

not tolerate the line now taken. Not only did he withdraw, but the reasons for his withdrawal were those which brought the *Quarterly Review* into existence rather less than a decade afterwards. Sir Walter's protest against the treasonable tendencies of the *Edinburgh* propaganda began by causing differences in the *Edinburgh* camp, and something like a triangular duel, in which the parties were Horner, Jeffrey and Brougham. The seeds of future discords were left behind, and a state of things brought about, unexpectedly propitious to the London venture discussed by Canning, Gifford and John Murray the second for two years past, resulting in the appearance of the *Quarterly* during the winter of 1809. The pen-and-ink squabbles of the period were confined to the men on the "blue and yellow" among themselves; the staffs, like the rank and file at the two organs, never personally fell out, but kept at a respectful distance from each other in print. Neither periodical suffered from its rival. Indeed, the one rather helped the other than injured it. The Scotch publication had not only led the way but had created the South British appetite for the Albemarle Street issue (for in 1843 the purchaser of Sandby's book business, John Murray the second, had moved from the unfashionable Fleet Street to the brighter neighborhood of Piccadilly). Scott had broken with the *Edinburgh* men for their ultra-Gallican sympathies, but still found the society he liked best in their number. He enjoyed above all things his dinners with Lord Murray, Jeffrey, Cockburn and others of that file, recording these feasts as always "pleasant, capital good cheer": "Much laughter and fun—I do not know how it is, but when I am out with a party of my opposition friends the day is often merrier than when with our own set. Jeffrey and Harry Cockburn are both

very extraordinary men. The secret of the charm, however, I think is that when men of both parties meet, they do so with a feeling of novelty. We have not worn out our jests in daily contact." The scene of these hospitalities might be the English or the Scotch capital; if the latter they awoke admiring interest among those who listened to the accounts of them circulating through Princes Street. It seemed as if the convivialities of the Baron Bradwardine in *Waverley* had been revised and brought up to date by men with whose achievements, whose social calibre, intellectual glories, shrewd witticisms and crushing repartees North Britain then rang.

Contrast the harmony thus promoted among men of very different views and prejudices by the "feast of reason and flow of soul," with the difficulties that made life a burden to the most accomplished of Jeffrey's successors in the *Edinburgh* chair. Mawey Napier followed Jeffrey in the *Edinburgh* editorship, and held it from 1829 to 1847. Between these years Brougham and Macaulay were making their reputations, thanks chiefly to the opportunity given them by Napier, owing also not a little to his sagacious editorship and fruitful suggestions. What was Napier's reward?

One of Thackeray's roundabout papers sets forth the discomforts, perplexities, and vexations of the man singled out by fate for the conduct of a magazine. Napier's correspondence had it been published then, instead of near a quarter of a century later, might have moved him to swell the catalogue of his woes. Editorship indeed, in the strict sense of the word, proved the least difficult and invidious of Napier's duties. Scarcely a number appears, or is in preparation, that is not endangered by the internecine rivalries of the most eminent writers. Napier had not only to act as arbiter between con-

flicting claimants for treating the chief subject of the time, but to keep the peace when distance only prevents his crack contributors from flying at each other's throats. Brougham and Macaulay are not only forever fighting about the place given to their pieces in the periodical, the number of pages they are to occupy, the line to be taken and the necessity of leaving every detail of policy and principle to their infallible judgment; they are habitually imputing, at the same time, to each other a double dose of original sin. Thus Brougham—or Macaulay himself, as the case may be—so far from being fitted to take up a particular topic, is congenitally debarred from doing so by moral as well as intellectual reasons. This vein was usually reserved for political opponents. In 1831 John Wilson Croker was a bad, a very bad man, partly no doubt because his edition of Boswell's *Johnson* must be pronounced ill-arranged, ill-written, and ill-printed, but chiefly, it may be conjectured, because Croker was a Tory and wielded one of the most effective pens in the Albemarle Street trim-estrial. Sometimes Napier had the audacity to meditate new blood for his review by considering or even accepting a composition by Thomas Carlyle. Both his great writers are up in arms in a moment. Brougham shakes his head, and warns his chief of the probable consequences; Macaulay, through Leigh Hunt, entreats the editor to remember that Carlyle is merely a clever man absurdly over-rated by puffing friends.

Such were the literary amenities of the epoch now recalled. At the same time a very pretty pen-and-ink fight was going on between the antiquary, Sir Harris Nicolas, and "plain John Campbell," whose industry at the Bar and in the press had helped him to the Woolsack in 1859. This was the Scotch lawyer who wrote those *Lives of the Chancellors*, to whom Sir Charles

Wetherell applied Dr. Arbuthnot's epigram on Curll's biographies that he had added a new sting to death. Nicolas, in reading this work, saw reasons for questioning some of his statements about Queen Elizabeth's Sir Christopher Hatton. Going carefully into the matter, he not only found the suspicions just, but lighted on other inaccuracies; in the *Westminster Review* he either exposed them himself or insured their detection by others. The affair, looked back upon after the best part of the century, seems a teacup's storm. It agitated, however, the entire social and political atmosphere of the time, sowing as it went the seeds of fresh quarrels, to vex the peace of a later generation. One interesting and creditable point is brought out alike by Macfarlane's reminiscences and Lord Morley's *Recollections*. The writing craft, growing in popularity, grew also in good manners and the appearance of good will among its steadily multiplying votaries. No one now living is so well qualified as the writer who has made the French encyclopædists his own subject to give an account of the *Saturday Review's* youth and its development out of the Peelite *Morning Chronicle* under Douglas Cook, that "Napoleon of editors," as he was called by Mrs. Lynn Linton, who wrote for him *The Girl of the Period*, and who added to her description, "But mercy on us, what a temper!—has he not stormed at me, swore at me, yes! and even hit me, when I did not do exactly what he wished?" Cook's writers were often more Cookian than himself; and they, not he, began and fomented the long-forgotten feud between college-bred and non-University penmen. The books, however, which suggest these remarks remind one that when writers no longer drew their mutual swords they still could practise the gentle art of disparagement in a true Boswellian fashion; for the Laird

of Auckinleck, running down *Tristram Shandy* at the height of its fame, spoke of Sterne to Johnson as a dull fellow. "Why! no sir," rejoined the sage; who, however, later in the evening, as his biographer puts it, "tossed and gored a good many persons." The *Saturday Review*, as might be gathered from John Morley's narrative, introduced no doubt a new literary set into the journalistic polity. H. S. Maine, the author of *Ancient Law*, a sometime Fellow of Pembroke, but a tutor at Trinity Hall, had among his pupils William Vernon Harcourt, whom he recommended in the right quarter, when the *Saturday* staff was being formed. Meanwhile at Oxford, Mark Pattison was doing something of the same kind. In this way more than one Fellow of Oriel, notably T. C. Sandars, the happily surviving Albert Venn Dicey, in addition to his already enrolled brother Edward, afterwards Charles Austin, a Fellow of St. John's (Oxford), who in the *Saturday* first nicknamed the oldest of the penny papers, the *Daily Telegraph*, as "Jupiter Junior," found a place among the innumerable and endlessly growing Oxford recruits. About this time the older and non-Academic Fleet Streeters took the aggressive against the newcomers with their high-sniffing and superior airs. The leader and intellectually quite the most powerful of the old gang was Robert Brough, who when he chose could combine the spirit of the social and political leveler with the dagger of the literary assassin.

Inde illae irae. These formed the nearest approach to the literary amenities characteristic of an earlier day and already described; though in the later instances it was the personal animosity, not of civil war, but of social bitterness against a common enemy outside. Imperceptibly and surely the strife subsided. Before the nineteenth century's last quarter the feud had

lost all reality, and had dwindled on both sides to a petty species of quite contemptible cliquo mania. Macfarlane relates isolated instances in which at an earlier date the same sort of fizzling process periodically occurred. From this time forth the most notorious of the squabbles, roughly but quite wrongly placed under the head of literary amenities, were altogether personal affairs. The same covers holding together Tennyson's inscription to Robert Browning of "Tiresias and Other Poems," contain the lines to E. Fitzgerald, complimenting "Old Fitz," the author's Cambridge-intimate, on his golden Eastern lay, the Englished quatrains of the Persian *Omar Khayyam*. The two British bards had put the buttons on their respective foils, which an untoward fate, rather than any vulgar jealousy, forced them, against themselves, sometimes to cross. Browning, as Tennyson knew not or had forgotten, had himself also discovered the Persian astronomer-bard, who now against his translators, with and without, as it would seem, any set purpose on the other side, became a literary battlefield, calling forth Browning's most militant energies against the East Anglian man of letters who had poached on the Oriental manor. Another feeling may have animated those who had to do with this always insignificant and long since properly forgotten fray. In those days London University had received from the spiteful silliness of the old seats of learning the sobriquet of "Stinkomalee." During Tennyson's Cambridge days Browning had picked up every sort of useful and ornamental knowledge at the "University College," the germ of the University of London. The old training and the new culture eyed each other with little cordiality. The partisans of each found their champion in "old Fitz" and the destined successor to Wordsworth as laureate. Both sides, there-

fore, gradually, if not unintentionally, mixed up other issues with the original controversy. The two bards, the unwitting cause of the whole bother, stood aloof. A little later John Forster's review of *Paracelsus* did more than any other single fact to establish Browning's claim to the laurel which, from that time forward, he wore with perennial freshness and growing admiration. Tennyson, always impressed by his brain power if not by the beauty of his verse, was foremost among the poetic fraternity to welcome him to Parnassus. A more notable difference, that which at various times separated Dickens and Thackeray, was entirely the creation, not of the true protagonists, but of their parasitic backers; both men were surrounded by disciples and toadies, who without any reiteration from their self-styled chiefs, made the pettiest incidents an occasion for raising a fresh battle cry. The only considerable combatant among the Dickensians was Charles Lever; his caricatures of the man who wrote *Vanity Fair* by the style of Elias Howl in *Roland Castrel*, caused a 'nine days' sensation, but nothing more. The Freeman-Froude episode proved of wider and longer interest, and naturally finds a place in the literary memoirs of the time.

Where from alternate tubs,
Stubbs butters Freeman, and Freeman
butters Stubbs.

So sang the present writer's former tutor and always invaluable friend, the late Thorold Rogers. Froude's consummate style seemed to Freeman another ground of offense because it threw a meretricious glamour over what the oracles of his school declared to be perversions of history and fact. Then came the edifying spectacle of Swinburne's change of front towards Rossetti, to whom, at that time, he owed more than to any other one

man of genius among those he knew. To Burne-Jones, as Rossetti's most illustrious pupil, the author of *Poems and Ballads* dedicated his first series of these compositions. After more than a decade of adulation of "the master"—with pen as well as pencil, the bard of *Atalanta* turned round on his idol with what Mrs. Malaprop would have called "a nice derangement of epitaphs," apostrophizing him as the painter who could not paint and the singer who tried to sing but failed. The Victorian era had nearly run its course when other flowers of controversy were exchanged between comrades in their craft and social intimates in their daily life like R. Louis Stevenson and W. E. Henley, about whom, with the origin of the difference, some Macfarlane of the future may have more to tell than seems seasonable now. Meanwhile the literary fashions of the period had changed with the development of its feuds, especially in respect of the essay. That variety of composition, in the hands of its sixteenth-century master, Montaigne, sometimes, as in *Raymond Sebond*, a coherent exposition of personal conviction or its opposite, was for the most part a vehicle for the disjointed expression of kaleidoscopic views of human nature, character and life. Francis Bacon invested this sort of writing with a compactness, method and sententious pregnancy of his own. Then came the application of the *Spectator* polish; and the essays of the Queen Anne's men remain the most perfect specimens of finish, blended with ease. The middle of the nineteenth century witnessed a new departure by the country parson A. K. H. B., the literary father of a countless progeny and the setter of fashion which has not yet lost its vogue. Lord Morley's shorter papers, as well as those of FitzJames Stephens, in the *Saturday Review* and elsewhere, became patterns in that kind

of writing, sensibly influencing all the leader-manufacturers of their age. The pens trained by Dickens, especially G. A. Sala, heralded a reaction against the older severity of form. In the *The London Quarterly Review*.

hands of R. L. Stevenson and Rudyard Kipling the essay once more furnished a pretext for the writer taking the whole world into his confidence, somewhat after the manner of Montaigne.

WITHOUT SANCTION OF ADMIRALTY.

BY "ÆSCULAPIUS."

IX.

By this time it was 11.45, and the wardroom servants were laying the cloth for lunch, that meal being served at twelve o'clock in the navy. Rushbrook was having a bitters with a group of naval officers. "Hurrah!" he cried when the staff surgeon tapped him on the shoulder. "Have something, O'Brien, and stay for lunch."

"Right-o. When did you get back from the Baltic?"

"A few weeks ago; we've just finished our refit. O'Brien, this is Macmurdo, who's with me. Crawley"—indicating a staff paymaster—"has just come home from the Adriatic, and been appointed to the *Prometheus*. Sedley here lost his seaplane yesterday, and nearly his life, so please overlook his personal appearance."

This was a bit of a gibe on the commander's part, for Sedley's uniform was quite spotless. His legs, however, were appallingly small for his colossal body, and the wholesale "pulling" of them, which his messmates had indulged in ever since he was a cadet at Osborne, eventually had led to his changing over to the Royal Naval Air Service.

By the time they sat down to lunch they were talking "shop" and service personalities, and prancing from subject to subject in the way of naval officers.

"We're going for a spin on the sur-

face in half an hour, doc.," Rushbrook said. "Why don't you come along?"

"I've got to take a case to the hospital ship; otherwise I should be delighted."

A signalman came up. "Staff Surgeon O'Brien, sir?"

"Yes; what is it?"

"A signal has come through, sir," he said: "No hospital boat available until 4 p. m. unless case is exceptionally urgent.' Any reply, sir?"

"Not at the moment," said O'Brien.

"Why can't you bring him along in the submarine, doc.?" Rushbrook chimed in. "I'm going in that direction. Is it a cot case?"

"No; he can walk all right. It isn't exactly a physical infirmity that's troubling him."

"Well, then, you'd better come," the commander urged; "he'd be a jolly sight more comfortable with me than in a hospital boat, from what I know of them."

O'Brien hesitated. "It would scarcely be in accordance with Admiralty orders."

"I'll take any risk going in that direction," the commander assured him, ordering a couple of glasses of port.

"Good," the staff surgeon said. "Getting into trouble has been the specialty of my life. Well, here's to you, Rushbrook," he murmured, raising his glass.

"Cheer-o," replied the commander.

"We'll start at once, then; so you might see if your patient is ready."

O'Brien found Joughins in the ward-room. "We've changed our plans a bit, Joughins," he said. "A hospital boat isn't available at present, but we're taking passage in O2. Wrap yourself up carefully, and don't feel nervous; we're not going to submerge."

"Oh, I'm not a bit afraid at this time of day, sir. In my saner moments," said Joughins, who had had a couple of years at the university, and was inclined to be poetical, "I quite realize my trouble is but a fantasy of the night."

X.

They were soon aboard the submarine entering by way of the fore-hatch. Many of the crew remained on deck, where Lieutenant Macmurdo, R. N. R., was in charge. The weather was changing rapidly, and, in view of the approaching rain, Macmurdo ordered his men to go below for their oilskins. He then had all the hatchlids closed except the conning tower one.

Rushbrook, O'Brien and Joughins sat in the amidships compartment, which contained a settee and a small leather armchair. The commander's cabin opened into it from the starboard side, while ranged along the other were chart cupboards and lockers. There was scarcely any motion; they merely felt the throb of the Diesel engine. Rushbrook showed them some recent improvements. There was the speed indicator, or log, for instance, which pointed to ten knots. Joughins was very keen to look through the periscope, but unfortunately a fog was rolling up, and he could not get a clear view of the O2's surroundings.

On deck Lieutenant Macmurdo labored under the same difficulty, and cursed a climate that made such an abrupt change in the weather possible. As he came under the lee of Borodino

Point he was about to call the captain on deck, when a dark object, coming at great speed, loomed up on his starboard bow. Before he could alter course to avoid collision, the destroyer crashed into the O2, hurling her aside, and causing her to vibrate from stem to stern. The submarine dipped at an acute angle as the water poured in, and Macmurdo, seeing the boat was sinking by the head, and not having time to go below, pushed the lid of the conning tower down.

"Close the for'ard water-tight door," the commander ordered within.

A couple of seamen carried out his orders. At the same time Rushbrook pulled the emergency lever that released the O2's heavy, but detachable, keel, in the hope that the added buoyancy would make the boat come to the surface again. The weight of the water shipped, however, was too much for the submarine, for she continued to dive, till she grounded on the bottom in ten fathoms of water. Unfortunately the sluice of the voice-pipe communicating with the for'ard compartment could not be shut, and water poured aft. It took some time to stop a flow that had such pressure behind it. By this time sea water had penetrated into the battery tank situated under the deck, and as it came into contact with the cells containing sulphuric acid, chemical combination took place. Hydrochloric acid gas was formed freely, and the occupants of O2 began coughing and choking, and water commenced to stream from their irritated eyes.

"Respirators!" yelled O'Brien, in agony.

Rushbrook pointed to a locker. The staff surgeon pulled out the sausage-shaped things, and helped officers and men to put them on, finally adjusting one on himself. Then they donned protecting goggles. Naturally they could not speak to each other under such circumstances.

The commander got pad and pencil. "I'm sorry, doc., getting you into this mess," he wrote.

O'Brien replied in similar fashion: "Don't worry about me. My only concern is our friend the patient."

XI.

With death rapping on the sides of the submarine, and a fairly strong representative within in the shape of poisonous gas, these men sat there in acute possession of all their faculties. Standing up against the incongruous picture they made in their anti-gas dress, and the intricate mechanism of the submarine, were a few homely reminders such as mess dishes, a wine glass, a pipe, or a small print or photograph tacked on a locker. Such awful situations, where it is a toss-up whether or not annihilation occurs, often steady the nerves of men, provided the tension is not kept up too long. Some of this lethal nonchalance was infused even into Joughins, who was about to be invalidated out of the service owing to nerve frailty. At the moment, he picked up a copy of the *Sketch* and mechanically turned over pages which he saw through the yellow glare of his goggles. How flippant and futile seemed many of the items! There was perhaps Lady Flamboyant walking in the park, or little Miss Smirks, the latest revue star. Apart from an odd reflection or two of this nature, the trio experienced few of the feelings one is supposed to have on like occasions, such as the events of one's past life passing before the mind's eye in a sort of strident and insistent panorama. It may be the many golden opportunities he had lost flashed over Staff Surgeon O'Brien's brain, but the predominating feeling that throbbed and exulted within the breast of officer and man alike was an instinctive one, the heritage of countless years of animal evolution, development, and strife

against adverse conditions tending to obliterate life—the desire to live, not for any particular purpose, but merely for the sake of living.

XII.

Rushbrook took up the indispensable signal pad, and began writing briskly. "The only way of escape is by conning tower. Three of you will enter at a time, and I'll let compressed air in till the upper lid is forced open. Two of you'll allow yourselves to be borne to the surface by the uprushing air. The third man will pull the lid down again, so as to prepare the way for the next lot; and the process will be repeated until you are all ejected."

Goggles and respirators were now discarded for life saving helmets containing a chemical "purifier" of respired air. O'Brien, Joughins, and an engine room artificer named Rogers were the first to enter the conning tower. As soon as the lid was closed behind them Rushbrook opened the valves which retained air in iron bottles under great pressure. The sensation of being in a hermetically sealed chamber where air was being accumulated till its pressure was sufficient to overcome that of the sea at such a depth was intolerable. At least Joughins and O'Brien found it so. The life within them, which is normally a diffusible and impalpable affair, seemed to be compressed by some gigantic force till it became concentrated into a tight lump within their chest, tugging at its moorings, and endeavoring to leave the body. Rogers, on the other hand, did not appear to suffer much discomfort. He was a contortionist, and very thin, and possibly incapable of further compression. Hugging the side of the conning tower, he stood by to close the lid after its "pop" allowed the staff surgeon and his patient to escape. This event happened quite suddenly, just like steam blowing off through a safety

valve; and, indeed, the action was similar. Joughins and O'Brien were instantly shot out, and found themselves being lifted up with a mighty gurgle. As they ascended, and the pressure became less, the viable force again expanded, and this time it felt as if all the pores of the body were being stretched and torn asunder so that empty spaces might once more be occupied. Up, up, they came, cerebrating agonized thoughts as quickly as films form impressions in a cinema machine. When the two helmets bobbed to the surface, several picket boats were on the scene of the disaster, and they were both hauled on board. So condensed were the impressions of those few seconds that when their helmets were removed they seemed to have come back to a world they had left a very long time ago. Seamen cast their great coats upon them, and they lay there, thinking of the others who had yet to arrive. Rogers was the first, and he was secured with difficulty, turning over and over in the sea. The others followed in rapid succession, till everybody was up except the commander.

Fifteen minutes had elapsed since the last man had been taken on board, and still there was no sign of Rushbrook. A hospital boat came up. "I have orders from the flagship to take all survivors at once to the *Bengal*," the skipper said.

"If I go, there'll be no one to look after the commander," the staff surgeon objected.

"A surgeon is being sent by the flagship, sir," said a gunner who was in charge of a diving party; "and, if I'm not mistaken, here he comes," indicating a picket boat with brass funnels which was bearing down on them.

"Hold on a minute, skipper," O'Brien said to the captain of the hospital boat.

"Ay, ay, sir," the latter responded. The surgeon saluted O'Brien.

"Will you see these people off to the

Bengal, Ingleby?" the staff surgeon said to him. "One is a surgeon probationer, and he'll tell you all about it."

"Certainly, sir," said the young surgeon, jumping across to the hospital boat.

At the same time the men on board the diving craft began heaving round the wheel of the air-supplying machine, and one of the divers descended to investigate the wreck.

XIII.

Someone had to be left behind in the O2 in the uncomfortable position of having a conning-tower full of sea water intervening between him and the opening through which the others had effected their escape. That man was the commander, for the *modus operandi* of the thing depended on his doing this. There was, however, a possible means of making his exit in another direction, which Rushbrook had already thought out. He was about to put his plan into execution, when an overwhelming feeling of poignant regret at having to leave his snug surroundings assailed him, and he paused on the very threshold, so to speak, of the chamber which had been his home for so long. There was still enough current in the batteries to keep the electric lights burning, and apart from the discomfort of wearing a respirator, and a sort of acrid taste in his mouth from the hydrochloric acid gas that had escaped the neutralizing medium, there was nothing, except perhaps the deadly stillness, to suggest that he was not resting on the bed of the *Baltic*, in perfect security, as he had done many a time. There were no voices to break the silence; he did not hear the snores of his men slumbering in their bunks, for submersion seems to relax the soft palate and infuse a noise into one's sleepy breathing. The peacefulness of the scene was, in fact, more than soothing; it had a somnific sugges-

tion about it that made him sit down on the settee and wonder whether it was worth while attempting to escape. For what would he live? There would be a court of inquiry into the accident, and his every action would be scrutinized. If he was not reprimanded, at least the tag of one disaster would cling to him for a long time. Now that he thought of it, too, it had been a strenuous effort ever since war began, and he felt tired and weary, and had not the heart to go on.

In this mood he went into his cabin, and his eye wandered over all the accessories that mean home to a naval officer, and then his gaze finally rested on *her* photograph. Here was one more reason for not living; the pain of her recollection would be obliterated, and yet the perverseness of his nature was manifested in his having kept her features before him. She was a dark-haired girl, and when she originally smiled on his advances, his adaptability for feeling and doing things seemed to be as expansile and his view of life as mellow as a gold-beater's leaf. Later on she had declared herself frightened at his excess of feeling for her; and finally she decided she must have as a husband one whose career was such that she could depend on his presence. He wondered what she would say when she heard; probably "How dreadful, poor chap!" over a cup of tea, and then she would pass on to some trivial subject. Yet Rushbrook kissed her picture before quitting the cabin.

XIV.

By this time the current in the damaged batteries began to give out, and Rushbrook, sitting down on the settee once more, watched it grow dimmer and dimmer, till even the glow died out. Then a new light seemed to appear, and he became aware of a persistent flashing, which kindled some chords of memory within him. "Good heav-

ens!" he thought, "that can't be the lights"; and a shudder passed through him as the thing seemed to visualize in his mind the letters of his own name, "Rushbrook, Rushbrook, Rushbrook." He saw them being formed before him and yet they were not real letters. His system, which had been recoiling from the continued strain, was elastic enough still to respond to the human wand which was endeavoring to touch him. It dawned on him that this was no phantasmagoria of a diseased imagination, but a diver outside the submarine flashing a signal to him down the periscope, in Morse code. "Rushbrook, Rushbrook, Rushbrook," it kept saying. Overcoming the inertia which had been leading him to his doom, he groped his way into his cabin again, and found the torchlight which he always kept under his pillow. With this he secured a hammer from the engine room and began tapping a reply on the side of the submarine, near the conning tower.

"Rushbrook," the diver flashed.

"Yes," the commander tapped.

"Are you all right?"

"Yes."

"Come out through engine room hatch. I'll stand by to help you," the commander made out.

"Right-o," he answered. "Why, that was my original scheme," Rushbrook thought. "What the deuce came over me?" The last half hour seemed like a dream to him now, and, without delaying further, he went into the little engine room and closed the water-tight door behind him. After discarding his respirator, he opened the Kingston valve, letting the sea come in from below, and this, welling up, compressed the air as the chamber shrank in size. When the sea had reached his armpits the pressure had become positive enough for him to work the geared wheel that opened the hatch cover. The

commander then felt himself being forced up; his head and arms were already through the opening when a mishap occurred. The outrushing air, insinuating itself into the body-attachment of the helmet, so inflated him that he was unable to get out. He was becoming weak and limp and consciousness seemed to be fading away when he felt himself being pulled violently out by the diver; and the next thing he knew a nursing sister was bending over him on board a naval hospital ship.

XV.

O'Brien, who was standing alongside the cot, put his finger to his lips, enjoining silence. "You've had a narrow squeak, Rushbrook," he said, "and you'll have to be quiet for a few days."

This admonition, however, was of little avail when Rushbrook's eyes met those of the nursing sister. "Vera!" he exclaimed, throwing his arms round her neck and kissing her violently.

"Forgive me for having followed you into the navy after treating you so badly."

O'Brien left them softly. He met Macmurdo in the alleyway. "Glad to see you're safe, sir," the latter said.

"Thanks, Macmurdo," replied O'Brien; "I'd forgotten your crowd. Any casualties?"

"No, sir; they're down in the men's ward, waiting for their clothes to dry, and, incidentally, for instructions from the flagship regarding their disposal."

"Good," O'Brien said. "I need a bit of drying myself."

"They'll do that for you in the evaporating room. If you like, you may use the cabin they gave me, and an orderly will look after you."

"Thanks very much. Perhaps you'll also be so kind as to have them make a signal to the *Alcibiades* for a boat to take me back."

"Right-o."

The fleet surgeon of the *Bengal* looked in to see if O'Brien was comfortable. He found him tucked up in bed. "You're looking none the worse for your experience," he said. "They're bringing you in a cup of tea; and, by the way, a special effort is being made to dry your gear quickly. I've chipped in a collar and one of my surgeons will lend you a cap. I know you'll want to return to your ship spick-and-span as usual."

"I'm very much obliged, sir," O'Brien said. "Now that I think of it, could you tell me anything about young Joughins, the surgeon probationer? I haven't seen anything of him since coming on board. How is he?"

"Gone," answered the fleet surgeon.

"Gone! Where?"

"Back to his ship."

"The *Roister Doister*?"

"Some funny name of that sort."

"Well, I'm blessed! The rascal! Why, I was sending him in."

"We're somewhat cramped for space," the fleet surgeon said; "and as he stoutly declared he was all right now, and wanted to go back to his ship, we let him have his way. Great shock, as you know, often works wonders in such cases," the P. M. O. concluded.

"The staff surgeon's boat is here from the *Alcibiades*," a sick berth steward announced.

A few minutes later an orderly came along with his clothes, and it did not take O'Brien long to get into them. He was a bit wobbly at first, but a stiff whisky and soda put him right, and when he went over the ship's side into the picket boat he showed no signs of the strenuous afternoon he had experienced.

Lieutenant Deans, R. N. R., was on watch in the *Alcibiades* when he came alongside. By this time it was dusk. Deans had, of course, heard of the accident by means of intercepted signals,

but he had not the slightest idea the staff surgeon was involved in it.

O'Brien came on to the quarterdeck.

"Had a good day, sir?" he asked as below.

"Fine," said the staff surgeon, going below.

Chambers's Journal.

THE END.

HOPE IN BAD TIMES.

There have been years in the world's history when the hope of mankind seemed to be suddenly submerged in overwhelming disaster. A country or a Continent had gradually advanced in all that civilization means. Houses had been built to resist the sun or rain and cold; cattle and children were defended from wild beasts; fields were planted, and the earth yielded her increase; safe and easy roads ran from town to town; the rivers were bridged and the streams controlled to use; mills and factories hummed or clattered with machinery; cities were beautified with architecture, thought ennobled by the power of the word; gods appeared kindly, on the whole; and men and women so content with daily life and daily labor that few desired to die before the natural end, and most had no desire even then for death. Suddenly upon such a scene a destructive calamity fell. In a few seconds, an earthquake shattered all in ruin. In a few hours, a volcano covered all with molten lava and glowing ash. In a few months or years, war obliterated the memorials of all that joyful life.

The most hideous calamities which thus befall mankind have always been the handiwork of man. The mind shrinks from the attempt to realize what is meant even by those sculptured stones representing the capture of ancient cities whose very names have been long forgotten. Walls collapsed; men lay in heaps transfixed with spears and arrows; line after line of

captive men and captive women were dragged into slavery; their race vanished from the earth; the happiness which they had so carefully devised and guarded was wiped out beyond recall. Consider the civilization of Crete, the wealth of its resources, the beauty of its arts, the pleasure of its daily life, the apparent justice of its gods and government. Yet it was suddenly overwhelmed by man, and for three thousand years its only records lay in a few dim and incredible tales.

In every age and quarter of the globe certain pages of man's dark history have been further blackened by years or episodes of similar despair. We need not go back to the traditions of blood and ruin which cast a gloom of horror over Greek life and worship and literature, no matter how our æsthetic commentators may extol the Hellenic blitheness and gaiety which they find, or desire to find, in the remnants of Greece. Let us come to times when history was about as trustworthy as history ever is. Imagine with what feelings Athenian men and women heard that vast hordes of Asiatic savages were crawling round the top of Greece, bridging the sea, consuming the land, drinking rivers dry; heard that they had broken through the gate between mountains and sea, and were close at hand. And then with what feelings the people from a distance beheld their city go up in flames—gods, temples and all! Less than a lifetime later, when the city had risen in greater

beauty still, huddled within the walls they watched, year after year, a pitiless enemy destroying the fertility of their farms and threatening famine from outside, while a plague decimated the crowds of country people who had sought shelter in stifling huts, jerry-built among the marble temples. Less than a lifetime later still, they saw their city year by year gradually declining, torn by civil faction and tortured by bureaucratic tyranny, until at last the same pitiless and overgoverned enemy, educated for war alone, and devoted to nothing higher than the State, destroyed her sea power and obliterated her insulating walls to the sound of flutes or screaming bagpipes.

That was a fine, laconic gesture when Philip threatened Sparta with utter destruction if he came, and Sparta answered with the one word, "If." Yet the finest gesture did not rescue Greece either from the Macedonian or the Roman blight, and with Greece all that was greatest in human civilization disappeared. We see the poor relics gathered up in Italy and spread along the Mediterranean shores. During the exhausted calm of the Augustan age, and beneath the bland tranquillity of the Antonines, a civilized world began to recover and form itself again, just as in a lake the surface grows pellucid as the turbid deposits sink. Yet hardly had the Roman world assumed a quietude when those centuries of misery fell upon it which make Gibbon's History an almost unbroken chronicle of woe. Issuing, like Cimmerians, out of darkness, Goths passed through Prussia and the Ukraine to plunder and destroy the leavings of Greece and Asia. Franks from the Upper Rhine crowded into Gaul and Spain; Vandals into Northern Africa. Alaric the Goth sacked Rome, but within a generation Attila the Hun found plenty still to sack. From beyond the Wall of China, his Mongol hosts wandered, hideous

offspring of witches and demons of the wilderness, and where his horse trod grass never grew again. Hardly had he relieved the world by his death when Genseric the Vandal sacked Rome again; and so for ten centuries in succession those "irruptions of the barbarians" continued, until at last the Turks stormed into Constantinople and the Eastern Empire was united with the West in common annihilation.

During those ages, what hope for civilized mankind seemed to survive? In recent times, what hope could our own country retain during the central years of the Napoleonic war? In the midst of our present griefs and apprehensions, let us remember those months and years when "the Corsican Demon," "the Enemy of Mankind," was striding over Europe from victory to victory. Ulm, Austerlitz, Jena:

Another year! Another deadly blow!
Another mighty empire overthrown;

so the great poet exclaimed. "There is nothing to break the gloom; Europe is France," said Addington. "Roll up the map of Europe; it will not be wanted for ten years," said the dying Pitt. We are forgetting in what abhorrence the name of Napoleon was held by this country only a century ago. We were forgetting that kind of detestation until today seemed to bring a fit object for its parallel:

"The secret of Napoleon's success," said Wordsworth, "lies in his utter rejection of the restraints of morality—in wickedness which acknowledges no limit but the extent of its own power. Let anyone reflect a moment, and he will find that a new world of forces is open to a Being who has made this desperate leap."

Yet Wordsworth had greeted with natural enthusiasm the Revolution from which Napoleon sprang, and in spite of his slow decline into the slough of resigned acquiescence in con-

servatism, he was still at that time almost as true a foe to the commonplace tyranny of Courts and Governments as was Byron when in despair he cried:

Can tyrants but by tyrants conquered
be,
And Freedom find no champion and no
child?

In days and years such as those through which this country has lately passed and is passing now, there may be a consolation in recalling days or years when the world's outlook appeared equally dark. If the depth of sorrow is the memory of past happiness, some alleviation may be gained by remembering unhappier things. "O passi pejora"—that exhortation to fortitude is ancient and assured. In times of extreme adversity and suspense, it is safest to grant the worst at once. Let it be granted, then, that much of man's history is a record of brutality. Let it be granted that Goethe's Euphorion was right when he said, in lines quoted by Lichnowsky as expressing the doctrine of the German militarist party:

Traumt Ihr den Friedenstag?
Traume, wer traumen mag!
Krieg ist das Lösungswort!
Sieg, und so klingt es fort.

Let it be granted that the present slaughter, the present anguish of suspense, and the present fear for all that a free and self-reliant people has most valued, come to us only in natural suc-

The Nation.

cession to the Persians' attempts to exterminate Greece, to Sparta's destruction of Athenian individualism, and to the desolation brought by earlier barbarians upon the civilized world. Still we need not assume that man's belief in violence as advantageous, and in bloodshed as medicinal, are permanently characteristic of his nature. We have all his religion, much of his poetry, a fair amount of his philosophy, and some of his history, which assume and even prove the contrary. The daily lives of millions—the true average of living—are a testimony against it. Even the contemplation of those ancient disasters reveals a real change, which, for want of a stronger word, we call progress or improvement. Horrors are perpetrated, as in all wars from the beginning; but, beyond a certain limit, their perpetration raises a protest even in the nation guilty of them—a slight protest, but stronger than any we read in the Book of Joshua or even in the history of Greece, except as coming from a few unusual minds. Even if that particular element of progress or improvement is disputed, the wonder is still that man, however monstrous his misdeeds have been, nevertheless continues capable of kindness, pity, honor and devotion to ideas called noble. Whatever calamity the war may bring upon civilization and the human race, those qualities seem bound to endure, and no conceivable miracle can surpass the marvel of their persistence.

JOFFRE AND THE FRENCH ACADEMY.

By F. Y. ECCLES.

The election of Marshal Joffre to a vacant chair in the French Academy is very evidently a compliment of more significance and dignity than the granting of a degree in civil law to an explorer or a chemist, a popular tragedian or a generous millionaire. But it might pass for one of those irrelevant acts of homage, more frequent in this country than in France, by which learned bodies seem to proclaim not so much the natural subordination of words to actions as the essential equivalence of success in every kind. I notice in many of the articles devoted to the event by French writers some anxiety to anticipate and rebut a charge of inconsequence. All the world knows that the credentials of the new Academician are not of the literary order. The question they raise is whether his inestimable services are appropriately acknowledged by an election which entitles this great captain to sit "under the Dome" among poets, critics, novelists and playwrights. With hardly an exception their answer is cordially affirmative. "French thought," writes one of them, "would have been of little account in the world if the genius of Prussia had triumphed on the battlefield." We may extend the proposition and say that at the battle of the Marne all the spiritual inheritance of the West was in jeopardy. In all great wars the victor imposes his *mind*; and in this war the declared aim of the aggressor was not limited to a material ascendancy. "This war," exclaims Herr Julius Hart in *Der Tag* of Berlin, "is and ought to be a war of civilization. If we are filled with the conviction that it is our aim and duty to wage a war of German civilization

against other civilizations—a war of mind—we bless and hallow our bloody weapons, for with them we are fighting for the good of mankind." The French intelligence owes a debt of its own to the defenders of French soil; and by honoring Joffre the institution which represents that intelligence in literature has done what it could to honor the French army. But if the act is appropriate to its intention, it may still be thought that a soldier is out of place in such a company unless he has additional claims more consonant to the traditional functions of the Academy. If the Academy is nothing but a highly exclusive literary club, or even a "high court of letters," would not an address of congratulation have served the purpose?

But the French Academy is something very different. It was indeed a literary club which formed its nucleus—that pleasant society of wits, nine or ten in number, who used to meet informally at Conrart's early in the seventeenth century, to talk of books, hear one another's verses, and afterwards to walk abroad or sup together; and who, not unnaturally, received with some suspicion Richelieu's suggestion that they might care "to form a corporation and meet regularly, under public authority." When he had his way and the Academy was established some years later, in 1635, under Royal letters patent, the first and principal task assigned it was the purgation and guardianship of the French language. That is still its peculiar office, of which the wider offices it fills are almost a corollary.

Of late years it might almost be maintained that the Academy has dis-

played a terror of narrowness by some precipitate elections, though it constantly rejected the anti-national claims of Emile Zola, and only elected one Symbolist when he showed signs of repentance. It is also apparent that it has recently required at least the excuse of published works for every election, though the remnant of the *parti ducal* still survives, and more than one living Academician is better known as a statesman than as an author. The election of Marshal Joffre revives a more candid habit. M. Henri Bidou (himself a man of letters who has only lately won fame as an expert on military matters) reminded the public in a recent article that though Joffre has written little, he has on occasion made the noblest use of words. "He has the art of adapting his means exactly to his end, which makes the master of style." However, if the Academy had sought for a man of war distinguished for his writings upon his own art, for a soldier or a sailor who might fitly succeed to the chair of a Jurien de la Gravière or a Langlois, there were plenty of possible candidates. General Foch for one. But, desiring to mark the gratitude of thinking France to the soldiers who saved its inheritance, whom could it choose but their chief?

M. Bidou remarks in the same article that Joffre is the sixth Academician who has attained the dignity of a Marshal of France. Of the other five, only one, Villars, had any comparable claim. Denain was a very different battle from the Marne; but it was fought in circumstances similarly critical for the country. In both ordeals it may be said that

Unus homo nobis cunctando restituit rem.

The reception of the new Academician (which is not expected to take place before next winter) will be, of course, a great occasion. In former days, the speeches of the *récipiendaire* and of the quarterly Director who officially welcomed him were notoriously tedious harangues, stuffed with vain compliments and irrelevant commonplaces. In more recent times, they have given opportunity for professions of artistic faith, and have often been interesting enough. Occasionally they have had the interest of an expected scandal, as when Victor Hugo "received" Sainte-Beuve after their notorious quarrel, and when Emile Ollivier's reply (which contained an outrageous attack upon his predecessor Thiers) was judiciously "taken as read." Marshal Joffre's reception will have no such attraction for literary criticism or for idle curiosity. But it will be a field day for French patriots,

HEART-TO-HEART TALKS.

(*The German Kaiser and a Prussian Courtier.*)

The Kaiser (looking at himself in a long looking-glass). There! I am not so gray after all. Indeed, my mustache is not at all gray. Let me see if I can frown in the old terrific manner. Yet, that's fairly good. Perhaps it might be just a leetle fiercer. I must practice it half an hour every day. Hullo! Who's there?

[*A Prussian Courtier enters and prostrates himself.*]

The Courtier. I beg your Majesty ten thousand pardons. I had no idea your Majesty was in this room, otherwise your Majesty may be sure I should not have dared to intrude.

The K. I forgive you for your intrusion, but must ask you to remember next time that any door which is closed is a door behind which I might possibly be found, and must not therefore be rashly opened or approached. Now go.

The C. I hasten to withdraw myself from your Majesty's glorious presence.

[*Walks backward to the door.*]

The K. Stay, stay a moment.

The C. I am at your Majesty's commands.

The K. Have you been in the streets this morning?

The C. Yes, your Majesty, I spent an hour in walking about Berlin.

The K. Tell me, what do the people say? How do they take the latest news?

The C. They are elated with joy because of your Majesty's most recent victories.

The K. Did you hear them say anything?

The C. I did. I heard one officer say to another, "We shall get on with old Hindenburg in charge."

The K. (obviously annoyed). Oh, they put it all down to Hindenburg, do they? They forget that it is I who am the War Lord and who am in command of everything. Do you hear me, of *everything*? It is time that people knew that no victory can get itself won without my having organized it. Even when there are two victories in a day, one in Russia and one on the Western Front, though I cannot be present at more than one, I am responsible for both. People are far too much inclined to drag in the name of Hindenburg and to forget that of their All-Highest Emperor and King. I must warn Hindenburg, who is quite an honest fellow, but rather thick in the skull, not to let himself be deceived by flatterers.

The C. The warning, your Majesty, will not come a whit too soon. There are certain things that a man should not allow himself even to think. It was only the other day that I checked the Field Marshal as he was saying—but for the Field Marshal's sake I will not relate what he was saying.

The K. (assuming his most terrific aspect). Not relate! That you shall, and in full. Out with it!

The C. Pardon me, your Majesty. A private conversation.

The K. I do not care how private it may have been. What was it? Quick!

The C. The Field Marshal, your Majesty, happened to say that if he was constantly interfered with, as he now was, he could guarantee defeat in a very short time.

The K. Did he say who interfered with him?

The C. No, your Majesty—that is, yes, your Majesty. There was no

doubt left on anyone's mind that he meant to refer to your Majesty.

The K. Monstrous!

The C. That is exactly what I permitted myself to say, and I added that he seemed to forget that you were the Lord's Anointed, and that everybody was aware how splendidly and nobly you had performed your task in a war which had been thrust upon you by others.

The K. Did he make any reply?

The C. He did. He said that, as to beginning the War, it was plain from Prince Lichnowsky's memorandum that it was you and your Ministers who had begun the War, but that he (the Field Marshal) did not blame you for that. On the contrary, he said, if he blamed you at all, it was for not beginning the War earlier.

Punch.

The K. I am taking measures to discipline Lichnowsky, and with Hindenburg also I shall have to take measures. How did he dare to say that it was I who began the War?

The C. That is what I said to him, your Majesty, I said that your humanity had forbidden you to make war until all other means of meeting the situation had failed.

The K. You did well, and I shall not forget your services.

The C. Oh, your Majesty, it was the least I could do. Having so kind a master it was natural that I should raise my voice to defend your Majesty's reputation.

The K (coldly). You express yourself awkwardly. Remember that I am Kaiser, and that my reputation needs no defense.

GENERAL FOCH.

By MARC LOGE.

A few days ago, while receiving the representatives of the French Press during a lull in the great battle on the Western front, General Foch declared: "The Germans are stopped, and now we are going to do better still."

These words pronounced by a great chief could not fail to have the greatest effect on the morale of France and her Allies, especially as General Foch is known to speak little and to observe that "golden silence" so often extolled but so rarely practised by the wise.

Ferdinand Foch was born in 1851. Like Marshal Joffre, he is from the south of France, being a Basque of the Pyrenees, and he possesses the vigorous type of his race—his gray-blue eyes reflecting the indomitable will and energy so characteristic of the proud, eagle-profiled men one meets in the

Pyrenean countryside. Little is known about his early youth, except that he was brought up at Metz, and it is probable that remembrances of the brave Lorraine city, so brutally submitted to Prussian tyranny, surge up in his memory, together with a keen desire of revenge, while he elaborates one of those able manœuvres for which he is celebrated.

In 1873 we find him at the Polytechnic School, studying, with the rank of lieutenant, and from that time onwards his promotions succeeded each other very regularly. Lieutenant in 1875, he got his captaincy in 1878. Twenty years later he was lieutenant-colonel; in 1903 he became colonel, but only remained so until 1907, when he was entrusted with the command of the 13th Division of Infantry, with the promotion of general.

General Foch ranks among the most brilliant professors of the Superior School of War, of which he was director for several years. Many of his pupils have become officers quite remarkable for their splendid military qualities. It was during this period that he wrote his two great works, celebrated in military circles, on *The Principles of War* and on *The Conduct of War*, which, although treating of technical military subjects, are so luminous and concise as to be easily understood even by the uninitiated. In fact, rarely have two works been more expressive of their author. General Foch's mind as well as his genius is characterized by extreme logic, precision and ingenuity, and it is with very good reason that he chose the following saying of Napoleon as epigraph to the opening chapter of the first of his works: "It is not genius which reveals to me in secret what I must do in unforeseen circumstances. It is reflection and meditation."

Indeed the necessity of reflection and the power of thought have always appeared to him as indispensable if one wishes to possess a certain direction in one's life and work. To his pupils of the School of War he was fond of declaring: "Later you will be asked to be the mind of an army. Therefore I tell you today, learn to think." General Foch has a deep aversion for any kind of incertitude or fanciful deduction, however brilliant they may be. His extraordinarily precise mind fully appreciates extreme conciseness and logic. It is therefore hardly surprising that he should be a fervent adept in Napoleonic doctrines, and the great Emperor-soldier would be proud of his disciple.

"Foch, like Napoleon," writes M. René Puaux in the short but comprehensive study of the chief whose aide-de-camp he was at the beginning of the war, "only pays attention to the

masses, and like him practises the economy of forces."

On August 28, 1914, General Joffre created the Ninth Army by making certain prélèvements on the other existing armies. The rôle of this new corps was to fill in the gap between the Fourth and Fifth Armies between Ver vins-Aisne as far as the line of Signy-l'Abaye-Dommery-Ardenne. Repulsed by the army directed by Von Bülow on the Craonne-Rheims-Epernay line, the Ninth Army, commanded by Foch, started to defend the center of the French lines along the Marne in the first days of September, 1914.

Wielding this newly-created weapon, the Ninth Army, with that astounding dexterity which has won him so great a fame, Foch supported on the northwest the offensive of the Fifth Army headed by Franchet-d'Esperey, and was moreover obliged to maintain himself defensively on the rest of the front until the progress effected by the Fourth Army would allow him to take the offensive in his turn.

Refusing to be discouraged, in spite of the apparently distressing turn of events, General Foch prepared the task he had to accomplish on September 7 by issuing an order of the day, in which he asked his troops to display "the greatest activity and energy, so as to extend and maintain the undeniable results already obtained against the adventurous and much-tried enemy."

At the battle of the Marne Foch was faced by the German Guard, and on September 8 his situation seemed particularly compromised. Yet his confidence remained unimpaired, and he addressed to his troops the famous *ordre du jour* which will remain one of the finest among the many heroic, unforgettable phrases pronounced during the great war: "The situation is excellent. I order that the offensive shall be resumed once more."

And this order was strictly in ac-

cordance with one of his favorite axioms as professor at the Superior School of War: "The weaker one is, the more one attacks."

To his officers Foch declared at the same period: "Bah! Since the enemy is striving to pierce us with such fury, it proves that his affairs are going badly elsewhere and that he is searching for a compensation!"

We know the result of Foch's tenacity and superior tactics, which, be it noted in passing, were quite opposed to all his previous teachings, and on September 20, 1914, France showed her gratitude by officially consecrating him Grand Officer of the Legion of Honor, with the following citation: "During several hours he repulsed violent attacks directed against our center, and finally threw the enemy back towards the north by a vigorous offensive, thus revealing a self-control and a remarkable skill served by an energy and a tenacity proof against everything."

Since the Marne General Foch has always been the chief to whom one had recourse when things "did not go just right," and his arrival on such or such theatre of the war generally resulted in an immediate betterment of conditions. Thus it was that after the French lack of success on the Aisne, when the Germans strove to prolong their right wing from Ribécourt to Arras, and from thence to the sea—to which tactics the

English replied by the creation of a double and new battlefield running through Nieuport-Dixmude-Ypres-Passchendale—Foch received the command of the group of armies charged with stemming this manœuvre, and succeeded in winning the battle of Flanders, which was as important in its consequences as the Marne victory.

Later he directed on the Somme those operations which ended in the evacuation of Péronne and in the establishment of the famous Hindenburg line.

When the Italian military crisis reached an acute stage he was intrusted with several missions, in the course of which he succeeded in re-establishing the Italian front, after the retreat on the Isonzo.

In short, it may be said that Foch has ever been the chief to whom has been intrusted the delicate task of "setting things in order." Once again, now that he has been named Commander-in-Chief of the Allied armies on the Western front, he is called to exert his genius at a most critical moment. Let us be quite confident, however, that he is adequate to the effort required, and remember a phrase of his which admirably sums up his whole character: "If a problem were not difficult, it would not be a problem. We have been given brains to work with. Otherwise, of what use are we?"

The Outlook.

SOCIAL CARTOONS.*

We do not know whether Mr. Bennett wishes us to understand that "The Pretty Lady" is the equivalent of the French term, "a little lady": we can only say we never heard the English expression. Anyway, the heroine, if such she can be called, is an ordinary French "professional," who earns her living honestly at the promenades of the music halls. This is not a novel, which surely must have some sort of story, and some sort of man or woman of whom we can make a hero or a heroine on the printed page. But Mr. Bennett is too shrewd and experienced to imagine that any section of the public could really like, admire, or be interested in any of the types that flit so airily through these pages. Which of his characters are we expected to love, or to sympathize with, or to follow with interest? Not Christine, surely, who but for the vein of religious mysticism which prompts her to soothe and try to save a drunken colonel whom she picks up at a promenade, is a very ordinary specimen of her countrywomen in that line of business, prettily mannered, thrifty—her luxury being only parts of the *technique*—and subject to sudden bursts of temperament. The sensual, artistic, "poised" bachelor of the Albany, "G. J.," cannot by any reach even of Mr. Bennett's art be made into a hero; while Lady Queenie and Concepcion are merely scurrying phantoms. No: it is not a novel, this last work of Mr. Arnold Bennett: it is a satire or caricature of certain modern society types, biting, very clever, amusing, but marred by the evidences, every now and then cropping up, of having been

drawn from an outside point of view. Lady Queenie is a better caricature of the insolent, self-willed, extravagant society woman than "Dodo," or the wife of William Ashe, Mrs. Ward's attempt to draw Lady Caroline Lamb. Most people, even if they have only hung loose on London society during the last ten years, will have little difficulty in recognizing both Lady Queenie and Concepcion, who gets the poised bachelor to marry her by the somewhat stale devices of first telling him to marry another woman (Queenie, who is killed in an air raid), and then threatening suicide. Of men of fifty we do know something, or think we do. It is certainly news to us to learn that elderly men of the club would address another as "dear heart" and "old thing"; but it may be done. There is, however, one horrible *gaffe* which proves that Mr. Arnold Bennett, with all his cleverness, is still importing some of the manners and customs of the Five Towns into Mayfair. "G. J." the poised and wealthy one, having installed Christine in a flat, goes to dine with her. Christine orders the servant to take off the boots of Monsieur, and with her own ringed and beautiful hands brings him a pair of slippers! Bachelors, who call Lady Queenies by a pet name and dominate smart sets do not take off their boots and put on slippers before sitting down to dinner. In the Commercial Rooms of some hotels in the North you will still find a large box labeled "slippers": and we have no doubt that salesmen, city clerks and drummers still practise this oriental rite.

The eighteenth century novelists alternated between sentiment and indecency, between Sophy Western and

*"The Pretty Lady". By Arnold Bennett. Cassell. 6s. net.

Molly Seagrim. The nineteenth century novelists rationalized the sentiment, suppressed the indecency, and gave us Ethel Newcome, Amelia, Laura, Lily Dale and Dorothea Casaubon. They were reproached, not altogether unjustly, with ignoring one-half of life.

The Saturday Review.

The twentieth century novelist drags out that submerged half; descends boldly into the half-world of "horizontal"; analyzes complacently its primal passions; and invites us to feast upon its rather sordid details. He gives us Christine.

PEAT, PAPER AND PETROL.

BY F. V. CONOLLY.

The serious and growing loss of shipping renders it obvious that practically the whole of our available tonnage will be devoted for many a long day to transporting food and essentials for the troops. Already the country is suffering from a shortage of such essentials of modern life as paper, petroleum, artificial manures, cattle foods and dyes on the abundance of which great industries, vital to the welfare of the nation, depend. Nearly the whole of these commodities are imported from abroad.

It is true that the Government has sought to solve the paper shortage by appointing a Controller, whose chief function will be, presumably, to waste a quantity of paper, in telling us how to save the commodity, "Wild Cat wells," to quote Mr. Max W. Ball, the legal adviser to the United States Bureau of Mines, are being sunk in an experimental manner to discover deposits of mineral oil in some parts of the country, vested interests, of course, being handsomely safeguarded and subsidized by the "Get on with the War Government. In the meantime, while we are deploring the passing into German hands of the great oil bearing districts of the near East, and while the sinking of our tonnage goes on apace, nothing of a practical nature is being done to stop this shortage which is

threatening several staple trades with extinction.

Yet there are within a few hours of London inexhaustible supplies of the raw material for all the necessities of modern civilization, namely the peat bogs of Great Britain and Ireland.

Some thirty years ago the Government of the day had a survey made of the peat resources of these islands. Roughly speaking, there are 1,000,000 acres of available peat in Great Britain and 3,000,000 acres in Ireland. The surface value of the peat in the United Kingdom was then estimated to amount to £1,050,000,000 at the official valuations of sixpence per ton!

Today the existence of this vast wealth is ignored by all except Irish, Scottish and Cumberland peasants, who prepare a wasteful fuel from it, in the same manner that was in vogue before the invasion of Julius Cæsar.

German and Swedish chemists and manufacturers, on the other hand, have found and developed, in the peat bogs of their countries, the raw material for most of the essentials our blockade has prevented them from importing.

Since the war ordinary paper has increased according to quality from 600 to 800 per cent, brown paper, strawboards and millboards nearly 1,000 per cent, and at that price they are almost unprocurable.

It has been proved that brown paper and cardboard of a superior quality to that manufactured from wood pulp can be made at trifling expense from peat. A peat paper factory has been in operation at Cape in the State of Michigan since 1907. It produced superior commercial brown paper at a cost of £2 per ton, against £5 to £6 per ton for wood pulp. This peat paper was sold in the U. S. A. for £6 5s per ton. It has been largely exported to this country. Encouraged by this experience, American capitalists acquired large concessions of bog land in Sweden and erected factories for making paper in 1908-9. Since then the greater part of Swedish brown paper on the market is manufactured from peat. Up to the present peat paper has not been bleached and is not capable of being used for newspapers.

In Germany the manufacture of peat paper has been for many years an important industry. Great mills exist in Bavaria and Prussia. A Hamburg concern, headed by Herr Beck, became greatly interested in the paper possibilities of Irish peat just before the War, and proposed the erection of factories near Kildare for the manufacture of peat paper and millboards. Since the War prevented the development of this enterprise nothing has been done by our Business Government to develop this scheme, increase our home manufacture and save our tonnage.

Peat can be converted into sugar, according to the late Sir William Ramsay, by the process of boiling for half an hour. Raw sugar can be manufactured at one-fourth of the cost of beet sugar. Nearly all the imported foods for cattle, horses, pigs, poultry and dogs contain from ten to seventy per cent of peat sugar. Farmers used to complain that these imported foods were too fattening for animals. Now we are short of all kinds of fats.

In 1906 the Motor Union of Great Britain and Ireland appointed a Special Committee to discover a substitute for petrol on account of its great rise in price. The Committee issued its report in July, 1907, which was signed by Sir William Ramsay and Sir R. W. Wallace, K. C., and gave full particulars of manufacturing motor spirit from peat. At the cost of 10d for sulphuric acid, an average of 36 gallons of alcohol fit for motors, was extracted from one ton of peat. The value of by-products exceeds cost of production. Germany has used peat alcohol on an enormous scale for motor transport and manufacture purposes for more than a decade! In this country we are using potatoes for making alcohol as a substitute for petrol, thereby destroying valuable food that is so greatly needed.

Professor Lagerheim of Stockholm enumerates the following by-products from the manufacture of peat alcohol:

Gas for fuel; ammonia water for making sulphate of ammonia; ammonia; paraffin; creosote; various antiseptic drugs; tar; aniline by-products; carbons for searchlights.

These results were obtained without special or costly plant.

Sulphate of ammonia is a by-product of nearly all the processes connected with the manufacture of peat. For every ton of peat utilized there are about 65 pounds of sulphate of ammonia as a by-product, which in many cases pays the entire cost of the process.

In spite of the ill-success which recently attended the Government subsidized wet carbonizing limited process for making peat into coke in France, peat coke has been manufactured on an enormous and profitable scale in Germany and Sweden for many years. As far back as 1908 peat coke was used on German torpedo boats. Three tons of wet peat makes one ton of peat coke.

One of the by-products is tar, which is converted into a lubricating grease and was used on the German State Railways as early as 1909 as a substitute for ordinary lubricants. Wax, in small quantities, used for boot and leather polish; sulphate of ammonia and aniline used for dyes, are all by-products of its manufacture.

The New Witness.

As it seems too much to hope that this Government will ever do anything of a nature to increase instead of waste our natural wealth, by creating industries that will open new avenues of employment, especially in Ireland, it seems that an unrivaled opportunity exists for some enterprising capitalist to become a Peat King!

THE KING AMONG THE WORKERS.

BY A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

"The King and Queen," said the *Court Circular* recently, "attended by the Dowager Countess of Airlie Lieut.-Col. Clive Wigram and Major Reginald Seymour visited the works of Messrs. Clement Talbot, Ltd., this morning, where their Majesties were received by the chairman (the Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot), who presented the directors and the staff."

But that is a very stiff and inadequate way of putting it. It gives no idea of the length and varied interest of their Majesties' visit. It was no twenty minutes' call. The King does nothing by halves. He is a naturally thorough man, and when he visits a munitions factory it is not to meet the directors and the staff, take a hasty glance at the machinery and then leave. On the contrary, it is to enter all the departments, to talk with the heads and foremen, to have the purpose of each machine and of each shop explained to him, to follow each process of manufacture, to stop every now and then and engage one of the workers in animated conversation, and to carry on a brisk and hearty fire of questions and observations.

And all that takes time. The King and Queen in their round of the Clement Talbot works were on their feet

for two and a half hours. To walk for two and a half hours through the roar and clatter of machine shops, with new and unintelligible sights and impressions beating at every step upon one's eyes and brain, to keep up one's interest and to show not a trace of fatigue, is no slight test of mental alertness and physical condition. Try it, if you doubt it. The King and Queen came out of it as fresh and as keen as they went in. Which is very much more than I could say for myself.

I do not suppose that the visit to the Clement Talbot works differed much from scores of similar visits to other factories that the King and Queen have made during the war. Part of its interest for a looker-on was, indeed, precisely that it was so typical. A very short notice had been given, there was no attempt at ceremony, it was just a friendly call paid by the Sovereign, himself the hardest worker in the kingdom, upon his fellow-workers in another atmosphere.

But the news that the King and Queen were coming had got round, and the neighborhood had turned out together about the gates and gave them a welcoming cheer. And in the crowd were some pupils from a County Council school for the blind. The King and

Queen were told of their presence the moment they arrived. They at once went down to speak to them, and what they said and the way they said it will be a precious memory for those children throughout their lives.

Inside the works a minute or two sufficed for the presentations, and almost before one was aware of his arrival the King was busily inspecting the first motor car in the world to make 100 miles an hour. Then, after the Queen had accepted a bouquet from the daughter of the oldest foreman in the service of the company, the tour of the works began. Nothing was omitted. The receiving stores, the goods stores, the machine shop, the inspection department, the chassis erecting shop, where the last of the Talbot chassis for ambulances were to be seen—the works now being wholly devoted to the repair and construction of aeroplane engines—the tool room, the foundry, the forge and smithy (where their Majesties succumbed like everyone else to the fascination of watching the large power hammer at work), the test house for the rotary engines, the carburizing and heat treating departments, the general stores, the four new shops covering nearly an acre apiece and built for light and airiness on the cantilever principle, without pillars or supports—in one of them were two battered aeroplane engines still encrusted with the mud of Flanders—the test hangars, where the engines, working under flying conditions, raised a gale, which the King promptly dodged, of 120 miles an hour, all in turn were not merely visited, but explored.

The King, on such occasions, makes an ideal guest. I remember once asking a very successful man the secret of his success. "Oh," he replied, "just keenness." Keenness is exactly what the King has. He is at once genuinely interested; he really wants to know. There was no pretense about it. The

King, when he goes the round of a munition factory, gives pleasure because he takes pleasure. The men and women workers enjoy his visits because he enjoys them himself. The directors and the staff enjoy them because it gives them a chance of "talking shop" to one who is bent on learning all he can, who never asks aimless questions, and who likes to get things clear in his own mind.

The King has a remarkably even and easy manner. He is the same outspoken, direct, human and hearty man, whether he is talking to the chairman of the company, to a discharged soldier among the employees, to a girl machinist or to a shop steward. He meets them all on the same level, gets in touch at once, plies them with questions and gives them his own views without the slightest hesitation. The chairman of the shop stewards, on Thursday, learned in a few frank and pithy sentences what the King thought of strikes at such a time as this for trivial causes; and as for the wounded ex-soldiers in the works, his Majesty was careless as to how much time he spent in hearing their experiences, inquiring into their health and their capacity for work, and giving them his good wishes.

To the women operatives who, without interrupting their work, took in with intent and shining eyes every detail of the Queen's appearance and dress, the kindly presence of her Majesty, her smile that met with an instant and radiant response, her pleasant candor as she stopped for a moment's sympathetic chat, were a sheer delight.

And so the visit went on, with its interest and the friendliness of it increasing to the end, with cameras clicking by the score, with cheering workers lining the paths between the shops, and with a great outburst of enthusiasm from the people outside when, at

length, their Majesties reappeared-- just one of many hundred arduous and helpful mornings spent by the King
The London Chronicle.

and Queen of which the public hears nothing except in the jejune paragraphs of the Court Circular.

SERRA-GOLDA IN JERUSALEM.

By L. G.

It was not merely the dream of Serra-Golda to die in Jerusalem, it was her determination. You would have thought it fantastic of those frail shoulders to bear the burden of so heavy a resolve, for even the synagogue round the corner, up two flights of stairs and behind the tailor's workshop, seemed far too much for those tremulous feet to achieve. She was my aunt, and the oldest of things human. When she crooned to us of Biblical kings you could have believed that she herself, ages ago, was their playmate in Judean palaces. Before the candles of Friday night had burned away she would open large dim books and tell us of Spain, and the little voice seemed to be coming from the vaults in which her ancestors had persisted in prayer while the feet of the Inquisitors clanked down the stone stairs. For all the centuries seemed to have written a word on that wrinkled face.

But how can I tell you of the white light that shone behind her skin as if it were only a lantern of thinnest horn, that has shone the brighter for me the farther away she went, and is now brightest because she is dead? She makes intelligible to me those avowals of the mediæval chroniclers who speak of their saints as attended or transfigured by a definite light, less garish than the sun and far more real than the moon. She belonged, indeed, to the Communion of Saints no less than Saint Teresa, and she was as

paradoxical a figure among the keen and sordid crowds of the city where she lived as was the synagogue in which she rocked in prayer three times a day among the electric mills and tram sheds. There was no "mitsvah," no deed which it is considered a piety to perform, of which she did not redouble the austerity in a fervor of meticulous observation. On the Day of Atonement, which is itself a time of dire difficulty, the day of complete fasting from sundown to sundown, unrelieved by a momentary cessation from prayer, she would stand from morning until night. On her last Atonement in England her feet were ulcered so pitifully that it seemed impossible she would even venture from home. None the less she tottered along the street and stood in her own place, unmoving. If there were any sins to forgive, surely they were forgiven utterly.

After she had left us the rumor of her beauty in her dead girlhood in Russia filtered through the frontiers, and was heard occasionally on the lips of white-haired strangers sitting in the poor man's corner during the feasting times. Once a graybeard, a little unsteady after the merrymaking which follows the Feast of Tabernacles, had rambled on of a rich man on a horse who had crashed through the bulrushes that fringe a creek on the Upper Dnieper where a lovely girl called Serra-Golda was bathing with her friends in the Woman's Pool. He had followed

her to the house of her father, Reb Mendel, the parchment maker, and offered her wealth untold. She had fled screaming from the lure of the Gentile. Next day the rich man was found floating in the Woman's Pool—but at this point the story attained so mythological a roundness and the old man became so incoherent that we turned to another raconteur who was glorifying Chicago. Sometimes we heard vague reminiscences of the length and marvel of her hair, as you might hear them tell of Deidre's hair in Connaught over the peat fires. My father was born long after she was married, and he knew her only in an ascetic black wig, which, according to ancient custom, had ruthlessly supplanted the meretricious attractions of her own hair. These whispers served only to accentuate for me my memories of her timeless age, as of one who, if ever she had been young, had been young only in an age and place inconceivably remote from me. I say my "memories." For I was still young when her resolve shaped itself into action and the old cronies for twenty streets around and a hundred families hobbled into her room to implore her to breathe their names and ailments over the potent waters of the Holy Land.

It had always been known that England was but a step forward on her pilgrimage; that Death could not possibly overtake her, unless the gods are even more unkind than they seem, before she had set foot in Jerusalem. You must think of her moneyless, almost blind, speaking a language known to very few, struggling along somehow with a few precious books, her own bedding, her own utensils, and a little food, so that she should eat nothing unclean on her journey; think of her on the cold, salty deck of an old boat swooning round Finisterre, among the fierce pagan men, under the terrifying white monotony of the gulls, chanting

her prayers, duly and aloud, three times a day; and you will hold, too, that the Crusaders of Richard and Godfrey were no more gallant than she.

So she came to Palestine and to Jerusalem.

Only that special god who attends to every sparrow that falls could have held her in his keeping. For she lived on from year to year, no one knew how. In England she had taught a few little girls to read their prayers and the chosen ones to understand them. But there could have been very few little girls who needed her ministrations in Jerusalem. For everyone of these there must have been forty old women as blind as she was, as poor, and almost as learned.

Yet there were few men or women in the five continents who could have been as happy as Serra-Golda. Every stone she trod was sacred to her, and every echo of her stick among the inward-sloping walls of the Turkish streets evoked a thousand images. The hot noon was cooled by the presence of patriarchal shadows, and the darkness was made light by wings which were more real to her than the bazaars and the bazaar-keepers. There is still a small heap of crumbling yellow stones in Jerusalem which is held to be the last relic of the Temple. Who shall imagine with what ecstasy she first stood there, how that antique heart which had been almost stilled beat again for a space like the heart of a young girl who sees her lover after a long absence, or the words she mumbled as she passed her old fingers along the stones?

No king's reign has been so complete, of so triumphant an ending, as the life of Serra-Golda. She had not come to Jerusalem to live there: she had not even hoped for that. It was enough, by the grace of God, to kiss the ruin of the Temple and to die. But

she lived there for a round of pious years, and now where her soul was born her body is dead. It was very recently that I learned of her death. As I held the letter in my hand it occurred to me that the date had already been signalized. My mind groped for a moment; then I realized that on the day she died a British general had entered Jerusalem. Had she

The Manchester Guardian.

seen farther than the statesmen and deeper than the poets? Had she been long waiting for something that at last had happened, something which to the intuition of a dying old woman was of more significance than to the brain of the great world? And now that it had happened, although she was unaware of it, did she find it mysteriously easy to die?

SEX ANTAGONISM.

From a correspondence that has been running through our columns we gather that the future relations of the sexes is exciting much interest, and some ill-feeling. When the history of these times comes to be examined in the moonlight of memory, nothing will provoke greater astonishment than the way in which a great social and political revolution was jammed through the legislature in the excitement of war. A Parliament, which had exhausted its legal life, and was admittedly no longer representative of the constituencies, passed, after a few hours' debate, and without any reference to the wishes of the people, an Act which at once raised the electorate from eight to sixteen or eighteen millions, including practically all women of thirty years of age. This result was due to the confluence of three causes. In the main, it was the soldiers who carried the women into the citadel on their shoulders. Someone, we think it was Sir Edward Carson, exclaimed, "The man who is good enough to fight is good enough to vote!" It was an irrational exclamation, a mere outburst of that emotion which the late Mr. Kidd told us is to be the ruling force in politics, because fighting and voting have no more relation to

one another than music and mathematics. There are some excellent soldiers at the front whose previous callings would disfranchise them in normal times. Nevertheless the phrase served; every soldier must vote. Then the case of the women presented itself. It was not only the noble service of the nurses, voluntary and professional, that counted; there was the sudden perception of the fact that women had rushed into the factories and workshops in millions, and were doing work which had hitherto been regarded as the monopoly of "skilled labor." Clearly these women had an interest to protect which must be recognized by the conference of the vote. Thirdly, there was the consideration, not avowed, but influencing the minds of certain statesmen, that the female vote would be a conservative counterpoise to the tyrannical tendencies of Socialist trade unions.

It is of little use to condemn the House of Lords, as "Merlins," for passing the Act without reference to the constituencies. The Act is passed, and the question of the female franchise is now *chose jugée*. What will be the result of this bloodless revolution is a legitimate subject of speculation. Be-

fore the war, the number of adult women slightly exceeded the number of adult males, some sixteen million women to fifteen million men. After the war, this excess of women will be increased. But of the electors, it is calculated there will be about twelve million men to six million women. It is quite certain that the new State will be overwhelmingly a Labor State. Sir Charles Dilke's Committee on Income Tax reported, five years before the war, that the number of payers of income tax was between a million and twelve hundred thousand. That was under the £160 limit; but now that the limit has been lowered to £130, the number of income tax payers is said to have nearly doubled. But as the new income tax payers (those with incomes of between £130 and £160) are all hand workers, for the purpose of our argument, we may take the old figure, and put the number of those who do not live by the wages of physical labor at about a million. The hand workers will therefore outnumber the land owners, *rentiers*, and professional classes by 18 or 16 to 1; in other words, 94 per cent of the electors will be those who live by physical labor. The fact that of this overwhelming labor vote one-third at least will be women must profoundly affect the position of the male trades unions. The labor vote interests of the women must be at many points antagonistic to those of the men. The women have dealt a deadly blow at the pretensions of skilled labor; they have captured certain positions; they will use their votes to keep them. A split in the huge Labor vote on this point seems unavoidable. There is another question on which male and female voters are likely to quarrel, the sale of liquor. In Australia we understand that the female vote has always been cast for "dry" laws. We learn from Sir Frederick Smith's book that the whole of Canada, except the prov-

ince of Quebec, is "dry"; and that in the United States, except such centers as New York, San Francisco and Chicago, the prohibition of alcohol is spreading rapidly. The Attorney-General tells us that it is probable that, at no distant date, all the States in Canada and the United States will become "bone-dry." The British workingman is at present decidedly moist; but it remains to be seen whether the British working woman will be a dry or a wet bob. There is still another question which may create a difference of opinion between the sexes. The female suffrage will greatly increase the clerical influence in politics, particularly in Ireland. This will strengthen the Anglican and Roman Churches, and some day there may be a conflict between priests and proletariat, in which the women will side with the priests.

These, however, are not the questions which interest our correspondents, who do not belong to the class of handworkers. With them the antagonism arises over the part which the newly enfranchised woman is to play in the intellectual and professional life of the country. The Conservative view, which we share, is that the possession of a vote will not change the physical or mental capacities of the sex, whose place in the system of things has been emphasized by the hand of nature. No doubt a better education, the easier intercourse of the sexes, above all, the industrial employment of women, have relieved them of an immense load of boredom, and opened out to them healthier and more amusing lives. Having gained so much, it is but natural that they should wish, and try, to gain more. Having proved themselves the equals of men in so many departments of physical employment, it is inevitable that women should wish to pit themselves against men in the higher plane of intellectual achievement. We believe that in this

arena women are doomed to disappointment. One swallow does not make a summer, and the Brontës, the Jane Austens, and the George Eliots are few and far between, though literature is one of the professions in which sex is under no disability, except the want of experience of life. But the Cave and the Theatre are not the Market Place. Women were long ago admitted to the medical profession. How many women are making £500 a year as doctors? A Bill has recently passed the House of Lords admitting women to the class of

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solicitors. How many clients will the modern Portias secure? Mighty few, we predict. Miss Pankhurst, Miss Markham, Mrs. Ward, and a few other clever women, have taken a distinguished part in public life. But they are black swans, very rare birds on this earth. We wish to allay, not to induce, sex antagonism. May we suggest that nothing will cure women of perverted ambition except experience, and that to let them try is a better method than ridicule or abuse?

WARTIME FINANCE.

MEN AND MONEY.

"We have to choose between either submitting to defeat or taking the necessary measures to avert it. We will never submit to accept defeat." So said the Prime Minister in moving the new Military Service Bill, and these words of his will command universal assent. When we consider all that defeat would mean, with the knees of Prussian militarism on the chest of civilization, no sacrifice is too great that is needed to avert it, for no sacrifice could be as great as the disaster involved by defeat. Whether the measures that the Government proposes to take are the best for averting defeat is a matter on which the Government ought to be the best judge. At first sight it seems that the power to put a host of middle-aged men into the Army, or into the Reserve, can have, at best, little or no effect as an answer to Germany's present military effort, and that if the War Office is given a free hand to dispose of the remnants of our manpower, the effect on our production and on our shipbuilding, on which the life

of the nation depends, may be disastrous. But if these middle-aged men are used to set free younger men, and if the whole affair is handled with judicious discretion and with a careful eye to our productive staying power, without which an Army twice its present size would be useless, then the measures now before the nation will be justified. We believe that there is still a great margin of energy available in the country, evidence of which is apparent in the extravagance that is plainly visible in our cities, and that it is high time that this margin should be brought to bear. "Never," said Mr. Asquith, in following the Prime Minister, "since the war broke out has this country been face to face with anything like as grave a situation as that which at this moment confronts us." With such a warning as this ringing in its ears, the nation is ready enough to do all that is asked of it. It always has been all through the war. It may feel that its Governments have not made the best possible use of its willingness, and have, in fact, produced a

series of muddles out of which the nation's efforts have with difficulty rescued them. But it has not, or ought not to have, much time to think about that now. Rather than submit to defeat, it is prepared to lose everything that defeat would cost it, and more.

Any sacrifice, then, that will help us to victory will be borne cheerfully and gladly by most of those who are asked to make it. Of that we have no doubt. But the longer the war lasts, and the wider the sweep of its demands on the nation's manhood, the clearer becomes the fact which ought to have been clear enough long ago to be practically applied, that the severity of war's sacrifice ought not to be accentuated, as it now is, by the system of our war finance. War in these times means that because a man is all that he should be physically—strong and healthy and sound in wind and limb—he has to fight for all the members of the community who, being unfitted by age, sex, or weakness, are sheltered from this risk. To this extent war necessarily penalizes the fit and takes toll of their lives. All the more reason why we should not, by cowardly methods of finance, give any financial advantage to the weaklings. This at present we do. The strong leave their work and business to fight or work for a soldier's pay; the weaklings stay at home and earn big profits and high wages, and the Government, instead of making them pay for the war, invites them to do so—to the extent of about three-quarters of its cost—in return for a rate of interest and their money back in the future. This interest and repayment will have to be found out of future taxation which will be imposed on the survivors of the soldiers and others who worked during the war for a soldier's pay. We thus penalize the best of our manhood twice over. We send them to fight for the weaklings, give the weaklings big wages and

profits, borrow three-quarters of the war's cost, and throw the war debt charge on to the survivors of the fighters who had no chance during the war of earning large sums and investing them. Borrowing for war thus, under modern conditions, involves a very real economic injustice, and it is more than high time that the high proportion of war's cost that we are meeting by this process should be corrected.

The Economist.

RUSSIAN CREDIT.

Almost simultaneously with the decision of the Chancellor of the Exchequer to discontinue paying interest on Russian Government loans, for which he is not in the slightest degree responsible, comes a report from Petrograd that the Russian "government" intends to raise an internal loan of 3,000,000,000 roubles "for the benefit of the railways." There is, of course, no connection whatever between the two decisions, but holders of Russian securities may derive a little satisfaction from the fact that the revolutionary and anti-capitalist parties in Russia have discovered that they cannot exist without loans. The terms of a proposed internal issue are not stated, and it is extremely doubtful whether a "government" which has repudiated the country's foreign debt will be able to command the confidence even of its own followers to the extent of obtaining a voluntary loan from them, and ultimately the "authorities" in Russia cannot fail to discover that repudiation was a very bad card to play.

Some time may elapse before the faint glimmer of financial sanity will develop into broad daylight. When the dawn of reason breaks it will be recognized that Russia must borrow abroad and the essential preliminary transaction will be an agreement to meet the service of the repudiated debt. Meanwhile, holders of Russian Gov-

ernment bonds in this country must wait for their money. It was not to be expected that the service of the debt could remain indefinitely as a charge upon British taxpayers, especially as Russian bonds, in the main, are held in large blocks. In France the situation is different. There, Russian loans were issued with the sanction of the Government and have become distributed widely among the thrifty French public. The Government is not entirely free from responsibility, and even if it

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were, the suspension of interest payments at the present time would involve serious hardship upon a large section of the public. As a matter of prudence, if not of policy, the French Government therefore will probably continue to meet the Russian coupons until Russia finds a responsible government which will recognize that Russian obligations incurred in the past continue to be binding upon the new State or group of States by which Russia may be represented.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

With "The Biography of a Million Dollars" George Kibbe Turner makes a notable addition to the lengthening list of novels of enterprise. Told in the first person by one of the inventors of a new motor-cycle, the "Hoodlum," the story has a definite animus against the banks—"those still-faced men that run that billion-dollar machine down in Wall Street"—which many readers will find unfair and irritating. But as a narrative of effort, discouragement, tenacity and success, it is keenly interesting. The two partners are of opposite types—one absorbed, visionary and indifferent to money, the other alert, practical and bent on making his fortune—and their wives, whose courage and patience play a vital part in the achievement of the firm, are as carefully individualized. The effect of wealth and social opportunity on the four introduces satire of another sort in the later chapters. The writer has unusual power of vivid description, and the race in which the "Hoodlum" wins her first advertising makes a really thrilling chapter. Little, Brown & Company.

The plot of Natalie Sumner Lincoln's complicated but not convincing mystery story, "The Nameless Man," turns upon the murder in an overland train, of a secret agent on his way from California with documents for an anti-Japanese propaganda at Washington. Poison is the instrument, and suspicion falls first on a Japanese with whom the murdered man has had a trifling quarrel. Later developments take place at the Capital, and include a burglary, an incendiary fire, and a second murder. A flask engraved with chrysanthemums, a jade ring, and a miniature in whose case secret information is smuggled play prominent parts. D. Appleton & Co.

"The Finding of Norah," by Eugenia Brooks Frothingham (Houghton, Mifflin Co.), is a slight but clever story, the interest of which lies less in the plot, for it has no plot worth mentioning, than in the questions which it suggests. A young couple who find themselves very much in love also find themselves widely at variance in their views upon public affairs, and es-

pecially in their attitude toward the great war, and America's part in it. He is keenly and sometimes inconsistently critical of everything which the President does or fails to do; she is stirred by what seems the injustice of his criticisms into forming, and at first timidly and then more boldly expressing opposite views—her estimate of his character and mental processes being materially affected thereby. Whether their love survives the test it would be unkind to tell the reader, the story being so brief; but there is food for thought in the question suggested.

"Vicky Van" adds another to the growing list of Carolyn Wells's popular detective stories. Fleming Stone reappears, with his ally Fibsy, and the mystery which they unravel for the reader in three hundred ingenious pages concerns the murder of a prosperous New York broker in the dining-room of the fascinating Vicky Van while a group of her perfectly respectable friends are playing bridge just across the hall. The demure charm of the murdered man's widow is in effective contrast with the vivid personality of Vicky Van, and the hero's fancy vibrates doubtfully between the two until Fibsy's cleverly collected evidence is thrown into the scale. J. B. Lippincott Co.

An old estate with a new tenant, a portrait of an airman dead in France, a tramp who turns into a gardener, and a trusted family servant figure in Jennette Lee's slender story, "The Air-Man and the Tramp." The plot is easily guessed, but as a study in Mrs. Lee's characteristic manner of a woman's dreams and ambitions the book will give pleasure to many readers. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Two spirited and intensely interesting war books are published by the Century Company. One of them, by Sergeant R. Douglas Pinkerton, derives its title "Ladies from Hell" from the name bestowed by the Germans upon the Scotchmen in kilts who charged furiously upon their lines. Sergeant Pinkerton served in the famous London Scottish Regiment, which won distinction on many a hard-fought field; and he describes his experiences in trench-fighting and in "No Man's Land" from the first days of the war to the day when he was seriously wounded in a raid on a German trench, and was taken to a London hospital. His account of the battle for Lille is especially graphic and the instances which he gives of German brutality to the wounded, and to the helpless civilian population are not calculated to incline the reader toward a German peace. In his closing chapter, he sounds a note of warning to Americans whom he regards, and with some reason, as only half awake to all that the war means. There are six illustrations from photographs. The other book "Battering the Boche," by Preston Gibson, is a brief but vivid narrative by a young American who volunteered last year for the French ambulance service and so distinguished himself by his devotion and fearlessness before St. Quentin and in the Aisne that he was decorated by the French Government. It is not of his personal achievements that he writes, but of what he saw of gallant fighting and patient suffering, of the spirit shown by the French under all conditions, and of the warmth of their welcome to their American allies. Especially graphic is his account of the fighting last October. Sixteen illustrations from photographs bring before the eye the scenes described.

IN THE MORNING.

BY KLAXON.

Back from battle, torn and rent,
 Listing bridge and stanchions bent
 By the angry sea.
 By Thy guiding mercy sent,
 Fruitful was the road we went—
 Back from battle we.

If Thou hadst not been, O Lord, be-
 hind our feeble arm,
 If Thy hand had not been there to slam
 the lyddite home,
 When against us men arose and sought
 to work us harm,
 We had gone to death, O Lord, in
 spouting rings of foam.

Heaving sea and cloudy sky
 Saw the battle flashing by,
 As Thy foemen ran.
 By Thy grace, that made them fly,
 We have seen two hundred die
 Since the fight began.

If our cause had not been Thine, for
 Thy eternal Right,
 If the foe in place of us had fought
 for Thee, O Lord!
 If Thou hadst not guided us and drawn
 us there to fight
 We never should have closed with them
 —Thy seas are dark and broad.

Through the iron rain they fled,
 Bearing home the tale of dead,
 Flying from Thy sword.
 After-hatch to fo'c'sle head,
 We have turned their decks to red,
 By Thy help, O Lord!

It was not by our feeble sword that
 they were overthrown,
 But Thy right hand that dashed them
 down, the servants of the proud:
 It was not arm of ours that saved, but
 Thine, O Lord, alone,

When down the line the guns began,
 and sang Thy praise aloud.
 Sixty miles of running fight,
 Finished at the dawning light,
 Off the Zuider Zee.
 Thou that helped throughout the
 night
 Weary hand and 'aching sight,
 Praise, O Lord, to Thee.
 Blackwood's Magazine.

HALF A SCORE O' SAILORMEN.

BY C. FOX SMITH.

Half a score o' sailormen that want to
 sail once more,
 Cruising around the waterside with the
 Peter at the fore,
 Half a score o' sailormen the sea'll
 never drown
 (Seven days in open boats a-drifting
 up and down!),
 Out to find another ship and sail from
 London Town.

Half a score o' sailormen broke and
 on the rocks,
 Linking down Commercial Road, tramp-
 ing round the Docks,
 Half a score o' sailormen, torpedoed
 thrice before—
 Once was in the Channel chops, once
 was off the Nore,
 Last was in the open sea a hundred
 mile from shore.

Half a score o' sailormen that want to
 sail again—
 And her cargo's all aboard her, and
 it's blowing up for rain!
 Half a score o' sailormen that won't
 come home to tea,
 For she's dropping down the river with
 the Duster flying free,
 Down the London River on the road to
 the open sea!

Punch.